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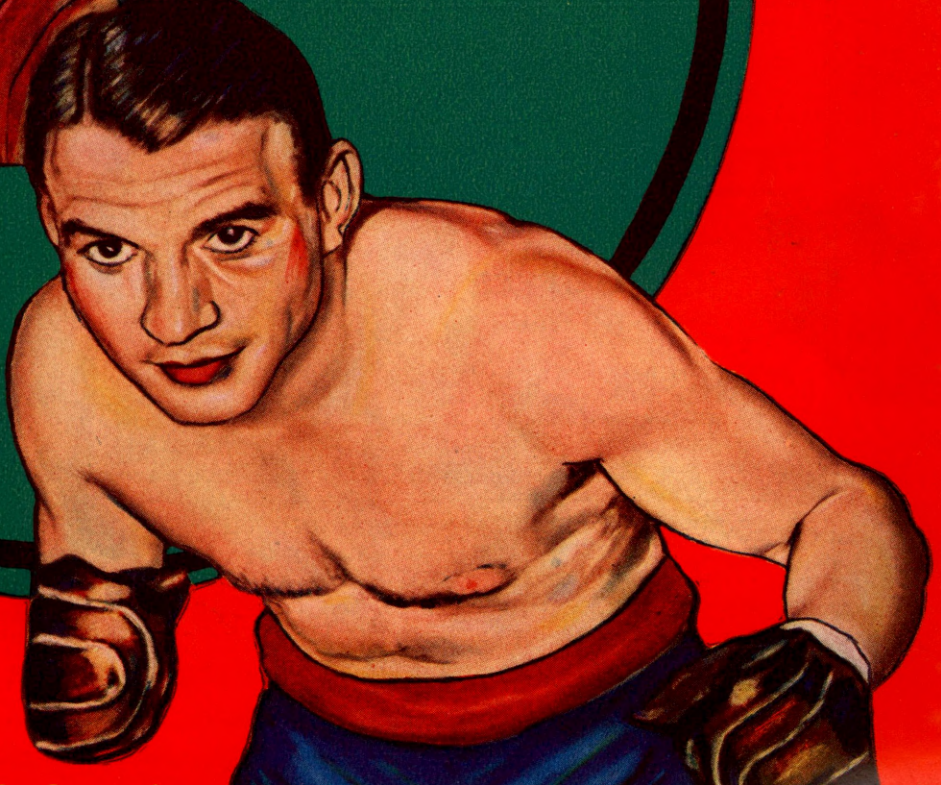

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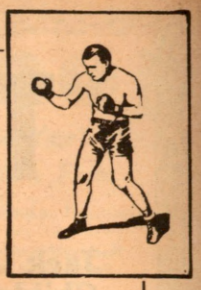

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Vol. XIX **JUNE, 1940** **No. 5**

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In Our Next Issue

The Ambers-Jenkins fight for the world lightweight championship will hold the spotlight. For a ringside account and ringside action shots, get The July Ring.

While the leading American promoter, Mike Jacobs, keeps his eyes glued on the heavyweights, those handling boxing in other localities have been giving the boys in the lower brackets a chance to show their wares with the result that many new faces, splendid prospects, have been brought to light. New blood in the middleweight and light-heavyweight section has aroused a keen interest in those divisions. Let Ted Carroll tell you about the ring's latest flashes.

The downfall of Al Davis at the hands of Lou Ambers brings to mind many other cases of boys who hit a snag when tossed against veteran, smart boxers when they weren't ripe for such shots. Hype Igoe recalls a few such fights.

Socks that linger on; punches that have gained immortal fame—that is the subject of an interesting article by T. W. McNiel.

These in addition to articles and stories by George T. Pardy, Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Fleischer, Eddie Borden and other members of The Ring's Famous staff. The last of the famous series by our beloved A. D. Phillips, stories that are appearing posthumously, will be in the July number.

Don't miss your copy of the July issue of Ring Magazine. If your dealer doesn't handle this publication, write and we will get him to do so.

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N.B.A. Vaporings Always Good for a Laugh

Declaring Ambers No Longer Champion One of the Prize Chuckles of the Body That Carries No Authority

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"WASHINGTON, D. C.—Col. Harvey L. Miller, president of the National Boxing Association, today announced that Lou Ambers no longer was lightweight champion. Heinie explained that since Ambers had not defended his title within the required six months, it was vacant, and Davey Day and Sammy Angott would fight for the title."

* * *

"Washington, D. C.—Col. Harvey L. Miller, president of the National Boxing Association, today announced that Joey Archibald no longer is featherweight champion because he would not fight Pete Scalzo, the N.B.A. No. 1 contender. Archibald signed to fight Harry Jeffra. Scalzo and Jimmy Perrin will meet for the title."

* * *

"Washington, D. C.—Ambrose J. Kennedy, member of the House of Representatives, and close to the head of the National Boxing Association, introduced a bill in Congress seeking an investigation of boxing in the United States and the establishment of a National Board of Control for Boxing."

* * *

WHAT'S all the shooting for? What is the National Boxing Association? How much weight does it carry? Who runs it, and why is it shooting its mouth off? What is the inside of all this? And what about this bird, Kennedy?

The N.B.A., through Col. Miller, believes Mike Jacobs has a strangle-hold on boxing. He has signed up most of the worthwhile fighters and he dictates when, whom and where they will fight.

Now, I am not a believer 100 per cent in the methods of Mr. Jacobs. I think his hold on the game is too tight. But, as between Jacobs and the N.B.A., give me Mike.

Too much attention is being paid to the N.B.A. and its officers. There is no call for the N.B.A. It should disband and forget all about boxing. It performs no useful function, is not an organization empowered by any law to rule over boxing. It carries no weight whatsoever. It has no right to legislate or set up national rules of boxing. That function has been assumed by it but would be knocked on the head if ever any of the fighters who have been shorn of their title would take the matter to the Federal courts.

Lou Ambers, a real champion, who has been "shorn" of his crown by the N.B.A. What a laugh! Ambers is one of the world's outstanding boxing performers, a credit to the sport.

Among those close to boxing, the N.B.A. is given little thought. The organization is regarded as a joke. It does not list consistency among its virtues. That has been demonstrated in the case of Al Hostak, its middleweight champion, and in many other cases. If Hostak was a real title-holder, he should have been forced by the N.B.A.—if it had carried any weight—to meet Ceferino Garcia, the New York title-holder.

If the N.B.A. wants to have some fun and issue occasional ratings, always innocuous, and if its officers want to get their names in the papers, fine and dandy. Nobody wants to stand in the way of such innocent play.

But when the N.B.A. takes it upon itself to announce a ruling like the one declaring Ambers no longer champion, it bites off more than it can chew, and more than the followers of boxing will accept.

* * *

MIND, the writer is no cheerer for the freezing of titles, and the monopolization of fighters and fights. But we still hold that titles are lost in the ring, and that such pleasantries as those committed by the N.B.A. recently lead to nothing tangible except laughs. Of course, there is a lot of room for laughter in this world, and that brings me to Rep. Kennedy of Maryland.

The Maryland commission OK'd the Archibald-Jeffra match in Baltimore and sneered at Representative Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy had announced that he wanted Archibald to fight Scalzo.

Now, the whole world is in turmoil. There are millions of unemployed in the United States. There are tremendous problems for our Congress to decide. Vital issues, both internal and international, stand before every representative.

Yet Mr. Kennedy takes time out to holler about boxing, and to introduce a measure for congressional investigations of boxing. Why, this is one of the most preposterous situations that ever came up in Washington!

There is the P.W.A. and the W.P.A., and the Youth Movement. There are questions of neutrality, of taxation, of selling planes to the Allies. The whole country, including that section of Maryland which is represented by Mr. Kennedy, is involved in some of the most violent vexations in the history of mankind—but Mr. Kennedy wants to investigate boxing!

The entire N.B.A. situation deserves nothing but ridicule. It would be a fine thing if the N.B.A. disbanded and its officers returned to their normal and more vital pursuits, unhampered by nightmares having to do with

Ambers, Angott, Day, Archibald, Scalzo and Jeffra.

It would be a grand thing if all the promoters, managers, boxing commissions and fighters got together and decided that their industry would be served best by the naming of a czar. Baseball was saved by Judge Landis, the movies have profited tremendously through the ministrations of Will Hays.

Boxing needs a one-man government. State commissions jealous of their rights, notably the New York body, would make the fight czar's post no easy one. But the job could be done. However, when a body like the N.B.A., even backed by Representative Kennedy, tries to become the Landis-Hays of the fight game, somebody is taking things far too seriously.

In the meantime, since the N.B.A. shows no inclination to bust up, let fun and frolic dominate its rulings.

* * *

A LOT of us were fanning the other day, and one of the boys remarked, "Gosh, it would have been terrible if Tony Galento had knocked over Joe Louis and had become champion."

Joey Archibald, another member of Al Weill's stable. Joey has had his featherweight title "taken" from him by the N.B.A. This is the season for jokes and the N.B.A. is not missing anything. Joey will defend his crown against Harry Jeffra in Baltimore notwithstanding the verdict of Harvey Miller's organization.

This was followed by the remark that with Galento as title-holder, boxing would have fallen in public esteem and respect.

Nuts! Galento is not a great fighter. In fact, he is as far from being a great fighter as Nome is from Tierra del Fuego. But if he had taken the title from Louis, nothing tremendous would have happened to boxing.

In fact, it might have been a good thing even if it had gone contrary to copy book precepts. Galento, as champion, would have been wise enough to comfort himself with the nobler attitude. He would have eschewed pictures behind the bar, photographs with the lifted stein. In fact, that would have been the big danger. Tony would have realized his position and become refined and sissified.

As a non-champion, the Rabelaisian scrapper from Jersey will continue to refer to champions and contenders as bums—and continue to be correct in a lot of cases. The Louis-Paychek fiasco played right down Galento's alley.

Paychek was so scared he thought he was in Des Moines. For weeks he had laid up plans for fighting the Brown Bomber. But when Johnny saw Louis in front of him, all his plans were dissipated by a paralyzing fear that made Paychek look the worst contender in the history of the heavyweight division.

There was one extenuating circumstance. The Finnish Relief fund got some $6,000 out of the fight. As things turned out, it should have got all the dough.

Paychek must start all over again. He never will get another title fight, but he may be good enough to beat some of the lower rung heavies who will not scare Johnny so badly.

The Paychek fizzle is going to complicate things for Mike Jacobs. From now on the public is going to be most skeptical about newcomers. About Lee Savold, for example—Lee, and others like him.

Like Paychek, Jacobs must start all over again. That means returning to the old standbys—Galento, Pastor and Baer, and, let us not forget, Godoy. Godoy never had a chance to beat Louis, but he made an interesting fight that went 15 rounds, and that was something. For one thing, Rep. Kennedy, Godoy made the folks laugh.

It is conceivable that Joe Louis does not rate with the greatest heavyweight champions of the past. But they've got to stop rating him so low as to ask him to fight another Paychek. From now on, Mike, those who meet Louis must undergo thorough tests.

* * *

WELL, Paychek has paid the check and is on his way. What about the other man from the pray-ree—Lee Savold? He lost the decision recently to Johnny Whiters, but those who know Savold and the circumstances surrounding that fight are not taking the setback too seriously. Savold went into the ring too soon after an attack of the flu. Still, a fighter who aspires to tackling Joe Louis ought to be able to beat Whiters even during the flu.

Savold is liked by a lot of men who know something about the fight game. Not that they think he would last very long with Louis right now, but they must have hopes in some directions, and Savold leads to one of them.

Savold is a thinking fighter. As you know, he fought one of the prelims the night Louis knocked out Pastor in Detroit. After the fight, a few of the ring cognoscenti gathered in the room of Pinkie George, Lee's manager.

"You know what I think, Pastor fought the wrong kind of fight," ventured Savold. George paid no attention. Neither did anybody else. "Hear what I said? Pastor bobbed into those punches. He wasn't smart at all."

"Yeah, I know, he bobbed," laughed George, and went on with a conversation with somebody else.

"I can tell you how to beat Louis," continued Savold. The manager looked annoyed. "Yeah, I know, you got the right prescription for beating Louis. So go to bed and forget it."

But Savold refused to go to bed and forget it. "Ye gotta keep very close to Louis. Charge in and stay there. If you stick close, Joe can't get those fists of his working. If you stick close, he gets annoyed and puzzled. That's the way to beat Louis."

George got more annoyed and soon Savold went off to bed.

Came the Louis-Godoy fight, and the Chilean charged, and stuck close. Louis could do nothing.

George perked up. "Hey, maybe this Savold guy knows something after all," the manager said.

(Continued on page 40)

The Case of Johnny Paychek

By NAT FLEISCHER

JOE LOUIS' knockout of Johnny Paychek in forty-four seconds of the second round in their recent "battle" in Madison Square Garden strengthened several previous conclusions in re the heavyweight situation:

1—That the field of championship contenders is the weakest in the last fifty years.

2—That no fighter who possesses a stand-up style can survive a bombardment by the Brown Bomber at this stage of Louis' career.

3—That in seeking opposition for Louis, the field must be combed for ringmen, who above all, must possess a fighting heart. Weak-kneed, faint-hearted applicants, whose sole aim is to share in the receipts under the false pretense of fighting, must be tossed onto the ash heap.

4—That heavyweights, phonies who have been built up in sectors outside the world center of boxing—New York—by means of set-ups and ballyhoo, must not be permitted to ply their trade against the Brown Bomber until such time as they have proved their worth against fighters of ability.

Unless the bull is taken by the horns now before it is too late, boxing will suffer severely. I disagree with those who have been panning Mike Jacobs and Joe Louis' managers for accepting Paychek as a fit opponent for Louis. His record certainly entitled him to consideration. His rating both by THE RING and the N. B. A. brought him within the select circle for such designation.

He was rated on his performances. The reports from the cities where he piled up a record of victories, many by the knockout route, were accepted on their face value. Benny Leonard had refereed many of Paychek's fights and his praise of the Des Moines heavyweight was given due consideration in the rating. I take it for granted that Leonard knows a fighter when he sees one, but I must say that I was keenly disappointed in his analysis of Paychek's great fighting qualities.

Whatever fighting qualities Paychek exhibited in his other bouts, I don't know because I never saw him in action prior to the Louis affair, but I do know and so do the 12,000 fans who watched his pathetic performance against the Bomber, that in the Garden contest he was more scared than any pugilist I had ever seen in my long association with the sport, other than Fred McKay and King Levinsky.

* * *

WHAT is it that makes a fighter lose all control of himself between the time he leaves his dressing room and enters the ring to face his opponent? What makes a fighter of such long experience as Paychek, a man who presumably has been through the mill, "die" on the short walk from dressing room to ring?

The only fighter I ever saw whose knees rattled as did Paychek's when he faced the opposition, and whose teeth chattered, was Fred McKay, brother of the famous movie star, Victor McLaglen. McKay was scared of his own shadow when he faced a fighter of repute in the ring, but on the battlefield he faced the shrapnel of the enemy with the courage of the greatest heroes. He fought like a demon. When courage of the highest order was required, he had it. Afraid of physical maiming in the roped square, yet fearless to the highest degree when the Grim Reaper was on his trail in the World War! That was Fred McKay!

Fighting is Paychek's business and why he should have gone into the ring on the verge of collapse is beyond understanding. The fans have reason to believe, judging by his work in the Louis fight, that either those on whom he fattened his record of victories were palookas of the worst type, or they worked under orders.

* * *

PAYCHEK'S poor performance detracts from Louis' fine work in the few minutes he required to put his man away. If an opponent makes any kind of a showing against Joe, the Bomber is panned, and if Joe makes short work of the opposition, it is said he picks on cripples. Finding fault with Louis for not being able to solve the style of a ring rival is one thing, but criticizing him for disposing of opponents via the knockout route in a jiffy, doesn't jibe.

That's what he's in the ring for. To do the job as quickly as he can. Why blame him for the mediocre performers who are rated contenders? Go through the list of names comprising the first fifteen world heavyweights and what have you? The weakest field of contenders in the history of pugilism. And that's saying something!

Eliminate Louis, and there isn't a first rate heavyweight in the entire field. Not one who could stand up eight rounds against Dempsey, Fitz, Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Choynski, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, Tommy Burns, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and many others I could name. What Joe Walcott couldn't have done to each of the contenders!

Hence, if Louis is to defend his title and keep busy, he finds it necessary to select for his opponent, one of the many poor heavyweights now parading before the public as contenders. If the opposition, as in the case of Tommy Farr, Schmeling, Pastor and Galento, shows fighting courage, the public is assured of at least a good fight. But who can tell in advance that a man like Paychek, who had rolled up such a long string of victories—thirty-three, with twenty-three knockouts—would collapse from fear?

It couldn't be foreseen. Therefore we should give Louis credit for being a fighting champion, willing to meet anyone termed a contender, and not pan him because of the shortcomings of his adversaries. He isn't picking on cripples. With the exception of Red Burman, he has met every man who has been ranked among the leading contenders.

* * *

PAYCHEK, the bald chap from the Corn Belt, was a jitterbug from the time he sat in his corner to don the mitts. He proved that he needed help more so than the Finnish Fund for which the bout was staged. Three times he was stretched on the canvas in the first round before the coup de grace was delivered. He was at the mercy of the Bomber from the start. He never attempted to check the assault by tossing counter-punches. Only once did he even make a feeble try at it, when a left jab struck Joe in the face.

Those who saw Kingfish Levinsky take the easiest way out in Chicago when he fought Louis, saw in Paychek even a more frightened fellow than was the fish monger. Louis was out to regain lost prestige following the Godoy mill and in Paychek he found an open target that couldn't be missed.

The Bomber, trained to the minute, scaling 200½ pounds to 187¾ for his rival, treated Paychek as Joe would a sparring partner. In fact, every sparring mate of the Bomber gave a better performance during Joe's training sessions than did the man who was shortly to collect almost $10,000 for doing nothing.

It was pitiful! For shame, Paychek should have turned over his entire check, less his expenses, to the Finnish Fund. Harold Steinman, his manager, was as flabbergasted as were the spectators, as Paychek, white as a ghost, fear plastered all over his face, tried to get out of range of Louis' shots.

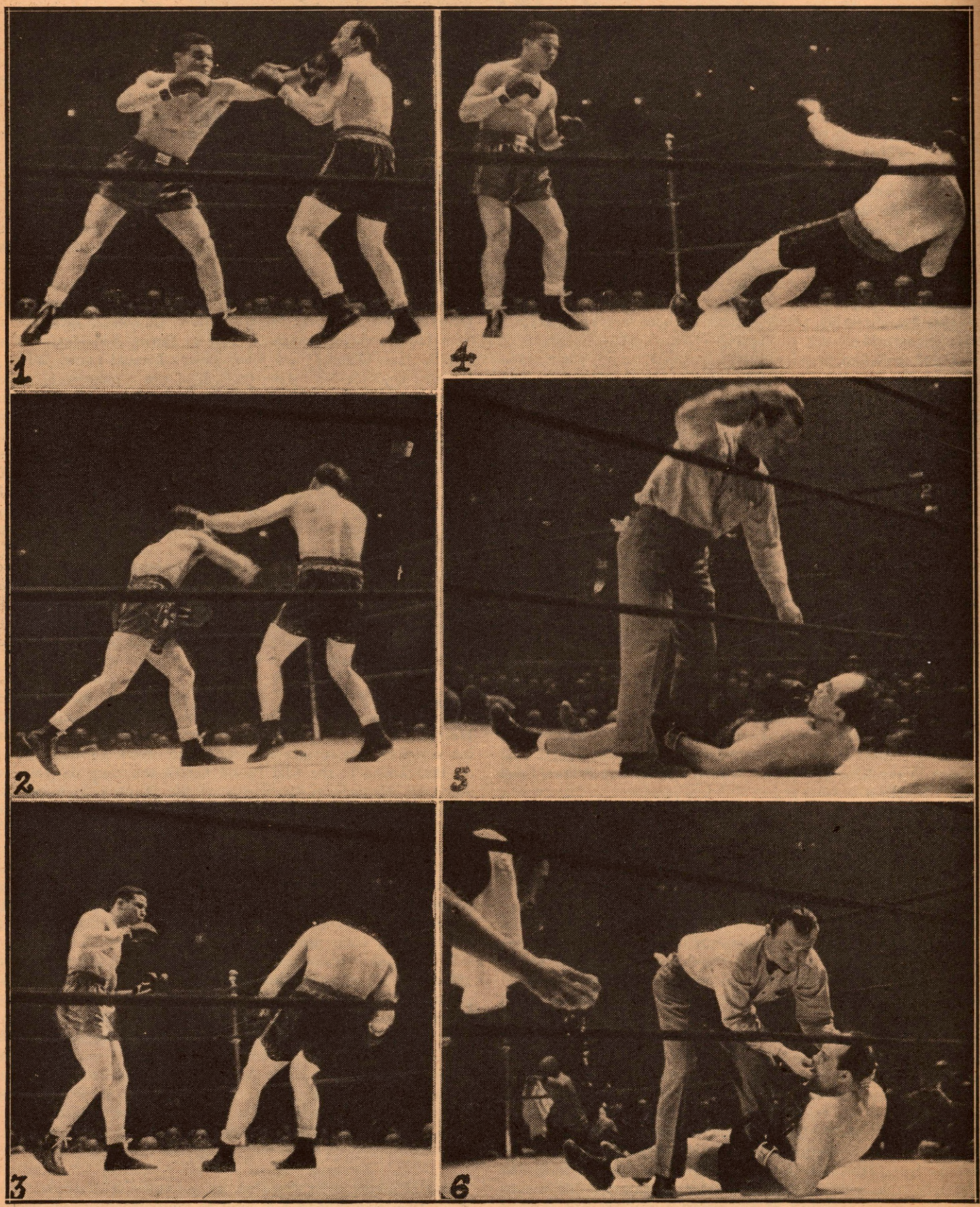
* * *

LOUIS kept after Paychek as Johnny circled the ring, and then suddenly shot a right to the chin and down went the Iowan for nine. A left hook to the jaw put Paychek down a second time and when he got to his feet, Louis floored his man for the third time with a right to the chin for nine. Shortly after the bell sounded.

The end was in sight. Everyone *(Continued on page 45)*

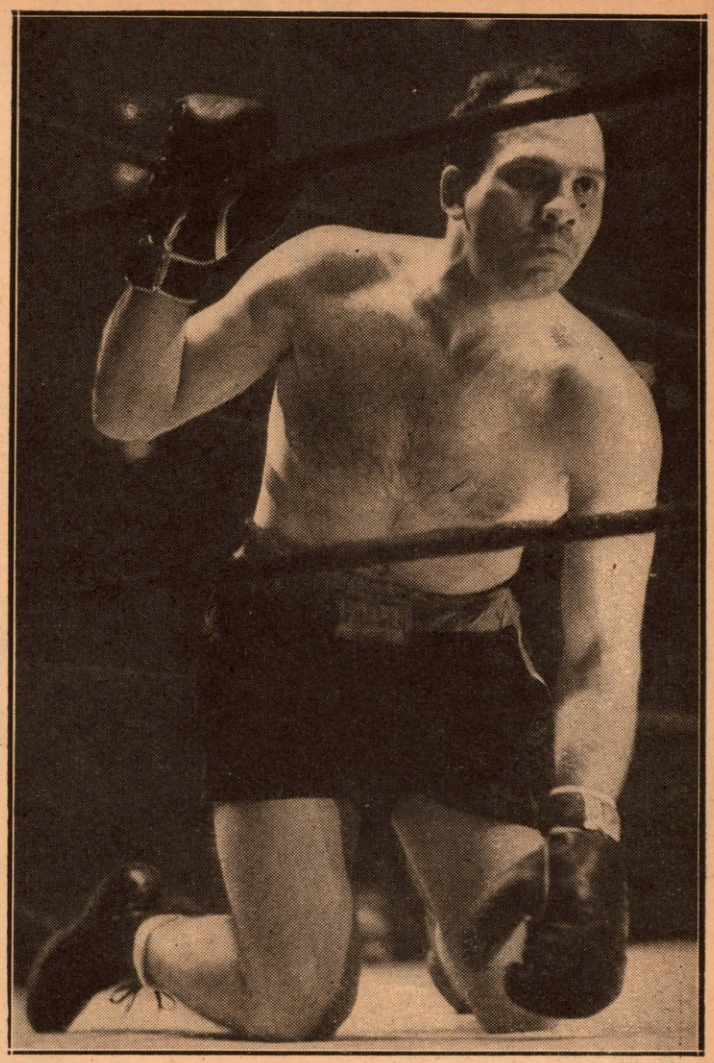
The Hitless Wonder Takes Count

Louis' Latest Victim

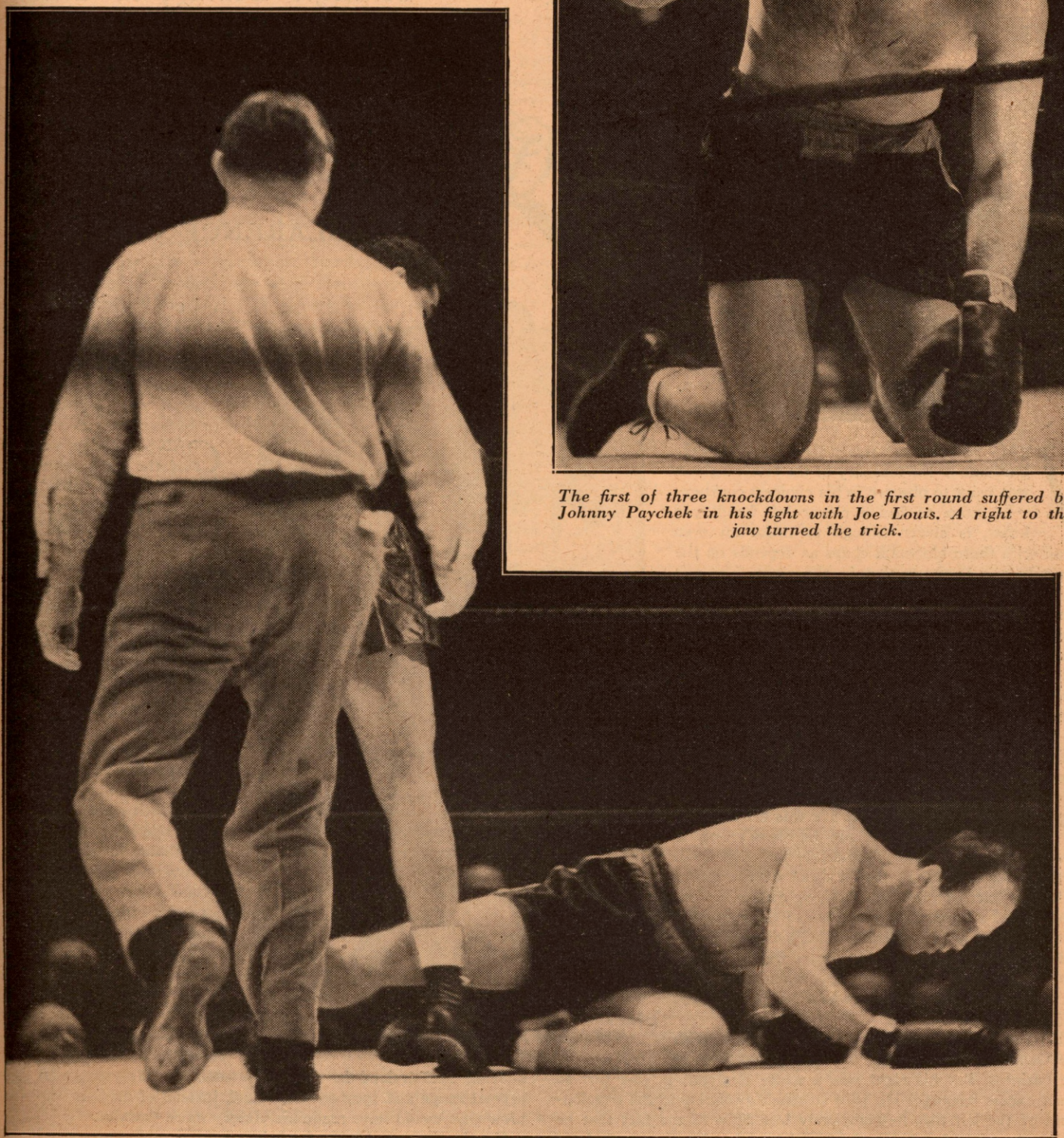


In the above we see "The Hitless Wonder," Johnny Paychek, going out of the picture as a heavyweight contender, while Joe Louis makes it the tenth successful defense of his crown. Paychek landed only one punch in the fight. Top to bottom: 1—Joe crashes a left to the chin and follows inside Johnny's defense with as pretty a right-hand smash as ever was landed and it struck right on the point of the chin. Unfortunately it is not seen in the photo. 2—Shows the follow through of the champion, as Paychek begins to topple over. 3—Backward he stumbles. 4—Down he goes with a crash. 5—Donovan reaches seven, then noticing that Paychek's mouthpiece is choking him, he stops the contest and 6—He removes the mouthpiece. The bout is over in forty-four seconds of the second round.

Wondering What Happened!

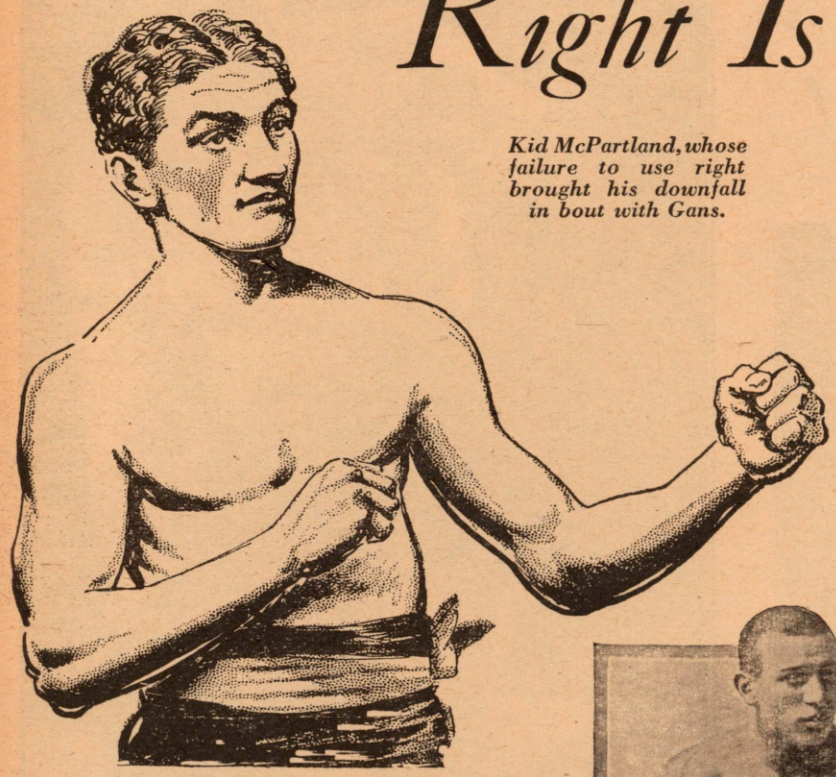


The first of three knockdowns in the first round suffered by Johnny Paychek in his fight with Joe Louis. A right to the jaw turned the trick.



This is how Paychek took the count on his third time to the canvas after a sharp right to the chin upset him. He got up at nine and was saved from further punishment by the bell shortly after.

"Left Is the Brains; Right Is the Muscle"



Kid McPartland, whose failure to use right brought his downfall in bout with Gans.

So Said Jem Mace, Father of Scientific Boxing, in Telling of the Many Relative Merits of Scientific Boxing—The Story of McPartland's Defeat at the Hands of Joe Gans

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

JEM MACE, a thirty-three-year degree graduate in the masonry of the stuffed glove, was wont to observe in his choicest cockney:

"A cove as has a clever left hand, you knaw, is clever enough to make an even break with those bloomink chaps as depends on the h'auctioneer's hammer, that is, the right. The left hand is the brains and the right is the muscle. If one develops both, the one to jab correctly and the other to hit hard when opportunity presents itself, he's the chap who'll always be on top."

Mace's sentiment is correct. It has always been accepted in fistic circles as the ideal combination—a powerful right and a tantalyzing left. Some fighters underestimate the value of the right hand. They seem to pay no attention to its proper development. They don't realize what a hard hitting right, with the full toss of the shoulder behind it, can do in the way of damage, but Mace did. He was a master of the science of self-defense, but he wasn't only a clever boxer. He would jab and jab, and then when the opening arrived, he would shoot over a heavy right that carried plenty of damage with it.

Mace had a partiality for the use of the left in his own tactics as did Kid McPartland, a famous lightweight of thirty years ago, but unlike the Kid, Mace could make good use of the right when he wanted to, while McPartland's forte was a left and he kept using it repeatedly.

This was exemplified when the Kid clashed with Joe Gans. McPartland had one of the best lefts in the business. But his right was a white elephant. It was just so much excess baggage. He paid so much attention to the development of the left that he completely lost sight of the fact that he also had a right hand. His feint and lead hand were as scholarly a weapon as ever was seen in ring warfare, but his right was as raw and untutored as Mushy Jackson's scrambled dialect. McPartland got his lesson when he fought Gans. He learned then that it was worth while to educate the sledge-hammer tool of his trade and he did.

Joe Gans, the master boxer, whose victory over McPartland placed him into fistic spotlight.

* * *

GANS' victory was one of the most sensational tricks ever turned by a boxer. When a boxer of McPartland's cleverness could be so totally eclipsed, baffled, beaten, and shown up in the light of a novice, then his master must indeed be a phenom and possible world-beater. And that's just what Gans showed in the fight that night.

McPartland never before in his career was so completely whipped, and if Gans had nipped the advantage he secured over the Kid in the twenty-fifth round, he would have made his victory doubly triumphant by keeling the Kid over for a knock-out.

Gans came nearer perfection as a ringmaster in that fight than any other in which he engaged. His only fault was over-caution, a lack of pepper in the blood, his refusal to take a chance even when there was scarcely a possibility of his losing. After flooring McPartland in the final round, he was content to step beyond range and spar out the round, instead of driving home the blow that would have made his victory more decisive.

Gans' manager, Al Herford, in speaking of Joe's tactics in the McPartland bout, said: "I would rather have a cold-blooded cuss like Joe than a hothead who knows

(Continued on page 42)

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

N.B.A. Officials Go Haywire in Latest Rulings
Inconsistency Seems Motto of Executive Body
Burman Deserves Chance to Fight Joe Louis

THE most ridiculous ruling in years in boxing was that of the seven members of the executive committee of the N.B.A. who "vacated" Lou Ambers' title. The men—Abe Greene of New Jersey; Harvey Miller of Washington; Ed Foster of Rhode Island; Joe Triner of Illinois; Harry J. Landry, Sam L. Marburger and Eddie Conn, may soon give to boxing hand picked "champions" such as we have in wrestling—a dime a dozen.

If Al Weill, manager of Ambers, were to pick John Whoozis to fight Ambers for the world title in New Jersey, Illinois or any other member state of the N.B.A., there would be no difficulty obtaining the necessary consent. Imagine Triner, Greene, Miller or any of the others among the "Immortal Seven" turning down a world championship fight when there is money to be made for the state and prestige to be gained by the commission! It's a cinch that the N.B.A. affiliations would soon be forgotten. It has been done before. Triner please take notice! It will be done again.

The N.B.A. is panning hell out of Mike Jacobs but note how eager Greene was to get Uncle Mike to stage the Galento-Baer fight for New Jersey. Mayor Hague saw to it that there was no N.B.A. interference with Mike's plan!

* * *

THE attitude of the N.B.A. as regards its "safety-first" program, is evident from a perusal of the recent votes on the Archibald-Ambers cases, the Kennedy Bill for an investigation of boxing and the adoption of a five man National Boxing Commission. The vote shows that Triner, chairman of the Illinois Commission, seeking a title fight for Davey Day, voted for "vacating" Ambers' title and that of Archibald. Realizing that the Illinois Commission couldn't clean its own house in the famous Thomas "Confession," Triner voted against the National Federal Investigation of boxing and also against the appointment of a Federal Commission.

Greene, head of New Jersey boxing, voted to take away the crown of Archibald and Ambers and despite the fact that he sanctioned the fight between Galento and Baer for Jersey City, under the direction of Mike Jacobs, he voted "yes" for the investigation of the monopoly of boxing and for the Federal Commission, with the stipulation, "Yes, I favor such investigation if it is constructive and intended to aid boxing rather than harm it."

Rather inconsistent! I wonder what Abe Greene means? Why not come out in the open instead of ducking behind the bush with such a statement that means nothing. In short, he favored the investigation but tried to dodge the issue with meaningless words.

He plays marbles with Uncle Mike, but wants Jacobs investigated if by such action, as he stipulates, boxing can be aided. How will he know that it can or cannot until after the investigation gets under way?

If Greene feels that boxing should be investigated and the investigation, according to the N.B.A., of which he is an executive member, is to strike at Mike Jacobs' monopoly, then why should Abe Greene permit the Galento-Baer fight to be staged in Jersey under Mike's jurisdiction? Jacobs is good enough apparently for Greene when it comes to staging a show of gigantic proportions in Abe's territory, but is not good enough to stage similar shows, in New York. It is to laugh!

I can go down the line with many other peculiar doings of N.B.A. members, but I think I have made my point clear.

* * *

I FIND no fault with N.B.A. officials for trying to break a monopoly and to open the field to all promoters. I likewise, am opposed to such monopoly in boxing, but the matter in which these officials are going about their task is all wrong. They are taking it out of the fighters instead of facing an issue with a man whom they accuse of throttling the sport. If Mike Jacobs holds a monopoly in sports it is only because he plays fair with the fighters and managers, gives them better terms than they can obtain from other sources and the fighters and managers know that they always get what's coming to them. Obligations are lived up to and that's more than can be said of many promoters in N.B.A. territory.

Harvey Miller of the N.B.A.

I am opposed to monopoly in boxing, but I cannot see the difference between what Jacobs does and what the N.B.A. permitted Joe Turner, Washington promoter, to do when on the morning that the N.B.A. announced it had voted to oust Archibald, Turner was allowed to sign a blank contract with Pete Reilly for Pete Scalzo to fight Jimmy Perrin or any other contender for the crown which was vacated. How come Reilly was on the job even before Archibald's crown was taken from him? Occultism?

* * *

THAT there has been wire pulling on the part of the N.B.A. is obvious. Getting Reilly on the job to close for a Washington match before any other state could get in a bid for the Scalzo-Perrin bout shows a deep interest on behalf of Washington, the home of Major Miller, and Reilly.

By inserting a clause in the contract that the fight for the "N.B.A. title" must be in neutral territory, the N.B.A. made certain that New Orleans, the best fitted center for such a contest, would be banned, though the Louisiana State Commission was eager for the bout and made a fine bid for it.

The Scalzo-Perrin match belonged to New Orleans. There is much more money to be had there than in Washington. There was much more enthusiasm for such a fight. Furthermore, by pressing the issue he has in favor of Scalzo, Miller has given the New Orleans authorities the impression he is protecting Scalzo. Pete doesn't need any protection. He can fight and is deserving of a championship match.

Though Scalzo is rated No. 2 directly behind Perrin—because of Perrin's recent overweight victory over Archibald—I deeply regret that Archibald's manager couldn't get together with Reilly for a championship match.

When a champion defends his crown against a ranking boxer, it is a legitimate title bout. Regardless of how poor a fighter might be in the opinion of the public, as was the case of Paychek against Louis, if he received a rating among the first 10 as did Paychek, the No. 5 man, he is entitled to recognition and on that basis, Harry Jeffra is a fit contender for Archibald and their bout will be universally recognized as for the title regardless of the N.B.A.

Lew Jenkins, Texan who gained a shot at Ambers' lightweight crown.

RECENTLY, after the Paychek-Louis fiasco, Max Waxman, co-manager with Jack Dempsey, of Red Burman, a pretty good heavyweight, knocked off the following:

"The time has come for a heavyweight with titular pretensions to qualify as such by beating the best opposition in his division, which is exactly what Red Burman has been doing, and intends to continue to do.

"Burman is ready to meet Billy Conn, the light-heavyweight champion, in a 15-round bout, in order to prove to the world that Conn, who seems to be Mike Jacobs' fair-haired boy at the moment, and the heir apparent to the heavyweight throne, is *not a first rate heavyweight.* Burman is ready to prove that he merits early consideration as an opponent for the current world's heavyweight champion, by belting Conn out.

"Burman has the *courage,* without which no heavyweight dare face Joe Louis in a roped enclosure. He has *the ability to take a punch.* No heavyweight who can't take a punch has a chance with Louis. Burman also will fight back. Fear is not part of his makeup.

"Only the fighter with the above-mentioned qualities has a chance with the Joe Louis of today, who like a lot of his predecessors in the so-called fistic Hall of Fame, is far from unbeatable.

"Jack Dempsey, Burman's sponsor, offers to bet the sum of $10,000 that Red can whip Conn. This is no empty publicity gesture and Jack is willing to put up right now."

* * *

IN the May issue of THE RING I commented editorially on the complaint of Waxman and Dempsey that there is a conspiracy to freeze out Burman because of a personal feud between his mentors and Mike Jacobs. I then remarked that Burman, a young, law-abiding citizen of this country, a family man, a pretty good fighter as heavyweights go today, has reason to complain. While foreigners and ordinary palookas are being fed to Louis, he is shunted aside.

One thing is certain, if Burman gets into the ring against Louis, he'll do a million percent better than did Paychek, Jack Roper and Harry Thomas. At least the public would be assured of a good scrap, with Burman trying every inch of the way. He'd not run to cover. He fears no one and can give and take a punch.

That's the type of fellow Louis should meet and Mike Jacobs should realize it.

Bob Pastor has ducked Burman twice. Every heavyweight of note has dodged the young fighting Baltimore heavyweight. On behalf of sportsmanship THE RING appeals for fair play for Red Burman. If Jacobs, who controls the heavyweight situation, refuses to take any chances with Burman against Louis, he should give Billy Conn a real test to learn his qualifications for a Louis battle by pitting Billy against Red Burman. If Conn emerges the victor, no one can say that he doesn't merit a shot at the Brown Bomber.

The public demands a chance for Burman. Jacobs must forget his personal animosity in his battles with Dempsey and Waxman, for neither of whom he has any love. Burman is the man he must consider.

* * *

I NOTE where Jimmy Johnston, manager of Bob Pastor, is also crying boycott. He and Pastor insist that Jacobs is ducking Bob in arranging future Louis matches. Johnston suggests an elimination tournament for the summer, in which Pastor should be pitted against Godoy and the winner of that fight should be matched with the winner of the Galento-Baer contest, with the survivor to fight Louis in September.

Pastor is a good fighter but when he and Johnston talk of ducking issues, they should beware of the trap which they are setting for themselves. Haven't they been ducking Red Burman long enough?

Why an elimination with Godoy, Pastor, Baer and Galento? Pastor had two chances against Louis and failed twice. If Pastor wants a third crack at the crown, let him first eliminate Burman. Red Burman has as much right to consideration as has Pastor. Godoy, even though he clowned against Louis in their last engagement, is entitled to first consideration with Galento next in line if Tony beats Baer. Godoy doesn't have to enter an elimination. Tony put Louis down; Godoy remained 15 rounds with him and got the decision of one judge. Godoy should get the June battle, and as for the September mill, that should go to the man who survives an elimination in which Pastor and Burman should take part. As for Billy Conn, he must first prove that he can mingle with the tough heavyweights before he is tossed against a fighter like Louis.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, speaking of Conn, I was told by a professor at the Post Graduate Hospital of New York City not to expect too much of Conn. Billy's blood condition not only has weakened him but active training is likely to bring a recurrence of the ailment that caused him to postpone the fight with Gus Lesnevich twice. When he does recover his full strength, he'll not be ready for the proposed fight with Joe Louis which Mike Jacobs has been considering. Billy will require far more time for such a contest and it is safe to predict, according to my informant, that Conn won't be ready this year.

Besides, it won't do for Uncle Mike to toss Billy into a Louis match without first showing him against one of the four outstanding heavyweights. The public won't accept Conn as a proper opponent for Louis, following the belly full it received in the Paychek-Louis engagement.

The situation that confronts fight fans in the heavyweight field today is similar, as I remarked several months ago, to that which existed when Jim Jeffries was forced into retirement. The only difference is that when Jeffries hung up his gloves, there were plenty of excellent heavyweights parading before the public, but none good enough to give Jeff a real battle. He took on everyone worth while and eliminated all, so that the only thing left for him was to engage in return bouts with men he had already whipped. That didn't appeal to him nor to the public.

Today, Louis is forced to meet opposition that is far inferior to that of 35 years ago, and as in Jeffries' case, Louis has whipped everyone of note. Unless he tackles mediocre opposition, the only thing he can do, is to accept matches with those he has already defeated. There are no more reputable challengers.

* * *

WHEN Junior Munsell of Oklahoma City won the Indian heavyweight championship staged by Sparky McVey in Ponca City under the sponsorship of THE RING Magazine, he put forth a sterling exhibition in defeating Ernie Collins. When he received THE RING Magazine Belt as a reward for his triumph, Munsell was prouder than any fighter to whom such a gift has been given.

"This is the proudest moment of my life," he said after I had made the presentation. You'll never have reason to regret making

this award. With this as an incentive, I hope I'll be able to prove to RING patrons that I merit the faith you have in me," he concluded.

I have been watching Munsell ever since and feel he has lived up to his promise. He has had 11 fights since winning THE RING Belt, emblematic of the Indian championship, and dropped only two bouts; one a 10-round affair to Jack Roper, whom he later knocked out in 2 rounds, and the other to Gunnar Barlund in Hollywood, in 10. His victories include knockouts over Bob Nestell in 5 rounds; Francis Jacques, in 2; Eddie Mader in 3 and Arne Anderson in 2, and decisions over Jimmy Webb in 10; Sandy McDonald, 10; Al Delaney, 10 and Henry Cooper, 10.

Munsell has now reached a place among the select 10 in THE RING'S ratings. He is a favorite in California where he has fought 9 of his last 11 bouts. Prior to winning THE RING Belt, Munsell was just an ordinary fighter, but the award seems to have instilled new life into the Indian heavyweight.

What THE RING Editor has done for Munsell he is willing to do for other heavyweights. All that is needed is for enterprising promoters to stage state or sectional eliminations and then apply to THE RING for a sectional or state RING heavyweight championship fight for which a RING Belt will be awarded.

Get busy you energetic promoters. Write to me for information and I'll show you how you can increase your revenue and build up a keen interest in your fight club.

* * *

THE fine showing of Sixto Escobar against Simon Chavez in the bout for the Pan-American featherweight championship held at Caracas, indicates that Sixto, former world bantam king, will have to be reckoned with as a featherweight. The Chavez fight proved that Escobar is at his best in warm climates. He can fight like a demon when in Central America but with few exceptions, has displayed little pep when up north.

According to Jack Dempsey, who refereed the fight, there was no reason for the uproar of Caracas fans who thought the home boy was entitled to the decision. "In fact," said Dempsey, "I gave Chavez the benefit of the doubt existing in the minds of the judges, who disagreed, one giving the bout to Simon and the other to Sixto, by calling the affair even."

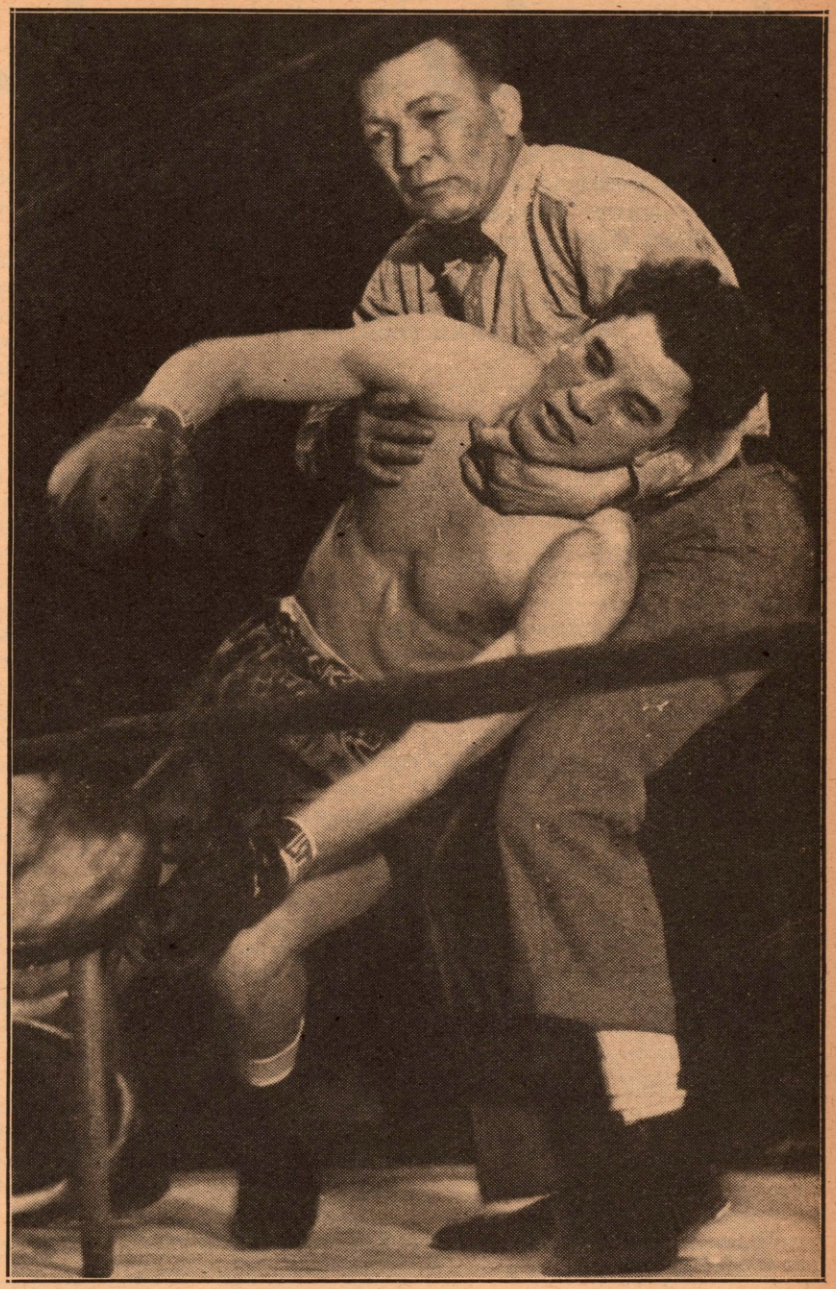
Plans are now on foot to arrange a return engagement for Puerto Rico, Escobar's native soil. If such a contest can be arranged, THE RING will put up a belt for the Pan-American featherweight title. Such a bout should go big in San Juan, where Sixto is as hot a favorite as is friend Chavez in Venezuela.

* * *

IN a message to THE RING, Chief Inspector Shields of the Northern District of California Athletic Commission, takes issue with the statement of Lou Salica's manager that in his last fight with Tony Olivera, Tony was unable to make the bantam limit. As Olivera is one of the outstanding bantams and is seeking a chance at the title, the letter of Inspector Shields deserves public attention. Here is his version of the weighing-in:

"In a recent issue of THE RING, you state that Tony Olivera scaled 118¼ pounds for his fight with Lou Salica. I note where Salica's manager harps on that point in explaining that Lou was beaten by Olivera, but not as a bantam. I wish to correct this misstatement.

"The records of this office show that there is on file a referee's report made out by Charles Wiener, State Inspector in charge of the boxing referred to, wherein Lou Salica's official weight is given as 117½ pounds and that of Tony Olivera as 118 pounds. Those weights are absolutely accurate.



The fight that earned for Lew Jenkins a championship bout with Lou Ambers. Pete Hartley, referee, is supporting Tippy Larkin after Jenkins' right crashed against the Jerseyite's jaw.

"Rule 2 of our rules and regulations provides that six hours before entering the ring, the contestants shall be weighed on the official club scales in the presence of each other, a Commission Inspector and an official of the club. The club officer must present to the referee over his own signature, the weights of the boxers. This rule was complied with and the Inspector's report on file in this office shows that the weight of Olivera was 118, not 118¼, as you state and Salica's manager has stated.

"As Olivera is in the bantamweight championship elimination, and rates equally as high as Salica and Pace, the N.B.A. and New York leaders, a correction will help his case considerably."

Glad to make the correction. THE RING has always regarded Olivera as a bantam and will be happy to put up a belt for a championship bout in which Pace, Salica, Olivera and Little Pancho take part. Why not press the issue with Olivera's rivals? Here's a fine chance to settle the matter of international supremacy in the bantam division. I know that Olivera welcomes such an elimination, and so does Pancho. It seems that Pace, N.B.A. favorite, and Salica, New York's champ, would welcome a bout with the Dado-Olivera winner. *(Continued on page 40)*

In Gas-Lit Era

Boston and New York the scene of many thrilling contests—Si Flaherty's on Long Island, headquarters for secret bare-knuckles and skin-tight gloves mills—Dog fights and cocking Mains furnished excitement—When John L. Sullivan opposed a knockout—Choynski rated one of greatest heavyweights of all time.

AMONG the old-timers in New York, Si Flaherty's place at Laurel Hill, Long Island, close by the Calvary Cemetery, and Harry Hill's famous resort on Bleecker and Crosby Streets, were as well known as the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium. It was at Flaherty's that most of the dog fights and cocking mains, two of the leading sports of that era, and many famous skin-tight and bare-knuckle bouts were pulled off.

Everything in those days was run secretly, most often in dingy back rooms, in cellars, deserted barns, road house dance halls, on barges and even in the thick forests, to avoid police interference and arrests. Most of the fights between brutes, birds or men took place in the dark of night or in the early morning.

As I remarked in a previous story in this series, cards and dice were always close at hand for the entertainment of the sports while awaiting the big events, and with those went bucketfuls of beer. There is no better way of showing the progress of sports, boxing in particular, from the "good old days" to those of the present, than by the stories of happenings in the ring half a century ago.

Events in Flaherty's were staged either in the big barn back of his sportsmen's hotel or in the cellar of the house, where he could carry on without police interference unless a warrant were issued. Seldom did that happen, because of the splendid protection the hotel had from police and jurists alike. They did all they could to help Flaherty carry on. Often leading jurists were among those present at the fights; whether between animals or humans made little difference.

The contests were staged in a nine-foot ring, walled with stone. Quite different from the 24-foot rings used today! The fights were always to a finish. Contrast those brutal mills and the conditions under which they were staged, with the modern commission ruled boxing and you see how little of the old brutality remains. Those nine-foot rings didn't give a fellow a chance to keep out of range of an opponent's blows.

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IN the old days, the cocking mains and dog fights at Flaherty's shared attention with the bare-knuckle and skin-tight gloves encounters, and often the animals outdrew the humans. In either, the betting was terrific, fortunes often changing hands in a few hours. The sports came to the Long Island rendezvous from Harry Hill's, Owney Geoghegan's, Paddy Mullin's place on Mott Street, Steve Brodie's on the Bowery, Jimmy Wakely's at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, the old Astor House, the Gilsey House, Broadway Central and Fifth Avenue Hotels. In fact, scarcely a place of prominence in New York where sports gathered didn't furnish its quota of fans for each performance at Flaherty's.

The greatest dog fight held in this country took place there. It was between Flaherty's famous fighter, the Coachman, a thirty-pounder with a mighty record for kills, and an imported British battler called Gas. Coachman was so good a pit fighter that he was known as the John L. of the canine battlers. The Coachman won after three hours and seventeen minutes of bloody fighting. Though the Coachman won, he died from his wounds the next day.

Boston and New York in the gas-lit era furnished their full quota of excitement for those sporting minded. There was an abundance of romance to be found in sports in those days. It was the period in pugilism when thrills were plentiful.

WHEN one wishes to point to a man who has adorned the profession of pugilism, he must point to Joe Choynski, famous heavyweight of half a century ago, a fighter who did as much for the sport which brought him fame, but not fortune, as any in the fistic sport. Joe, hale and hearty, living quietly in Cincinnati, where occasionally he is seen at the ringside enjoying a contest, set an example for his profession by his fine habits that could well be followed by those who follow the sport today.

He was abstemious, honorable, both in and out of the ring, conscientious, truthful and above all, a fine gentleman and sportsman. But that is not all—he is a well educated man, a prolific reader, and can discuss philosophy as well as he can fights, past and present. He possessed qualities that were rare indeed among the men in his profession when he was in his prime. He was a conspicuous figure in the ring for almost a quarter of a century and his record compares favorably with the best.

This Californian, who hails from hardy, pioneer stock, seems to have gained from his father the strength, perseverance and courage he always displayed in the roped square. His dad, contrary to the erroneous statements so often seen in print, was not a rabbi. He was one of the early settlers of the Gold Coast of California, one of the original members of the famous Society of Vigilantes, and later served Uncle Sam as Master of the Port.

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CHOYNSKI'S start, as is well known, was in San Francisco, where he and James J. Corbett engaged in several scraps, among them the famous barge battle that really was the medium for Corbett's rise to pugilistic fame. That contest proved to Corbett that he could do well in boxing if he decided on that as a profession, and it was shortly after that he quit his bank clerk job to follow fisticuffs.

Through a score of years, Choynski fought big men and little. He faced Corbett on four occasions; Kid McCoy, four times; Tom Sharkey, three times; Jim Jeffries, once; Peter Maher, Jack Johnson and many other top-notchers, and now, in retirement, he gets a laugh out of the stories that appear in national magazines telling about the greatness of this and that former title-holder and never a line about himself, one of the greatest heavyweights of all time.

About a year ago, while sitting in the office of THE RING Editor prior to going to the Yankee Stadium to see a ball game, I chanced to meet Jack Johnson. The former king of the heavies had made one of his frequent visits to THE RING headquarters, and having seen Lil' Artha in many bouts, I asked Jack what he thought about the present crop of fighters compared to those he faced in his prime.

"Don't make me laugh, 'Dad'," replied this famous ring gladiator. "There isn't a fighter in the lot who could have stood up five rounds against Joe Choynski, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford or myself, not to mention many others who fought me. They constitute the most mediocre lot I have seen in years—all except Joe Louis, who I think is a fine fighter, but somewhat overrated."

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AS usual when two old-timers get together, we started reminiscing. I told Jack that I thought he was the greatest heavyweight of all time. I backed my statement with facts to prove that he possessed everything.

"Well, 'Dad'," he broke in, "who do you think was the heaviest hitter you've ever seen. I'm amused at what the boys write about Louis and Dempsey being the best ever. I can name four fighters whom I faced whose punching power was greater than either."

I started off with Jim Jeffries, then named Fitzsimmons, then Dempsey and Louis. Johnson laughed.

"Jeffries. No. I, in your opinion. No, sir. Give me Joe Choynski anytime. I faced both and I should know. Jeffries had a powerful wallop, but Choynski had a paralyzing punch. I think that

By A. D. PHILLIPS

On November 28, A. D. Phillips celebrated his 88th birthday. The following morning he died suddenly. A few days before, he completed a new series of fireside chats, stories of the old days in American boxing history. There are six in all. As a memorial to him THE RING is publishing these stories posthumously. His contribution is of historic value. This is the fifth article.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Choynski was the heaviest puncher in the last fifty years. His left-hander was a corker. He could toss a left hook that was better than the one the Brown Bomber has. Joe could fight and he could hit."

I reminded him that little Joe Walcott knocked out Choynski in seven rounds a year before Choynski knocked out Johnson.

"Yes, Mr. Phillips, I know that. We all have an off day. There never was a greater fighter than Walcott. Big or small, they all looked alike to him. They come like Joe Walcott only once in many years. I suppose I could change my mind and put Walcott first, but let me tell you that Choynski still is close to the top with me."

I saw Choynski in several contests and I agree with Johnson that Joe was a powerful hitter, but I think that Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Louis were harder punchers. The famous Jewish battler was a type apart from most of the fighters of those roseate days in which he thrived and there is nothing but good that can be said about him. When the leading heavyweights of American Fistiana are named, Joe Choynski must be honored with a place close to the top.

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THE fistic term of "knockout" is so closely interwoven with the name of John L. Sulivan that it is hard to visualize the "Big Fellow" as making a public stand against such a result in a glove contest. Yet on the night that George LaBlanche, the Marine, and Pete McCoy met at the old Boston Boxing Club, that was the stand Sullivan took and fought for.

At that time LaBlanche had been coming along rather fast as a middleweight and there had been efforts made to match him with Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, for the world's middleweight championship. The efforts at the time were not fruitful, although the pair did meet later on at Larchmont, N. Y., when Dempsey won, and at San Francisco, where LaBlanche pivot-blowed his way to victory. Pete McCoy of Bridgeport, then a ranking star in his class and a close friend of Dempsey and a special protege of Sullivan's, was brought over to see just how good the Marine was. The Boston Boxing Club hung up a purse of $500 for a bout at 148 pounds.

The affair created the greatest excitement ever shown in a contest in Boston up to that time, so that on the night of the battle the small hall, instead of the agreed upon 125 spectators, was jammed to its limit, while the streets nearby were packed with those who were trying to force their way into the place.

Every inch inside the room was occupied. Men high in professional life were glad to hang onto window sills, while one ingenious fellow, with one foot on a sill, hung onto his place by means of a handkerchief tied to a nail in the wall until the nail pulled out.

* * *

FINALLY the doors were crashed. One of these was grabbed by Larry Sullivan and set on edge, thus making a reserved space that took care of a few fans. "John L." had to fight his way through the masses in the street, but did eventually get inside, much the worse for the rough passage through the crowd.

To quiet the gathering the show was started with a three-round bout between Jack Green and Young Harrington, but while this was going on, the pressure from behind forced the spectators against the ropes and they went down until there was a space of less than twelve feet square in which the boxers were trying to perform. The confusion was so great that it looked as if the show would have to be called off, but after a hard try the ring was again put into place and gotten ready for the main event.

Then came another squabble. Frank Moran, who later on managed Sullivan, had McCoy in hand and claimed a weight forfeit because LaBlanche weighed 149 pounds. When this had been settled, Moran demanded that in case of interference of any kind he wanted the man having the better of matters up to that point to be awarded the decision, and in case of a knockout, the winner to take the entire purse.

"There is to be no knockout nor police interference," said one of the club officials.

Then one of the spectators, in all seriousness, said: "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order," a remark that started a roar of laughter.

Sullivan, taking the center of the ring, declared: "We want no knockout, for if there is a knockout we are all liable to arrest."

The remark stunned the crowd, but one wag answered: "Well, you ought to know, John."

Billy O'Reilly of Gloucester, for LaBlanche, insisted on the bout going "eight rounds or to a knockout."

By this time the gathering became so uneasy that the club wanted to call the whole thing off and give the spectators their money back. Some took it and forced their way out of the place, but the majority were there to see a battle and were so insistent that they finally had their way.

"I'll give $100 to the loser," said Sullivan. Prof. Tim McCarthy added an offer of $200 more.

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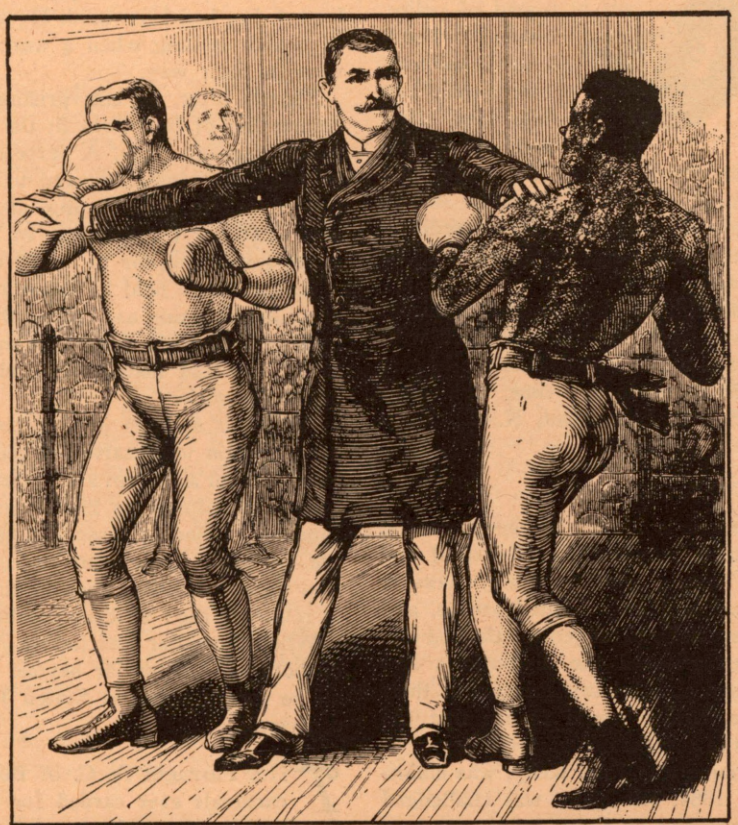
THEN came another wrangle that lasted a full hour and a half, this time over the selection of a referee. At last Tim McCarthy was agreed upon and the men stripped for action, well along toward midnight.

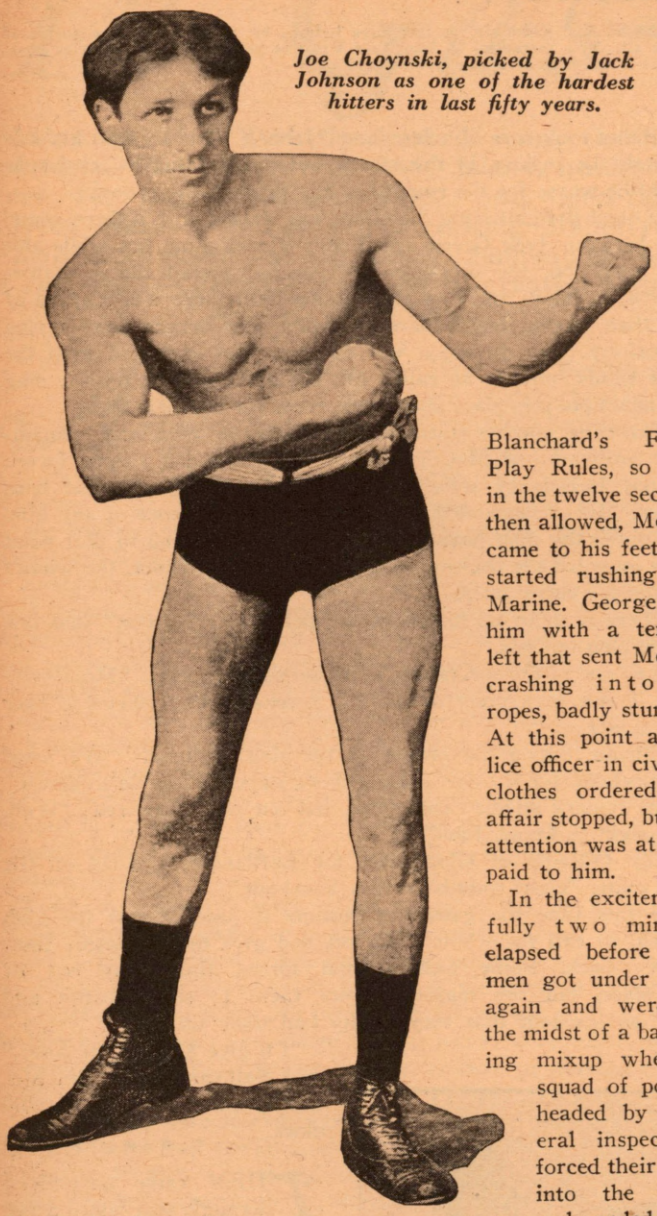
McCoy's chief second was Charley Norton, but Sullivan took a hand and assumed charge of the corner. Florrie Driscoll was behind LaBlanche.

The moment time was called, LaBlanche leaped forward and shot the left hard to the face, followed by a terrific right to the wind. McCoy staggered, but quickly recovered and sent the left to the Marine's face. They got in close and battered away at the body, but on the break, LaBlanche sent a heavy right to the throat that dropped McCoy so hard that he sustained a deep gash on the scalp back of the left ear.

The men were boxing under



John L. Sullivan, third man in the ring in Boston. Here he is seen halting a contest which was too one-sided.



Joe Choynski, picked by Jack Johnson as one of the hardest hitters in last fifty years.

Blanchard's Fair Play Rules, so that in the twelve seconds then allowed, McCoy came to his feet and started rushing the Marine. George met him with a terrific left that sent McCoy crashing into the ropes, badly stunned. At this point a police officer in civilian clothes ordered the affair stopped, but no attention was at first paid to him.

In the excitement, fully two minutes elapsed before the men got under way again and were in the midst of a battering mixup when a squad of police, headed by several inspectors, forced their way into the ring and ended the battle. Although the Marine had the better of the going and McCoy's appearance and condition indicated a probable defeat, under the situation McCarthy took the stand that while crediting LaBlanche with having the better of the scoring at the end, he determined to call the battle a draw.

The showing of the Marine that night so impressed his admirers that a more determined effort was made to secure a match with Dempsey for the championship, and a stake of $5,000, the largest ever placed on a middleweight battle up to that time. The result was the great thirteen-round affair at Larchmont, N. Y., which was won so impressively by the Nonpareil.

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SPEAKING of Dempsey reminds me of the great contest at Sand's Point, Long Island, between the Nonpareil and Jack Reagan. If modern boxers, who in wintry weather meet in comfortably warmed and brilliantly lighted arenas, and are assigned to dressing rooms especially arranged for the comfort of the gladiators, could have experienced the discomforts and trials of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Johnny Reagan in their bout of December 13, 1887, the former would realize that the ring game has made great strides in at least one respect.

Jack Dempsey, whose family name was John Kelly, was claimant to the middleweight title in 1884. His claim was challenged by George Fulljames, and the pair met on Long Island at some spot remote from the activities of the law officers, as prize fighting was taboo at the time. Dempsey defeated Fulljames in twenty-two rounds and thus made himself the middleweight champion of America.

Dempsey had developed to a notable extent in the next three years, and after beating a large number of challengers of more or less ability, he accepted a challenge from Johnny Reagan, a Brooklyn middleweight of considerable ability, now a New York State boxing inspector. The middleweight limit in bare-knuckle days was 154 pounds ringside, and the contest between Dempsey and Reagan was strictly in accordance with the rules then in force —bare hands, ring pitched on the turf and wrestling permitted. The bout was set for December 13, 1887.

By way of throwing the officers of the law off the scent, it was announced that it would take place in Connecticut, but the fighters and their followers went quietly out toward the eastern end of Long Island and pitched the ring at the chosen spot. Dempsey was a particularly clever boxer and a stiff, accurate hitter. He was also exceptionally speedy. Reagan, while lacking the cleverness of the champion, was a strong, sturdy chap, a heavy puncher and replete with courage and determination.

As soon as the ring was pitched, the men entered it and began the fight. Dempsey scaled a bit under 150 and Reagan was well below the 154 mark. Hardly had the battle started when down came a mixture of snow and rain. They managed to box a few rounds, when the low ground on which the ring had been set up became submerged and the referee was compelled to call a halt. It was then decided to move the ring to higher ground and the entire party journeyed across country for twenty miles before they found a suitable place for the battle.

As it was, snow and rain fell all during the contest, which lasted four hours, forty-five rounds being contested. In the last round, Reagan, who had been subjected to heavy punishment, was unable to continue and the victory went to Dempsey. It was Dempsey's speed and ring generalship that overcame the strength and ruggedness of the challenger. Part of the contest was fought with the men knee deep in water.

* * *

ON February 12, 1887, Staten Island was the scene of a novel fight between Negroes, Alexander "Cock-Eye" Simpson and Harry Kyle. The men had been working on the docks and a dispute arose over a crap game in which Simpson declared that loaded dice had been used. He and Kyle engaged in three rounds of terrific milling when a warning reached them that the police were on their way.

Shortly after, an enterprising dock foreman arranged for the resumption of hostilities in the cellar of a house that had been unoccupied for years. A purse of $150 was set aside, in addition to which the rivals wagered ten dollars on their chances, and at two o'clock in the morning, about 80 sports, each of whom had paid $2.00 for the privilege of seeing the works, jammed themselves into the cellar to attend the mill.

Candles were held by those at the ringside and with Brooklyn Jim Carroll acting as referee, the mill got under way. In the first round "Cock-Eye" caught his man with a rip-roaring right swing to the eye that floored Kyle and caused the eye to bulge clean out of the socket.

While his seconds were attempting to mend the injured optic, a commotion was started in the rear, when several of the spectators let out a scream after being attacked by a number of vicious rats, some almost as big as grown-up cats. Sticks, stones and jimmies, carried by those among the spectators who always found use for such instruments, were used with effect, but it seemed that the greater the attack by the fans, the more rodents appeared to reinforce their stricken brethren.

When the cellar was finally cleared by all hands, the casualties on both sides were far beyond expectations. The "sports" swore off so far as fights in Staten Island cellars for the future were concerned.

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THE Farragut A. C. of Boston staged one of the best fistic carnivals ever carded for successive nights in this country. On August 31, 1895, the club started off with a featherweight championship mill between George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," the holder, and Johnny Griffin, the *(Continued on page 42)*

What Is the N. B. A.?

By NAT FLEISCHER

NOW that the Kennedy Bill has been introduced in Congress calling for an investigation of boxing in America and the appointment of a National Commission of five men, it is opportune to show up the National Boxing Association, sponsor and instigator of the bill, in its true colors. The bill really should read, "to investigate successful boxing in New York."

Let us delve into this status of the National Boxing Association. What is this organization? How come that it is "empowered" to rule the sport in America, as its members think they are? Of the states where boxing is permitted to be staged legally, how many are members of this organization? By what authority does the N.B.A. feel that it can dictate to legalized boxing commissions or vacate and hand out championships? These are vital queries now that N.B.A. has started warfare on organized boxing.

First let me say that through my travels to various parts of boxing centers, American and foreign, I have found that the only reason the foreign governing bodies in boxing have joined the N.B.A., is because the name, "National Boxing Association" gives those foreign, non-speaking English folk the erroneous impression that the word "National" indicates that the N.B.A. is a legal, Federal controlled body functioning under the government of the United States.

If they knew the facts, that the N.B.A. doesn't have any legal powers, is a self-ordained ruling body that comprises less than half the states where boxing is legalized, and has among its members only four major states in boxing, it's a foregone conclusion from my knowledge of these countries, that they would not become affiliated with the organization.

Even the American sports writers have been hoodwinked into the belief that the N.B.A. has gained its power through the organization of all but half a dozen states. It is to laugh when Major Miller, President of the N.B.A., sends out a message to the newspapers:

"Our organization will be pleased to sit down with the New York State Boxing solons and try to unscramble the U.S. boxing situation, but we won't take any abuse from them."

* * *

UNSCRAMBLE what boxing situation, Mr. Miller? There is no doubt from what I have seen in Washington, D.C., Rhode Island and other N.B.A. strongholds, that there certainly is need of considerable unscrambling in those territories, but as for the states that are not members of Miller's organization, particularly New York, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Michigan, I daresay that the commissions ruling boxing there are so far superior to most of those listed as members of the N.B.A., there can be no comparison.

I have no doubt but that the confusion caused by the name "National Boxing Association" in the minds of foreign bodies, goes still further. The American public, misguided by sports writers who have never taken the trouble to find out the make-up of the N.B.A. have likewise come to think of the N.B.A. as a Federal body whose rules must be lived up to. Let us examine the membership of the N.B.A. and see just how much boxing there is in states whose commissions have joined N.B.A. and are trying to tell legalized Commissions elsewhere how to rule the sport. Here is the list:

Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, South Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Washington.

This makes a total of 25 states out of 48.

Members of N.B.A. in U.S. territories—Hawaii, Puerto Rico—Total 2.

Members of N.B.A. in states that allow City Commissions through options but where boxing is not legalized: Des Moines, Iowa; Atlanta, Georgia; Winston-Salem, N. Carolina; Miami Beach, Florida; Ohio Association of Boxing Commissions; Oklahoma City, Okla. and Portland Municipal Commission, Oregon.—Total Optional Commissions—7. District of Columbia is also a member.

Foreign affiliations—Cuba, Mexico, France, Italy, Venezuela and England.

States that are non-members of the N.B.A., follow:

New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, California, Michigan, Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, New Hampshire, Maine, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah.—Total 14.

States non-members of N.B.A., where boxing is not legalized but bouts are staged either as exhibitions or under club plan, are:

New Mexico, Vermont.—Total 2.

Territory where boxing is legal but not a member of N.B.A.—Alaska.

* * *

NOW analyze the above and gauge the strength of N.B.A. with non-N.B.A. states. We find:

1—Whereas the general impression is that N.B.A. represents all but New York, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Michigan, in reality it boasts of only 50 percent of states where the sport is permitted under law.

2—That of the membership in N.B.A., only six major states, that is, states where boxing takes place on a big scale, are in that organization—Illinois, New Jersey, Connecticut, Louisiana, Wisconsin and Texas.

3—That more than eighty percent of the American boxers and seventy-five percent of the American fight clubs are situated in the states that do not hold membership in the N.B.A. New York alone, has 871 licensed boxers—more than all registered in the Atlantic Border States of N.B.A.

4—That 81 percent of the money spent for boxing and wrestling in this country, is in clubs operating in non-N.B.A. territory. Most of the money taken in by N.B.A. states is for wrestling, and in some of those states, boxing is staged only twice a month.

5—That much of the membership in N.B.A. is that of states where half a dozen clubs are in operation. In New York, there are 18 clubs licensed for professional boxing and wrestling and in 1939, alone, the sum of $3,168,000 was spent for boxing and wrestling in the Empire State. That is more money than was spent for boxing in the entire 25 states that are members of the N.B.A. and all the territories and optional cities. Yet Major Miller, in the face of these figures, has the audacity to tell the American public that it is the ruling body in U.S. boxing!

Mike Jacobs' shows in New York City had gate receipts amounting to $1,138,782.46, and his four shows in California, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Philadelphia took in $577,891.

6—Canada, Italy, Venezuela and Mexico, according to the N.B.A. have the right to tell New York, Pennsylvania, California, Michigan, Massachusetts and other Non-members what is right and wrong in boxing and how those states must carry on, yet in Italy, there are at present a total of only eleven professional clubs; in France there are about a dozen when they operate but none are now in existence; in Venezuela there is one club and there are all told exactly 21 professional fighters; in Mexico there are five clubs operating.

In Washington, D.C., where the President of the N.B.A. resides, there was only one club until a few weeks ago and now there are two, yet Harvey Miller expects world championship fights to be staged there. The Turner Arena that runs all year, averages about $1000 a show, but Washington, D.C. can tell New York how to run boxing!

In Rhode Island, the home of the Executive Secretary of N.B.A., there are a handful of clubs in the entire state, and the gross receipts constitute about three percent of New York's receipts. Yet little Rhode Island takes it upon itself to dictate how New York and the other major *(Continued on page 60)*

They Work Both Ways

Accidents and Illness Have Aided Some Fighters to Reach the Heights While Others Have Suffered—Conn's Boils Seem a Blessing in Disguise

By TED CARROLL

AS Billy Conn convalesces in his Pittsburgh home from his most recent attack of the malignant boils that have twice caused a postponement of his title match with Gus Lesnevich, the Smoky City champion probably bewails the ill luck that threatens to stymie his budding career. What the light-heavyweight title-holder doesn't realize is that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and who knows but that in the long run, he himself may be the gainer through his present indisposition. In years gone by, many a young boxer has benefited through the rest and delay caused by an illness or accident.

Only 22 years of age, Billy, who comes of a race that matures late in life, should have his best years before him. His present ailment prevents his being overworked at too early an age, and the slowing up of his schedule may work out all for the better.

Sweet William was apparently being primed for a shot at Louis this September, and while the loss of so lucrative a "shot" may not call for any loud cheers on Conn's part, if the now troublesome boils result in causing a delay in Conn's crack at the big title, and thereby brings him into the ring in 1941 or 1942 against an older, richer and possibly more indolent Louis, Billy may one day have reason to thank the pestiferous germs that laid him low in 1940.

* * *

IF things should pan out this way, Billy won't be the first to have been the gainer through such a blessing in disguise. As recently as the summer of 1938, Two Ton Tony Galento was roaring along the heavyweight highway like a runaway locomotive. The animated beer barrel had rolled over the recumbent forms of Al Ettore, Lorenzo Pack and Leroy Haynes, and seemed to be gaining momentum as he went along when he was kayoed by a pneumonia bug.

This looked like the toughest of tough breaks for the rejuvenated Jerseyman, as he was matched at the time to meet Light-Heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis, in Philadelphia, in what appeared like the hottest match to hit Quakertown in years. With a $70,000 advance in the till, Promoter Muggsy Taylor, Joe Jacobs and all others connected with the enterprise, howled to the high heavens at this seemingly harsh blow of fate that had hit them all where it hurts the most, in the pocketbook.

Happily Galento recovered, and the John Henry Lewis match was consigned to oblivion. What happened after Tony's recovery? The round man from Mayor Hague's domain went on to that epic melee with Joe Louis, and a $43,750 purse for his efforts, and when Uncle Sam's tax collector called at the Galento menage a few days ago, the ex-bartender paid a tax on no less than $98,000 for the year of 1939.

Suppose Galento had gone on to the match with John Henry, it is far from unlikely that the then capable Arizona Negro might have survived the Italian's early round's barrages and come on to outstab and outgallop his wheezing, ungainly foe. In that event —and it could easily have happened—there would have been no Louis fight for Galento to forever hark back to, with its dramatic knockdown, and no hundred thousand dollar take for your Uncle Samuel to take his bit out of when the collector rang the Galento doorbell.

Lucky enough to survive his siege of the dread pneumonia, circumstances developed in such a way that Two Ton Tony eventually capitalized on what seemed to be a terrible stroke of bad luck.

SOMETHING along similar lines happened to none other than the famed Gentleman Jim Corbett many years ago. Following the loss of his title to Bob Fitzsimmons in 1897, the Californian's health took a turn for the worse. Following his fight with Tom Sharkey in 1898, Gentleman Jim went into temporary retirement, built up his health to such an extent that three years after losing his title he turned in what many regard as his greatest fight, his twenty-three-round classic with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island. For twenty-two rounds Corbett's boxing surpassed any of his previous efforts, outstanding though they had been.

Jeffries landed but one solid punch during the fight according to many unbiased old-timers, but that one was the payoff, and the masterly Corbett succumbed to a twenty-three-round knockout, after building up an invincible lead on points. Despite the result, the boxing world at the time acclaimed the 34-year-old Corbett for his grand comeback and the nearness he came to regaining the heavyweight championship of the world.

Corbett, in conquering the illness that overtook him, had attained the greatest peak of his fighting career and narrowly missed making his name pre-eminent among the great champions of the past.

* * *

AS the learned Mr. Gene Tunney, recent victor in a Shakespearean joust with a college professor, might put it, in the words of the Bard of Avon, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Al Weill is no student of the Bard, but this astute mentor means the same thing when he tells you that, "The jaw he got broke in Pittsboigh with Fritzie Zivic, made my Lou Ambers a great fighter. That was one tough break that made my kid champ."

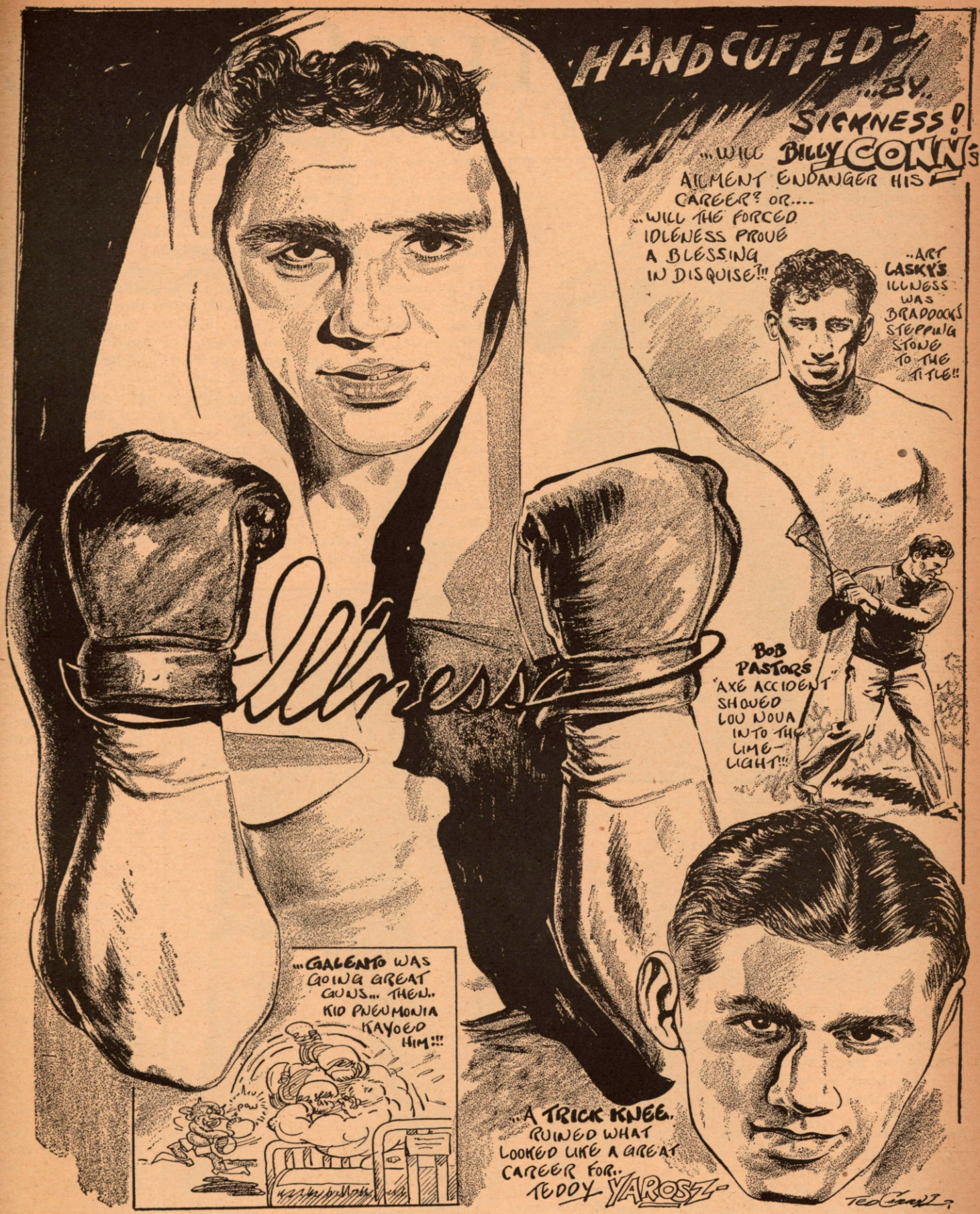
Ambers has always been a good fighter, but he made all his best bouts after he suffered this painful injury on July 1, 1935, against the hard hitting Pittsburgher. "If that guy could bust my jaw and I could still lick him, I must be right there," reasoned the always happy Herkimer Hurricane, and he was right.

Ambers was back in action six months after it happened, with renewed confidence and greater aggressiveness. Instead of being gun-shy, laughing Lou was just the opposite, probably figuring his chin must be punch-proof if he could win a fight with it broken. This frame of mind as much as anything else, resulted in Ambers becoming the first fighter in history to regain the world's lightweight championship.

Our old friend, Dumb Dan Morgan, sounds off in like vein. "Yes," opines the always ready to oblige Daniel, "injuries, accidents and sickness bring out the best in a real good fighter. Now take Jack Britton, for instance. I'll bet you have wondered how a clever fellow like Britton ever got that big tin ear. Well, I'll tell you, that tin ear is what made Britton become clever.

"A big guy gave it to him in the gym when he was just a kid. When the kid got home and took a look at it in the mirror he near died of fright. Nobody will ever hit me on that thing again, he swore, and this is on the level. I was his manager and I never saw anybody hit him with a right hand in ten years. He took such good care of that bum left ear, after a while nobody could hit him anywhere."

From these classic examples of illness helping rather than hurting a boxer in the long run, young Mr. Conn, as well as Pat Comiskey, Al Davis and a couple of other beginners whose progress has also been temporarily stayed from one ailment or



another, should take comfort and encouragement. But like everything else, there's another and not so happy side to the picture. Not all afflicted fighters shake off various physical misfortunes.

A freak ring accident blighted what might have been one of the most lustrous of championship careers when Teddy Yarosz tumbled to the canvas in such a way that he damaged his knee, in suffering a seven-round knockout at the hands of Babe Risko back in 1935.

Few fighters ever got off to a more impressive start than the smooth boxing Pittsburgh Pole. He won more than sixty fights in a row before dropping a decision to Memphis Eddie Kid Wolfe.

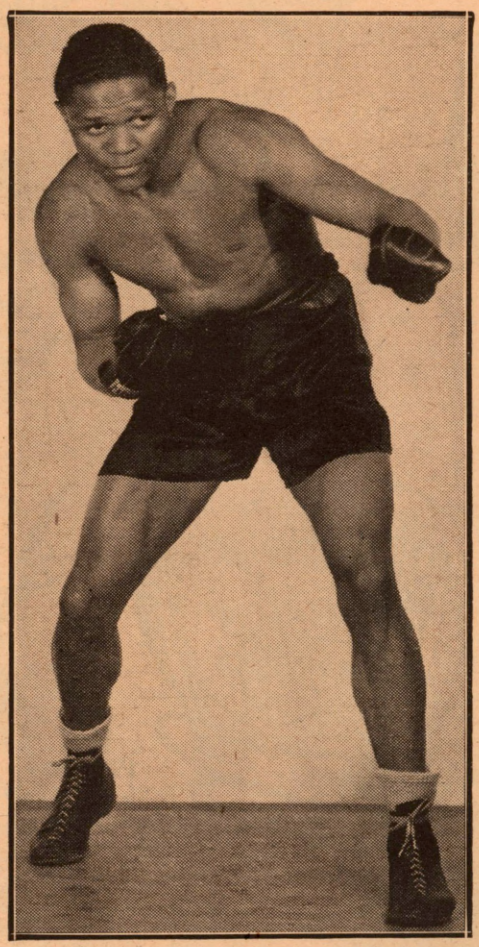
Following this setback he took up right where he left off, and didn't stop his advance until he won the world's middleweight championship from Vince Dundee in Pittsburgh on September 11, 1934. At that time Yarosz' future *(Continued on page 42)*

MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT has now become a stereotyped gag in fighters' press notices: "He got his first inspiration to become a fighter when he laid the neighborhood bully low with a terrific right-hand clout to the button." But here is a fighter who got his fistic start in a manner altogether different.

His name is Bill Poland, sensational young New York heavyweight, who recently startled the fight intelligentsia when he trounced Jack Marshall, the Texan, in convincing style in Madison Square Garden.



Lloyd Marshall, California middleweight star, a product of the Golden Gloves.

Poland was working as an apprentice operator in a luggage factory out in San Francisco, three years ago. Three thousand miles from home, Bill had few friends and didn't know what to do with his spare time, hence when his boss suggested that he join the Royal Athletic Club and take up boxing as a hobby, Poland thought it was a bright idea and joined.

Bill was a young giant, only nineteen years old at the time, and tipping the scales at 185 pounds. He showed so much promise that Bombardier Billy Wells, the one-time topnotch British middleweight, instructor at the gym, suggested that Bill engage in some amateur boxing competition.

Bill joined the Pacific Amateur Athletic Union and entered in a tournament in which some good young heavyweights had listed their names. Poland surprised all when he scored successive knockouts over Bruno Venturi in three rounds and Harold Lundgren in two heats, but was forced to default in the finals as the result of nose trouble. Bill received a silver buckle as second prize for his troubles.

Poland showed so much promise in that tournament that he decided to return to New York to enter the professional ranks. He came under the management of Pop Cook, who since has been responsible for the meteoric rise of Vic Dellicurti, the New York middleweight, who has come into the picture as a titular contender as the result of winning victories over Georgie Abrams, Cal Cagni, Sammy Luftspring and Walter Franklin.

* * *

POLAND made his professional debut in New York City on January 25, 1938, when he belted out Jack Babian in one round. Then came successive one-round kayos over George Wesslehoff and Tiger Roy Williams. Tommy Mahon went the four-round distance, but it was against Bill Comiskey, brother of the illustrious Pat, that Poland started another kayo string of four straight in one round each over Danny Ladner, Paul Pross and Charley Fisher. Poland put the haymaker over on Fisher in twenty-six seconds of the first round and it still stands as a record kayo scored in a Madison Square Garden ring.

Mickey Alfano, a rugged, experienced hombre, went the route of six rounds but Phil Donato went out in two rounds. Gene Bonin went four rounds with Poland. It was then that Manager Cook decided that a trip back to the Coast would serve as a vacation for Bill and the pair went to Los Angeles, where Bill halted Gene Garner in five rounds and Paul Atlas lasted six heats. Ken Pearson was belted out in the sixth round.

Poland returned East and New Haven, Conn., next saw him in action. Joe St. Peter was blasted out in the first round.

In Philadelphia, Johnny Krieger, an experienced foeman, went the full six rounds distance and Mickey Dugan held Poland even. It was Tommy Tucker, now a top-notcher, who handed Bill his first set-back, winning a six-round decision, but in his next start, Poland stopped Mickey Dugan in three rounds. Poland's second defeat was sustained when he met Henry Cooper, who since has defeated Wild Bill Boyd and extended Billy Conn.

Poland then knocked out Alex Yousem in three rounds, Ely Dodge went one, Silent Joe Hill was stopped in the fourth, Enzo Avon was belted out in one round and Al Smith in two rounds. Then came the victory over Jack Marshall, who later defeated Valentin Campolo of the Argentine.

Bill Poland, promising New York heavyweight.

Thus far, Poland has engaged in twenty-six professional battles, winning seventeen by the kayo route, six by decisions, was held to a draw once and lost but two verdicts.

* * *

BILL POLAND was born in New York City on October 14, 1917, the son of Morris and Rebecca Poland, Polish-Jews, who saw the first light of day in Warsaw. Bill graduated from P. S. 73 in the Bronx and attended Peter Stuyvesant High School for three and one-half years.

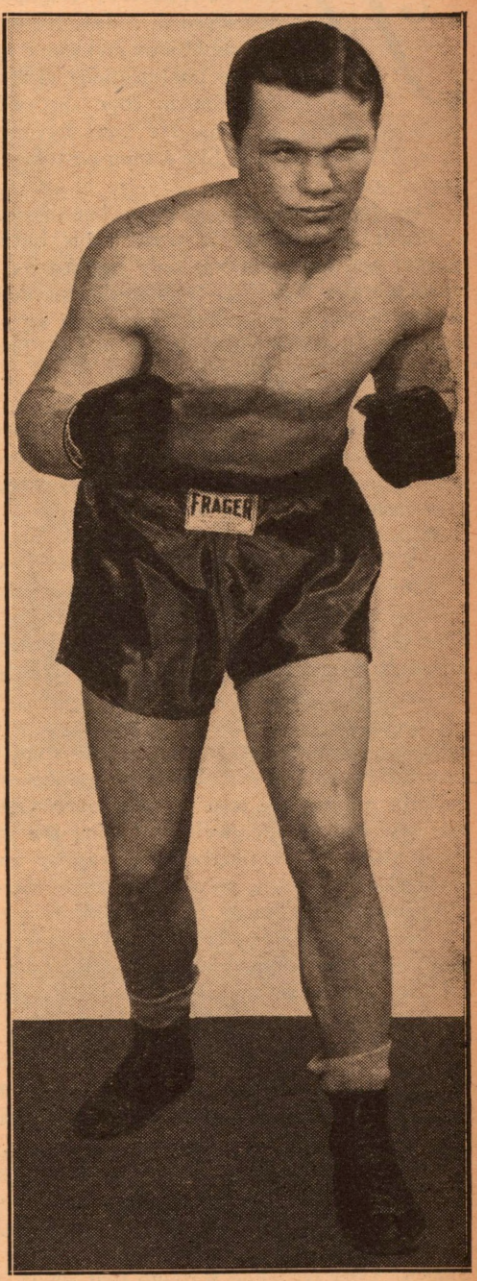
In school Bill ex-

(Cont. on page 43)

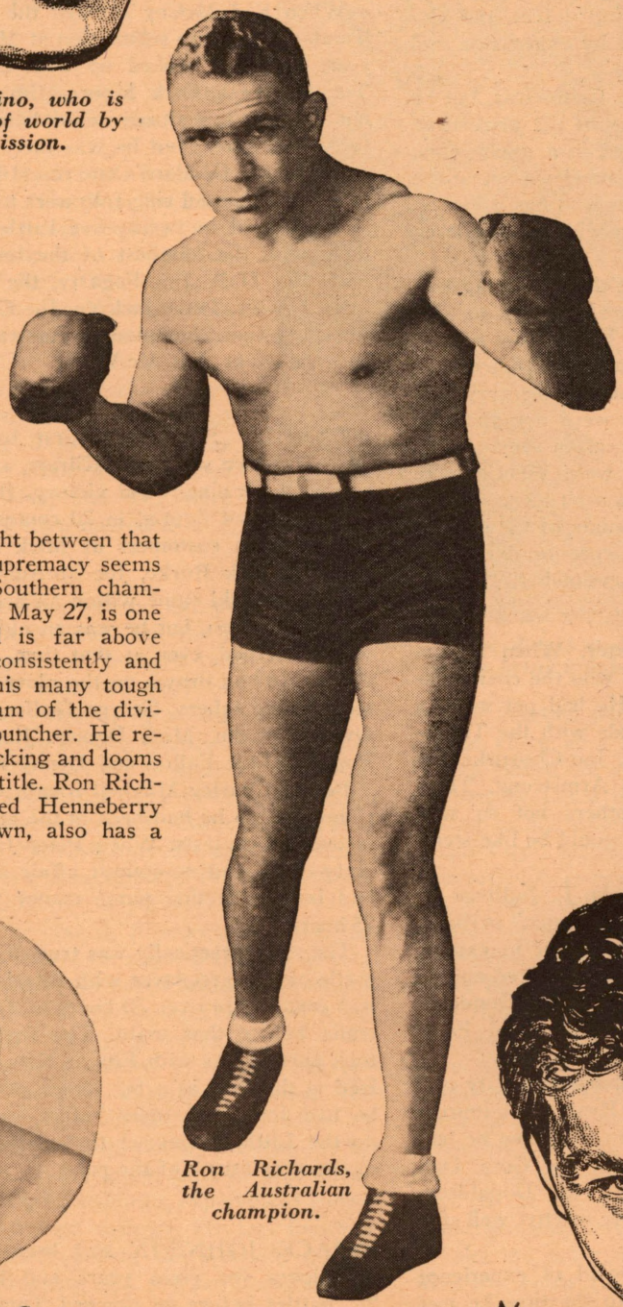
Middleweight Leaders

Ceferino Garcia, Filipino, who is recognized champion of world by New York Commission.

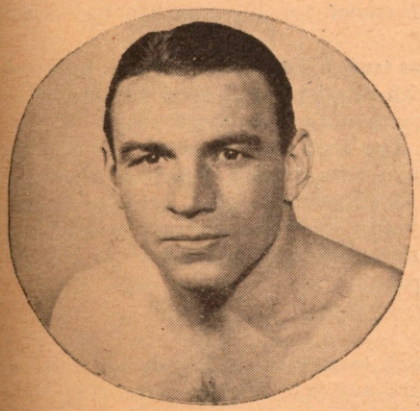
Tony Zale (right), recent conqueror of the N.B.A. middleweight king, Al Hostak. This Gary, Indiana, fighter is coming along in leaps and bounds. Following the Hostak fight he knocked out Enzo Iannozi in four rounds and Ben Broun, Southern champion, in three.



THE middleweight division continues to furnish the best opposition in the fight game. There are more good fighters in that section than in any other, and the fans have been treated to many splendid scraps as a result. The leadership is divided between the N.B.A. title-holder, Al Hostak of Seattle, and Ceferino Garcia, who is the standard bearer so far as New York is concerned. A fight between that pair to settle the matter of supremacy seems unlikely. Ken Overlin, the Southern champion, who will meet Garcia on May 27, is one of the leaders whose record is far above par. Ken has been winning consistently and hasn't a mark to show for his many tough engagements against the cream of the division. Tony Zale is a terrific puncher. He recently handed Hostak a shellacking and looms as a strong contender for the title. Ron Richards, who recently beat Fred Henneberry to retain his Australian crown, also has a splendid record.



Ron Richards, the Australian champion.



Ken Overlin, Washington, D. C., contender. One of America's best boys in the division.

Al Hostak, N.B.A.'s world title-holder.

EXPERIENCE IS

HEAVYWEIGHT champions are not made nor developed in a day. No matter how tall, strong, active, ambitious and game an aspiring heavy may be, these qualifications alone are not sufficient to enable him to cope successfully with the champions or near champions. He must have experience, and plenty of it. Without it he is like a tempest-tossed sloop without sail or center-board.

The physical capacity is there, but there is no guiding hand to direct it. His energy is wasted, his hitting power counts for naught and his gameness only enheartens him to stand punishment without flinching. It is a sad spectacle to see a powerful, willing novice floundering in front of an adroit, scientific opponent who literally picks him to pieces. The one knows what to do and the other doesn't.

Science teaches the boxer what to do, shows him how to husband his strength, deliver his blows, avoid punishment, worm his way out of tight places and turn a seeming defeat into victory. The only way science can be acquired is by experience, and that means fighting in the ring.

Boxers aren't born clever. They say Young Griffo was, but he was a freak, and reversed every known theory of the prize ring. The first rudiments of boxing may be learned in a gymnasium, but the real knowledge of fighting is learned nowhere but in the ring, and then only when pitted against a man who has a hearty, vehement yearning to mutilate your frontispiece with ill-considered fervor and determination.

Folks have been reading for months now of the earnest appeals made by the promoters to unearth some heavyweight to step into the ranks and give battle to Joe Louis. The futility of this call for aid will be seen when it is remembered that not one of the best fifteen heavyweights during the past half century was "unearthed." They fought their way up and were not phenoms or freaks who sprang up merely because the occasion demanded it.

Champs aren't made to order while you wait, especially in the heavyweight class. It is possible to take an aspirant and teach and coach him—show him some of the finer points of the game—but he must have the ability and the experience to develop it before he will earn the right to be called a top-notcher.

* * *

START off with Jeffries, a terrific hitter. When he defeated Fitzsimmons at Coney Island and won the championship he was not a tyro by any means. He had put many a hard bout under his belt before he shook hands with the Titian-tinted blacksmith. He had fought Gus Ruhlin, Joe Choynski, Joe Goddard, Peter Jackson, Pete Everett, Bob Armstrong, Theo. Van Buskirk, Tom Sharkey and several others not so well known. After traveling through that squad it would be like stealing to call him an amateur.

The morning after Jim Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan he was wildly heralded as the "young bank clerk." "Young," perhaps, in years, as he was but twenty-six, but an old-stager in experience. He had fought fully twenty-five battles, and numbered among his opponents men like Joe Choynski, Jake Kilrain, Dominick McCaffery, Jim Hall, Buffalo Costello, Jack Burke and Peter Jackson. Few would have the heart to call that mob "easy."

The day John L. hopped into the ring at Mississippi City and won the American championship from Paddy Ryan, his admirers called him the Boston "Strong Boy," but up to that time he had engaged in many contests, including those with Joe Goss, Dan Dwyer, Cockey Woods, George Rooke, Prof. Donaldson, Steve Taylor and John Flood. That is doing pretty well for a "boy."

Bob Fitzsimmons is another who had a world of experience before he fought for the championship. Up to the time he met Jack Dempsey at New Orleans he had been boxing eleven years and had engaged in more than thirty bouts. The best of these were with Arthur Upham, Billy McCarthy, Dick Ellis, Herbert Slade, Starlight, Bill Slavin and Jim Hall. Quite a little schooling.

* * *

TOM SHARKEY had fought thirty bouts before he met Jeffries the first time, and some pretty rugged customers could be found among the men who opposed the hero of the bounding main. He had a try at Joe Goddard, Joe Choynski, Peter Maher, Bob Fitzsimmons, Alex Greggains and Australian Billy Smith, to say nothing of his four-round affair with the elusive Corbett on the coast.

Before Gus Ruhlin fought those twenty rounds with Peter Maher at the Lenox A. C., considered by many one of the hardest heavyweight bouts fought in New York, he had been a principle in a score of previous contests. He had met Steve O'Donnell, Jim Jeffries, Tut Ryan, Australian Billy Smith, Wolf Bendoff, Tom Sharkey, Jack McCormick, Joe Choynski and Joe Goddard.

When Kid McCoy startled the sporting world by tantalizing Tommy Ryan into submission at Maspeth, he had been boxing six years and had hooked up with Shadow Maber, Dick O'Brien, Tommy West, Dick Moore, Jim Barron and Steve O'Donnell, not figuring in a dozen minor bouts. He was comparatively new to New Yorkers but he was there with the experience.

It was Joe Goddard's one-round knockout over Maher at Coney Island that caused ring followers to stare; still the Barrier Champion engaged in twenty-five battles before that night, many of them with the toughest of the tough. His list comprised settos with Jim Hall, Jim Fogarty, the jaw-breaker; Owen Sullivan, Mick Dooley, Peter Jackson, Joe Choynski, Billy McCarthy, Tom Lees, one-time champion of Australia; Jack Ashton, Billy Smith and the giant Joe McAuliffe.

* * *

PADDY SLAVIN'S first battle in this country was at Hoboken with Jake Kilrain, and he fairly leaped into prominence by his nine-round victory. But he had been fighting seven years and had figured in 20 contests before his American debut, meeting such customers as Mick Dooley, Buffalo Costello, Jim Fogarty, Jack Burke, Joe McAuliffe and Jem Smith.

Joe Choynski came within an ace of putting Bob Fitzsimmons away at Boston, but he was an old-timer in so far as experience was concerned, even at that time, and the bout took place back in '94. He had drawn on the gloves more than 30 times, and had met, among others, George Godfrey, Billy Woods, Joe Goddard, Owen Sullivan, Mick Dooley, Jim Corbett, Frank Glover, Jim Fogarty, Jack Fallon and Denny Kelliher.

Before Charley Mitchell fought Corbett at Jacksonville for the championship he had been in the game 16 years and had engaged in over 40 contests. When Peter Jackson fought that memorable sixty-one-round no-contest affair at Frisco with Jim Corbett he had been collecting purse money for 10 years and had fought 25 bouts.

The same practically was true of Jim Hall. The most important battle of his career was with Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, but he had engaged in over 30 bouts in this country, England and Australia before that night. The first real important bout Maher took part in was with Fitz at New Orleans. Peter was characterized at the time as a big, green youngster, but, green as he was, he had fought 15 times before, and came so near making Fitz do the Little Nemo act that those who had bet on Bob had a momentary attack of the palsy.

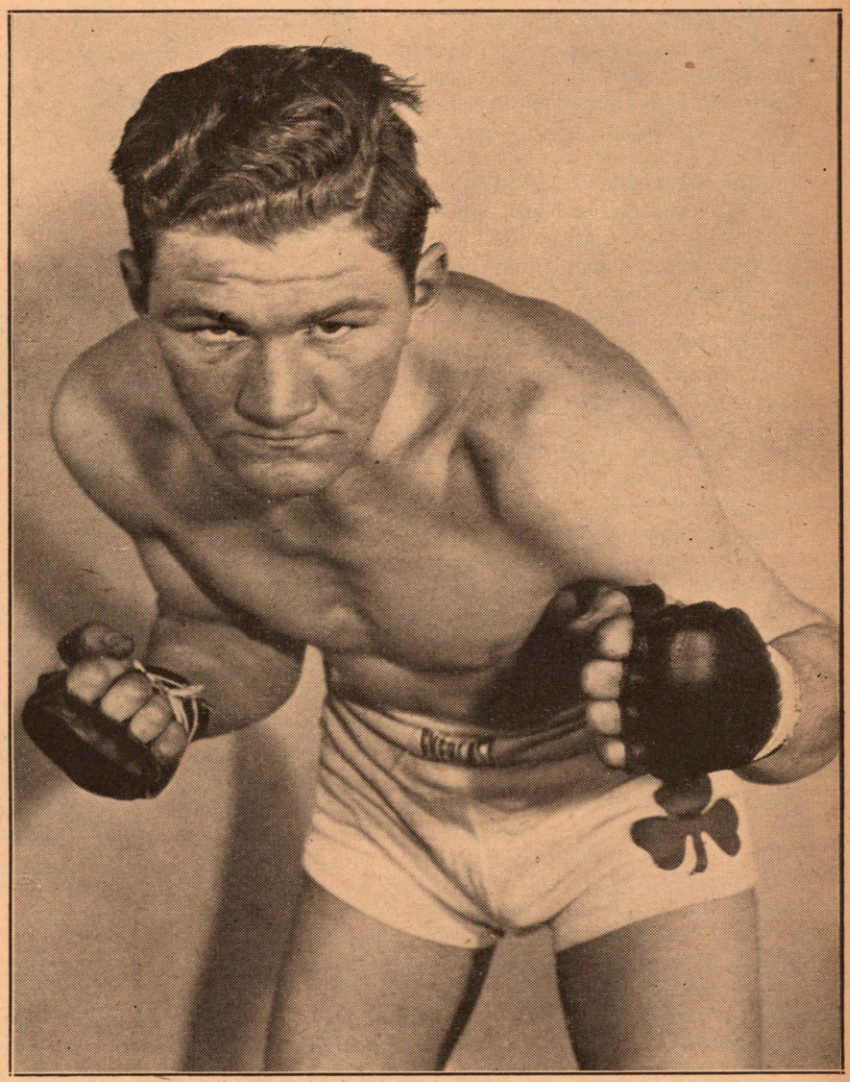
* * *

JACK JOHNSON had been making his living with the gloves for eight years and had fought more than sixty battles before he downed Tommy Burns to win the heavyweight title. Among the tough men he had to face, fighters who could take the measure of every contender in the field to-day,

the BEST TEACHER

No Matter How Big or Strong a Fighter, He Can't Be Classed a Championship Contender Unless He Has Been Through the Mill—Famous Cases in Pugilism Cited

By THE VETERAN



Pat Comiskey, whose defeat at the hands of the veteran Steve Dudas proved that it is best to bring a fighter along through first-class competition.

were Sam Langford, Frank Childs, Sam McVey, Joe Butler, Joe Jeannette, Peter Felix, Sandy Ferguson and Denver Ed Martin.

The same holds true of Sam Langford, conceded to be one of the greatest of all heavyweights. Sam met real competition and to save an opponent he often took things easy for fear he might score a knockout. Stanley Ketchel, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Jack Johnson, McVey, Jeannette and Joe Walcott were among those he had to face to climb towards the top.

It is true that some heavyweights develop faster than others, but it will be hard to find an instance in modern ring history where a top-notcher was made over night. All those who attained prominence did so by hard work in the ring, and they were obliged to take many a nasty wallop en route.

* * *

JOE LOUIS and Jack Dempsey are no exceptions. They had the inborn qualities, but those qualities had to be developed and brought out through contests in which each took his share of punishment. In the field of heavyweights of recent years, if we examine the records of any of the leading fighters, we will find that not one was able to reach the top rung or even the contender class without first taking the knocks that come to each successful pugilist. Schmeling, Pastor, Braddock, Baer, Carnera, Sharkey, Schaaf, Mann, Godoy, Burman, Paychek, Savold—name any number, and you will find that not one came through for international recognition, without facing plenty of competition.

The best example of that is the case of Braddock, who had his ups and downs for many years before he reached the top. It was his experience that finally got the title for him. Hard knocks taught him how to care for himself against keen competition and when he faced Baer, he came through with flying colors.

A few years ago, New Jersey produced a splendid heavyweight prospect, Stanley Poreda. For a time he looked like the answer to the promoters' prayer, then he suddenly began to hit the down grade. After being knocked out in the Garden by Salvatore Ruggirello in five rounds, he came back to beat Ernie Schaaf, Primo Carnera and Tommy Loughran, experienced rivals, but the following year he had a total collapse. He was knocked out by Schaaf in six, Tom Heeney in ten, Les Kennedy in ten, Walter Neusel in ten, Steve Dudas in four and Joe Louis in one. That ended his career.

Poreda had the makings of a fine fighter and he had gained the experience but he didn't stand up against the outstanding talent once he reached the select circle. His record shows that he was carried along at a slow pace, meeting only ordinary boys until he had gained the experience, but when he developed into a top-notcher, he found the going too rough. That certain spark was lacking in his makeup.

Luis Firpo furnishes an example of a fighter who, despite lack of experience, entered the field of big money chasers, not through ability, but because he had what it takes to arouse public interest in him. He was colorful and made great headway as soon as he got started on his American tour. Included among his triumphs before he tackled Dempsey were Bill Brennan, Jack McAuliffe, Jack Herman, Jess Willard, Joe Burke, Homer Smith, Charley Weinert, Joe Downey, men who, though they had shot their bolt, were still excellent foes to give Firpo the necessary experience in his build-up for the Dempsey meeting. But when he faced the Manassa Mauler, he went out in the second round. He was dropped seven times in the first and twice in the second before being counted out, but he also put Dempsey to his knees in the first round and then out of the ring. With proper teaching and seconding, he would probably have been crowned world title-holder.

Take the more recent case of Pat Comiskey. Here is a lad who was being rushed to the front on set-ups. What happened to him when he finally faced a veteran of years' experience, Steve Dudas, was predicted by many experts. He just fell by the wayside because he lacked that *(Continued on page 45)*

MORGAN BOOM TO BOXING

Tod, the Former Junior Lightweight King, Now a Native of Western Australia, Has Instilled New Life Into the Sport Down Under

By
BILL DOHERTY
(Former heavyweight champion of Australia)

WESTERN AUSTRALIA is looming large in the boxing world at the present time because of the influx of lightweights of merit from other states in Australia and from countries across the sea. Tod Morgan, who has beaten Paddy Boxall and most of the good lightweights among residents and visitors, is making this country his home, and it is more than likely that an important fight for the lightweight championship of Australia will be held in Perth in the near future under his direction.

Tod Morgan is an American, who hails from the state of Washington, which may be described as the Western Australia of America, so it is not to be wondered at that he has taken a liking to our country with its gold mines and timber forests and wide, rugged uncultivated spaces to remind him of home. So well does he appreciate the attractions of the West, that he has turned down invitations to visit the bigger cities in the East and gather in the greater monetary awards offered there in his vocations of fighter and fight promoter.

Tod was junior lightweight champion of the world about ten years ago, and he stands at the head of Australian lightweights at the present time. Tod, whom I often see, and who is a personal friend of mine, has kept himself in excellent physical trim. He weighs well within the lightweight limit, so that his years of experience and toughness are available for matches with small men. The average boxer who is getting on in years, puts on weight that takes him out of the class in which he does his best work—with disastrous results in most cases.

Tod Morgan, who is making Australia his home.

Tod is a great admirer of the big Jarrah and Karri trees which grow here, and his admiration is a considerable tribute to our forests, seeing that he is a Pacific Coast man. Perhaps it will be decided one day where the biggest trees are grown—in Washington or Western Australia—the pine trees of Tod's home state or the gum trees of his adopted land.

* * *

SEVERAL times I have thought of writing the story of Western Australian boxers, but have come up against the fact that there have been actually very few Western Australian born fighters among the high rankers in the game. Men there have been in plenty who have learned to fight in the West and won championships there or in other parts of the world, but in almost all cases, they have hailed originally from other parts of Australia or New Zealand. This can be accounted for, no doubt, by the fact that for generations past, Western Australia has been the goal of adventuresome spirits who have come from all quarters to try their hands in the search for gold or to pioneer the new land in other ways.

My own place of birth was Melbourne and I came west in the roaring days of gold and have now been here for over half a lifetime. Even the lads who came to me to learn the game of boxing after I retired from the ring, were for the most part natives of other parts of Australia. Frank Thorn, for instance, who was one of my first pupils, originally hailed from South Australia.

Thorn surely was a wonderful fighter, a feather who won both the feather and light titles in Australia and was a type that would have made a great hit with American followers of the game. He would fight anyone, was rarely beaten and never beaten easily.

Fred Kay, another pupil of mine, was a Melbourne lad who was so well known in the West as to be regarded as a native. He was a lanky welterweight who fought right hand foremost and he beat some of the best men in the world from lightweights to heavies. He scored victories over classy visitors from other countries such as Milburn Saylor, Harry Stone and Jimmy Clabby, as well as leading Australians such as Herb McCoy, Tommy Uren and Alf Morey.

* * *

FRANK GRAHAM, whom I taught in the old days and who is now a leading tutor, referee and gymnasium proprietor in Western Australia, also came to the West from another state. Frank was a favorite pupil of mine. I took an active interest in his fights for some years. He was a long, rangy middleweight, a six-footer with a good reach and a deadly right-hand punch that he perfected by painstaking study under my care. He won the middleweight championship from Kid George, the Kalgoorlie Tramway Cyclone, and held the title against all comers in Western Australia.

Frank went east in search of matches with the big shots over there just as Fred Kay had done, but unlike Kay, he did not succeed in obtaining fights with leading middleweights. It was hard luck for Frank because world reputations were being made and lost in Australia in those days—the days of Les Darcy, Dave Smith, Eddie McGoorty, Tommy Uren, Fritz Holland and Jimmy Clabby.

Failing to get matches with middleweights, Graham challenged heavyweights, and was accommodated by Ern Waddy and Albert Lloyd. In both bouts Frank was defeated, but he succeeded in holding the big men off for nineteen rounds in each fight. The clash with Lloyd must be remembered with a good deal of satisfaction by Frank Graham because, for nineteen rounds he put up one of the gamest battles seen for years, and Lloyd had to knock him out to win.

Although Albert Lloyd wasn't a Jack Dempsey in ability, he was the reigning heavyweight champion, and had proved many times that he was exceedingly bad medicine for anyone below his own poundage. He was at his top when he fought Frank and had beaten Kid George, Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, Fred Kay, George Cook, Colin Bell, Fritz Holland and Ern Waddy.

(Continued on page 42)

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

MILT ARON

MILT ARON, one of the outstanding welterweight contenders, was born in Chicago, but moved at the age of eleven to Dubuque, Iowa, where his father is a rabbi. Family name is Aronson. Milton completed his schooling in Dubuque, where he also began his boxing career as an amateur. Placed himself under management of Benny Ray and Jack Begun and made rapid strides.

Under their guidance, Aron engaged in forty-five professional bouts and won forty and lost three. He was held to a draw twice. One of his defeats was at the hands of Chuck Woods, but Aron came back to knock out Woods in a return engagement. Other knockouts included Lou Harper, Harold Brown and Pete Nebo, among other good boys. Then Ray died and Begun formed a partnership with Jack Hurley, who guided Billy Petrolle to fame and fortune and between them they have brought Aron to the top of the ranking contenders.

Aron has been an outstanding attraction in Chicago, where his style and punching prowess gained him many admirers. The cream of the welters have been taken into camp by Milt. His best performance, the one that brought him into international prominence, was his knockout victory over Fritzie Zivic in Chicago after Zivic had Milt down three times. It was a thrilling affair, one of the greatest bouts seen in the Windy City in years.

In New York, when Milt fought Vittorio Venturi, he got up from the floor to fight the Italian to a standstill in a bout that stole the Garden show. His short right uppercut is his main weapon of offense.

Aron started his career as a flyweight when he won the Iowa Golden Gloves tournament in 1932. The next year he competed as a featherweight and won the Tri-State amateur championship. He didn't remain long in that division. He grew into a lightweight and now is a welter. A few weeks ago he lost a thrilling bout to Cal Cagni.

JACK BLACKBURN

JACK BLACKBURN, christened Charles Henry, was born at Versailles, Kentucky, March 3, 1883. His father was a minister and Jack was brought up with good home surroundings. Tall, handsome in his youth, this 57-year-old trainer of Joe Louis, the man who is responsible for developing him from a novice to the world heavyweight champion, was rated in his fighting days one of the cleverest pugilists of modern times. He was fighting at a time when the woods were full of great gladiators. He rated close to the top as a lightweight and later a welterweight.

He seldom scaled more than 135 pounds, yet like Walcott and Langford, his contemporaries, he fought men many pounds heavier. Moved at an early age to Philadelphia, where he started his fighting career in 1900. Stood 5 feet, 10 inches, had a good reach, a well proportioned body and was as nimble as a cat. Was modest, unassuming, never quibbled over weight of an opponent. Did most of his fighting in Philadelphia clubs where he was a favorite.

Tackled Sam Langford three times and each time verdict was a draw. Gave Philadelphia Jack O'Brien plenty to remember him by. Cut Joe Grim, the Iron Man, to ribbons. Knocked out George Gunther and fought no-decision bouts in the Quaker City with such stars as Jimmy Gardner, Langford, Joe Gans, Mike Donovan, Larry Temple, Dave Holly, Joe Grim, Harry Lewis, George Cole, Jimmy Barry, Jack Bonner and Tony Caponi. Fearless, clever, snappy puncher, good jabber and had a powerful left hook.

During first eight years of career, was never knocked off his feet, and lost but one fight. Joe Gans outpointed him in 1904 in fifteen hectic rounds. On two other occasions, he held Gans to a draw.

Fought his last battle in 1923 against Roy Pelkey, a knockout suffered by him in third round. Fought total of 167 battles, most of them no-decision contests. Lost only twice in entire career.

LEW JENKINS

LEW JENKINS was born in Brownwood, Texas, December 4, 1916. Moved to Sweetwater, Texas, his present home. Joined the Eighth United States Cavalry when only fifteen years old. Learned his boxing in Service. Fought often until his discharge three years ago, when he turned professional and has made rapid progress. Engaged in fifteen fights in Army. Won ten by kayo, five by decisions.

Comes from Irish stock. Has worked at many jobs, among them a cotton picker, a cowpuncher, and a handyman in the stock yards, jobs to which he attributes his strength. Is a fire horseman and a good horse-shoer. Bought his way out of the Army and started touring the country.

It was through the efforts of Frank Bachman, who piloted Maxie Rosenbloom to a world championship, that Jenkins got his opportunity, but shortly after Lew deserted the man who made him a big shot, for Hymie Caplin, who is now his mentor. In his first start in New York, he triumphed over the tough Baby Breese, and in the next start, to convince the New York scribes that he had the "goods," Jenkins tackled Joey Fontana, a good club fighter and easily beat him. Larruping Lew's next foe was Ginger Foran, former British Empire feather king, and Lew flattened him.

He knocked out Primo Flores twice, and landed the haymaker on Mike Belloise and Billy Marquart—notable performances. He is a smashing right-hand hitter, most of his kayos having been achieved with that blow. This year he started with a one-round kayo of Chino Alvarez in Dallas, Texas, the end coming after only three seconds of fighting. Two punches were all that were required to put Chino into the land of Nod. Then came another swift knockout in the Garden of New York, when he put Tippy Larkin away in 2.41 of the first round.

Jenkins made his professional debut on January 1, 1938, when he knocked out Kid Levy in five rounds. Received $16 for turning the trick. Now he gets several thousand dollars for each of his contests.

When he came to New York, he had with him his pretty Texas wife, Katie, who holds a second's license. She is Jenkins' real manager.

Jenkins' record as a professional follows:

1938—Kid Levy, K.O., 5; Jackie Sharkey, K.O., 2; Lew Feldman, won, 10; Wesley Ramey, lost, 10; Bobby Britton, K.O. by, 7; Evening Thunder, K.O., 4; Chino Alvarez, K.O. by, 8; Zeke Castro, won, 6; Don Eddy, K.O., 8; Carl Faust, K.O., 8; Lew Feldman, lost, 10; Sammy Musco, won, 10; Wesley Ramey, lost, 10.

1939—Willie Joyce, decision, 10; Sam Scully, K.O., 10; Willie Joyce, lost, 8; Willie Joyce, lost, 8; Pete Lello, K.O. by, 7; Jorge Morilia, won, 10; Bus Breese, won, 10; Joey Fontana, won, 8; Bus Breese, won, 8; Ginger Foran, TKO, 4; Primo Flores, TKO, 4; Primo Flores, TKO, 5; Mike Belloise, TKO, 7; Billy Marquart, TKO, 3.

1940—Chino Alvarez, K.O., 1; Tippy Larkin, K.O., 1.

Paul Hartnek, the boxer-columnist, who hopes to battle his way to the ranking heavyweight contenders.

BOXER—COLUMNIST

Paul Hartnek Makes Good As a Scribe and Now Aims For High Honors in Heavyweight Division—Product of Amateur Ranks—Writes Own Story for "The Ring"

By PAUL HARTNEK

"PAUL," Jerry Miller said to me, "if you throw your hip and shoulder into your left you'll find it packing more sting."

I looked at Jerry as I self-consciously hitched up my trunks. Then with his suggestion in mind, I whaled into the heavy bag again until my knees were about to buckle and the sweat dribbled into my eyes.

Up to that time I had never taken boxing too seriously. Some of my teammates on the Kenosha, Wis., high school football team used to pull on the gloves after practice and it was while working with them that I learned to like the sport. Jerry Miller, who had been the British welterweight champion for seven years, used to watch us spar and every now and then he'd give us a few pointers on how to clench the fist while delivering a punch or how to step inside of a right and work both fists to the opponent's body. Jerry had a lot of angles on the game and I think it was his way of putting it across that finally gave me the notion to take it up seriously as an amateur.

I had always been enthused about athletics. My mother and father, both husky and well-built, came to the United States from Czechoslovakia where the development of the body and athletic prowess were regarded as two vital essentials for happiness and success. My father had been an outstanding gymnast.

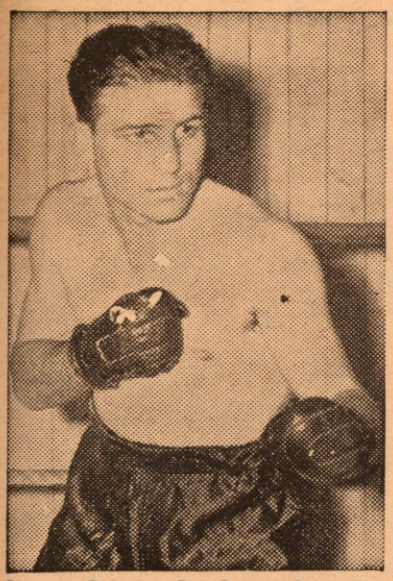
So it was natural that I had an inborn love for athletics. In junior high school I won nine letters in basketball, soccer and track, and I was able to carry off seven letters in high school in football, basketball and track. Up to the time I won my first amateur start in a small Kenosha fight club, football had been my first love.

* * *

WHEN I was ready to enter Creighton College in Omaha, Nebraska, I had polished off some of the rougher edges and felt that I was set to point for a little bigger game. As a freshman I entered the Omaha Golden Gloves and won the heavyweight championship.

A human interest slant slips into my story about this time in the guise of Cal Vincequerra, a sidekick of mine, who expressed a desire to learn something about *(Continued on page 41)*

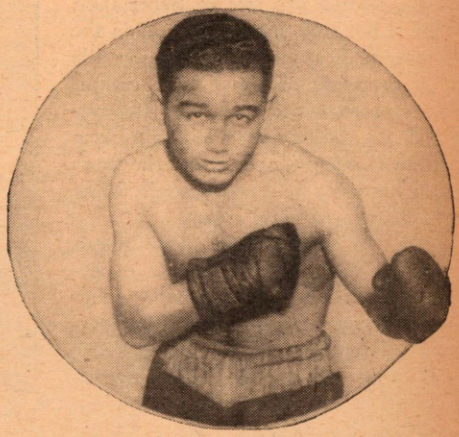
FEATHERS IN THE SPOTLIGHT



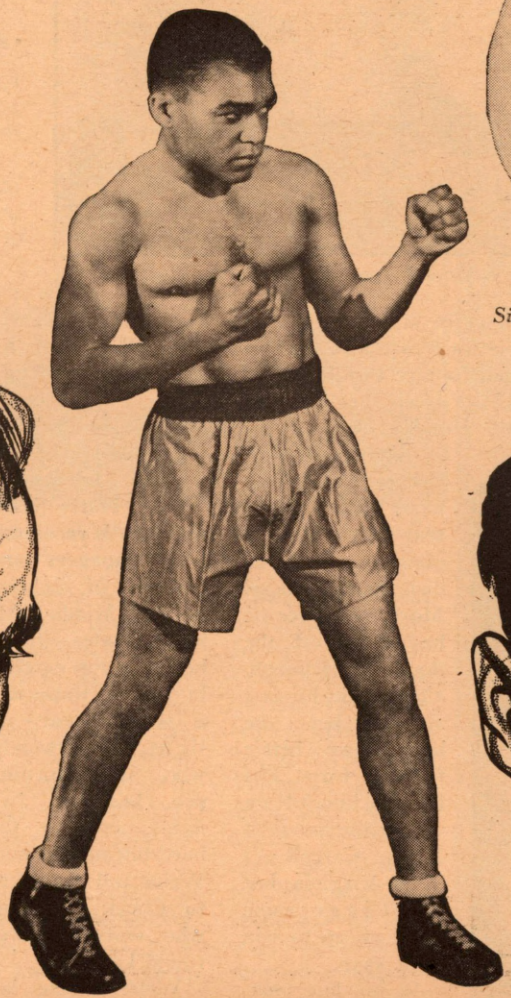
Jimmy Perrin, Southern champion, who hails from New Orleans.

Pete Scalzo, ranking contender, who is heavily backed by National Boxing Association.

Bobby Ruffin, New York lad, who is coming along in leaps and bounds.

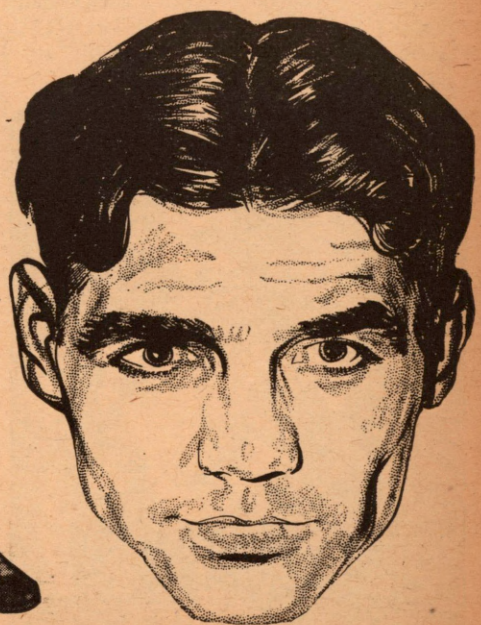


Sixto Escobar of Puerto Rico, who fought a draw with Chavez in Venezuela.



Simon Chavez, South American title-holder with good record.

Harry Jeffra, Baltimore contender for crown. He will clash with Archibald this month.



Joey Archibald, world champion, who defends his title against Harry Jeffra.

NEW FACES

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS

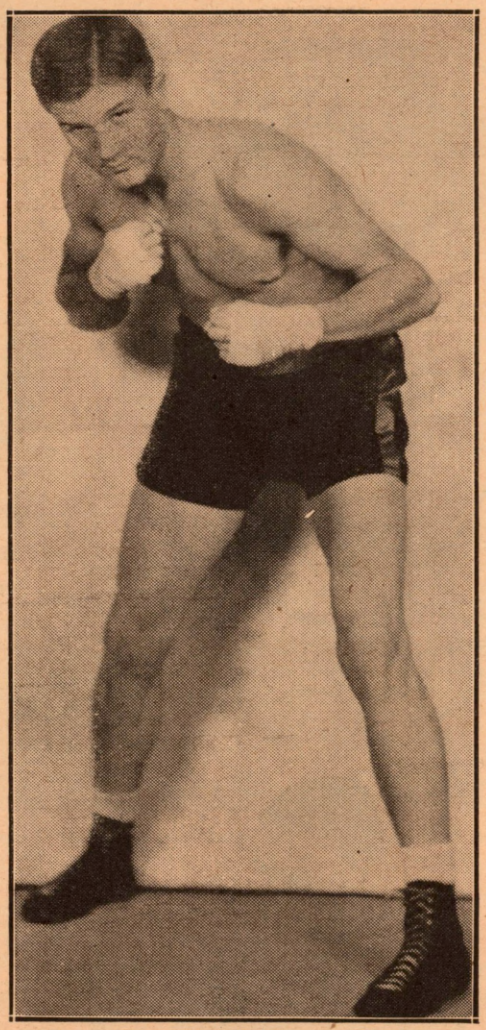
THE latest Southern fistic sensation in Tennessee is a heavyweight who knows only one word and digests upon it: FIGHT. His name is Neville Beech, otherwise known as "Tiger" Beech because of his ferocity in the ring. Once he is let loose in the squared arena there is naught but one thing for his opponents to do, and that is to fight or get out.

A nice looking lad, Beech is responsible for the opening of the boom of pro boxing in Memphis, where the sport is now enjoying its brightest session in a decade.

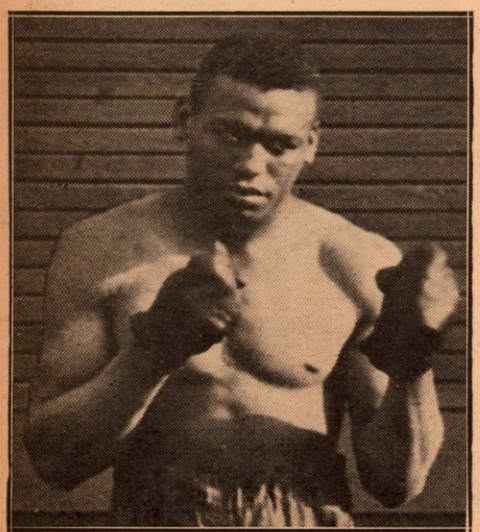
To date, the "Tigah" has had nine pro fights to his credit, all knockout triumphs. During these victories, none of his adversaries has been able to stay half the distance in ten-round schedules.

Beech, who hails from Picayune, Miss., turned pro late in September, 1939. Like Bob Sikes, who holds the Southern heavyweight title, Neville is a graduate of the C.C.C. camps. He was stationed at Camp Beauregard, La., and represented that camp in the Golden Gloves when the tournaments were held at Lucedale, Miss. Beech won in his division.

The "Tigah" weighs 193, stands six feet three inches, and is exceptionally fast for a big man. Under the efficient direction of his trainer-manager, Jack Lazerov, Young Beech has improved remarkably. Lazerov fought in the pro game under the name of Young Jack Dempsey some time ago. Milo Solomito, the fight promoter in Memphis, is considering plans for his ace card with matches for him against Arturo Godoy, Tony Galento, Maurice Strickland, Johnny Paychek, Red Burman, and above all, Bob Sikes for the Dixie heavyweight diadem. Jeff Dickson thinks highly of Beech's chances.



Johnny Kapovich, Baltimore light-heavy.



Tampa Red Barnes, hard hitting Southern middleweight.

Beech carries a sleeper in either hand. He has shown that he can take a punch as well as dish the same dose. More than once he has come off the floor to triumph, although in his last six pro bouts he has shown better fighting form. His last knockdown was at the hands of Billy Carroll of West Virginia, but the Tiger came right on up to win by a kayo.

In his last amateur bout, Young Beech decisioned Tony Novak, amateur world's champion boxer of 1939, and registered a couple of knockdowns in doing so. Then his debut in the pro ranks, and in nine performances, all kayo wins for the Southerner, only twenty-three rounds were required to dispose of all enemies. Joe Louis, please take note.

* * *

Howard Johnson

HOWARD JOHNSON is a young colored welterweight who, though he lives in Philadelphia, has done most of his fighting in the South. He has engaged in thirty-seven battles, of which he won twenty-three by knockouts, scored four victories by decisions, lost four times and drew in six. He is a southpaw, but can hit hard with either hand, rather unusual for a boy fighting in the unorthodox style.

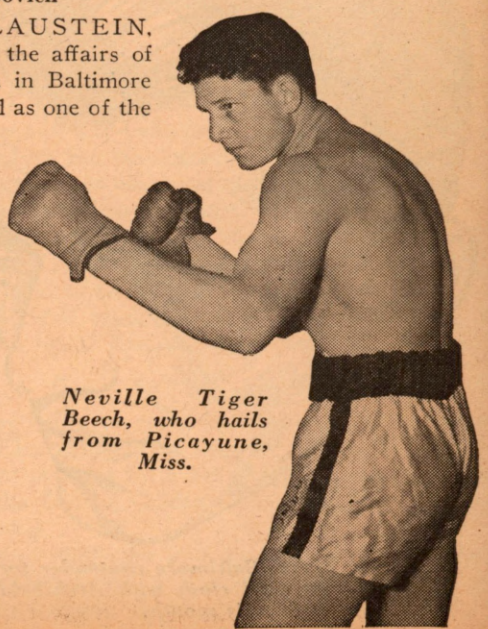
Johnson is twenty-three years old, and stands five feet seven and one-half inches. He is handled by Bobby Maxwell and a sports writer, Stanley Sweeting. Down South they think Johnson will be among the top flight boys in his division before long.

* * *

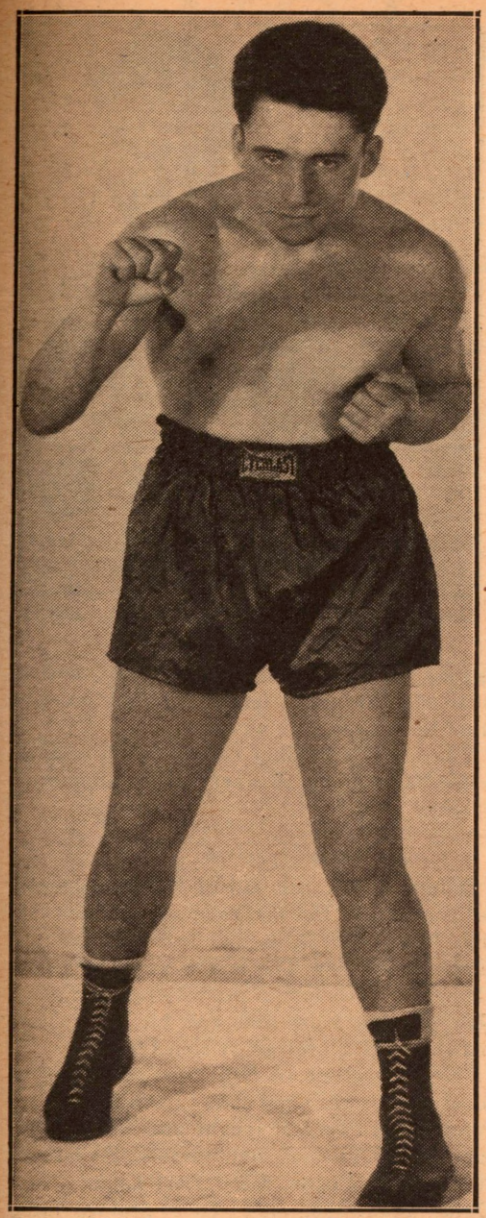
Johnny Kapovich

HEINIE BLAUSTEIN, who handles the affairs of Harry Jeffra in Baltimore and who is recognized as one of the best managers and trainers of fighters in the Middle Atlantic States, thinks he has a top-notcher in Johnny Kapovich, a twenty-year-old light-heavyweight who, since turning pro, has lost two fights, one to the hard-hitting Jimmy Webb and the other to Chuck Jennings, who scored a two-round kayo.

Webb is the lad who many experts rate the outstanding



Neville Tiger Beech, who hails from Picayune, Miss.



Jimmy Devlin, promising lightweight, who fights out of New York.

bertine William in eight and Bobby Chavez in eight. He is rapidly progressing.

* * *

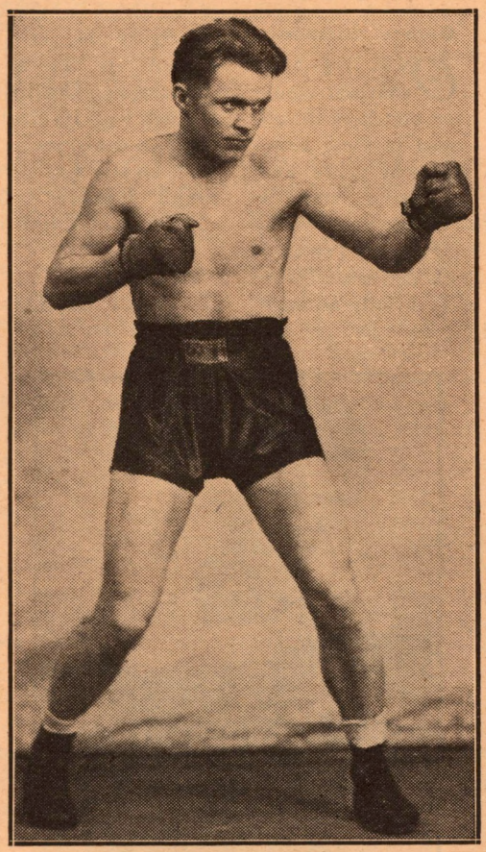
"Tampa" Red Barnes

OUT of Tampa, Florida, hails one of the best of Southern sepian sockers, "Tampa" Red Barnes by name. Tampa Red, as he is commonly known, is soon to go under the wraps of George Perry, dean of Dixie's colored fight pilots. Perry also holds the hands of a fast-rising Baltimore darkey dynamiter, Tommy Mollis, whose latest feat was to lambaste Vic Finnazzo in a neighborhood attraction.

Barnes started his fistic future as an amateur in 1935. He engaged in fifty-five contests and came through in each of them. A splendid record. But funds in the home were scarce, so there was naught to do for Tampa Red except to turn pro. And that he did. In sixty-three battles, only eight were lost and they by decisions. He has never been knocked out.

Barnes is twenty-one years of age, stands five feet nine inches, and tips the beam at 165 pounds. Before he added weight, among the best he defeated were King Tut of Stockton, California, by a knockout in four; Claude Armstrong of New Orleans in two; Wesley Ferrell of New Orleans, won decision in eight; Tiger Harper of Philadelphia, won in ten; and most notably, defeated American lightheavyweight.

Kapovich is one of the best cards in his city. He is a good club fighter. His record to this writing shows victories over Eddie Dreher, 8 rounds; Young Jack Dempsey, 6; Larry Marino, 6; Buddy Thomas, 6, and has scored knockouts over Vincent De Paulo, 2; Hunter Crostic, 2; Joe Finnazzo, 5, and Buddy Thomas, 3. He drew with Lam-



Art Lind, Duluth Swede, a good middleweight prospect.

Young Peter Jackson of Oakland, Cal., in ten rounds. At present, Barnes is making his home in Chicago, but it won't be long before it will be Baltimore, Maryland.

* * *

Gene Spencer

A CLEVER, colorful boy who is making rapid strides in the pro ranks is Gene Spencer, tall lightweight, who is rated a very good prospect by veteran ring experts of the Middle West. Spencer has had 45 bouts, winning 34, losing 5 and boxing 6 draws. He is 23 years old and is 5 feet 9 inches tall. His father was a Cherokee Indian and his mother is English and Dutch.

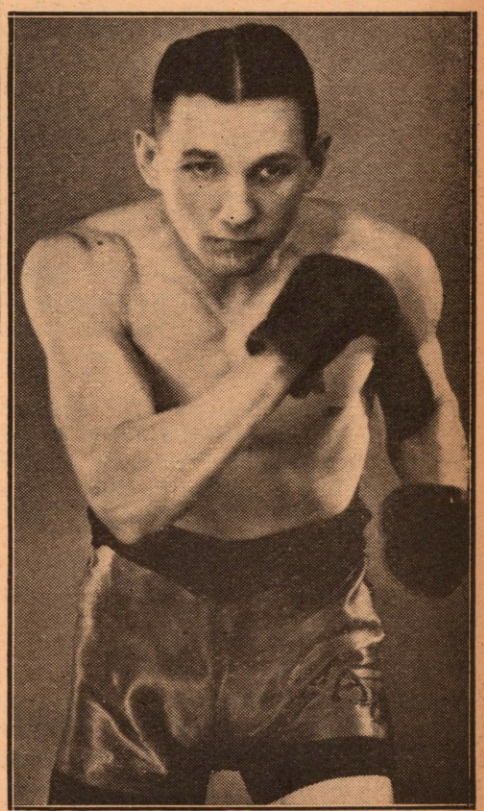
Spencer started boxing in Y.M.C.A. boxing tournaments, then followed Golden Gloves tourneys, in which he won sectional championships in 1935 and 1936. His first pro fight was at Marigold Gardens in Chicago on September 7, 1937. He beat Joey Chizar in a four-round bout. He had four more bouts at Marigold then was beaten by Willie Joyce in a five-round bout.

He had 19 more fights in Chicago, winning 15, losing one, and boxing three draws. Among Spencer's victims in Chicago were Eddie Dempsey, Joe Law, Roy Harris, Earl Gibbs and Johnny Balmer. He also boxed a six-round draw with Leone Efrati, Italian champion.

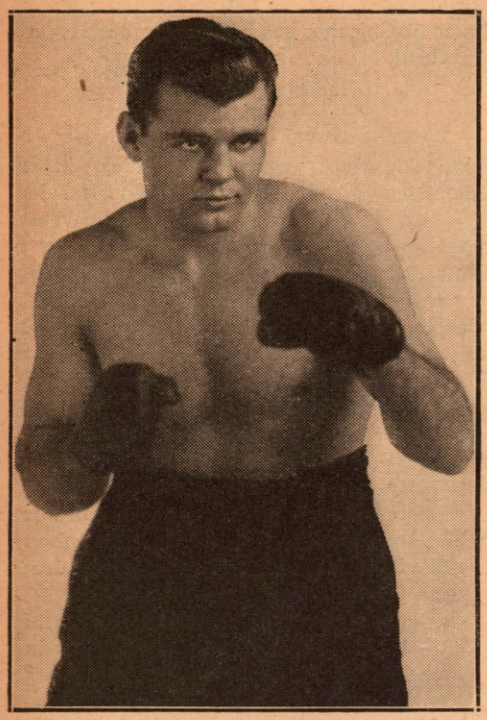
Spencer went to Houston, Texas, in April, 1939, and he had six bouts, winning five and boxing a draw. He beat Gorge Morelia, "Red" Hutchinson, Jimmy Rodgers and Ray Serrano. He knocked out Sammy Musco and boxed a draw with Gorge Morelia. In the bout with Sammy Musco, Spencer broke Musco's jaw in the sixth and the victory was via a T.K.O.

After his tour of Texas, Spencer went to the West Coast and while in California he had seven battles without a loss charged against him. He had three kayos, three decision victories and a draw in California rings. He boxed four times at Hollywood Legion, twice at the Olympic Arena and once at Ocean Park.

The boys he beat in California were Johnny Verdusko, Zeke Costro, Frank Garcia, Frank Rodrequez, Bob Balderain, Johnny Verdusko, and a draw with Archie Grant. He boxed again in Chicago on November 15, 1939, against Everett Rightmire and dropped a disputed decision in eight rounds. Spencer



Jackie Bickett, featherweight champion of South Dakota.



Solly Stark, 20-year-old Middle Western middleweight.

floored Rightmire for a nine-count in the sixth but the ringwise "vet" survived the ordeal and escaped a K.O.

After the Rightmire fight, Spencer boxed Phil Saeli and beat him in eight rounds on February 12. During 1939, Spencer had thirteen bouts without a defeat. In 1938 he had a string of seventeen encounters without a loss. His manager is Pete King.

* * *

George Salamone

ONE of the sharpest counter punchers developed in New England in years and a rising star is George Salamone of East Boston. This clean-cut popular kid, in defeating Al Gauthier and holding tough Bob "Poison" Ivy to a slashing draw, showed that he will have to be reckoned with.

A much improved boxer since turning pro, he is strictly an open range fighter. He is at his best against a rushing swinger. He has a nice jab and is deadly accurate with his right. Georgie isn't strong on infighting but once he masters this department, he seems certain to go places.

His outstanding victories have been his sensational kayo over Jerry Zullo and his defeats of clever Dusty Brown, Martin Riley, Al Gauthier and the draw with Bob Ivy.

He had 100 fights as an amateur. He held the Golden Gloves and Diamond Belt titles in 1937 and the New England, State, All-American and Inter-City titles in 1938. He turned pro shortly after and to this writing has won 24 out of 28 battles. He has had two draws and lost two close decisions. His complete record follows:

Knockouts: Steve Souchuck, 4; Angelo Manna, 4; James Riley, 1; Ralph Morgan, 5; Battling Buck, 1; Flash Dutil, 3; Young Bouldow, 5; Gene Gregory, 3, and Jerry Zullo, 3.

Decisions: Pete King, Buddy Martinez (4), John Sorenson, Martin Riley, Frank Conti, Buddy Martinez, Nick Sario, Martin Riley, Dusty Brown (6), Martin Riley, Dusty Brown, Dusty Brown, Al Gauthier, Dusty Brown (8), Al Gauthier (10).

Draws: Martin Riley (8), Bob Ivy (10).

Lost decisions: Marty Servo (8), Al Gauthier (10).

* * *

Jimmy Devlin

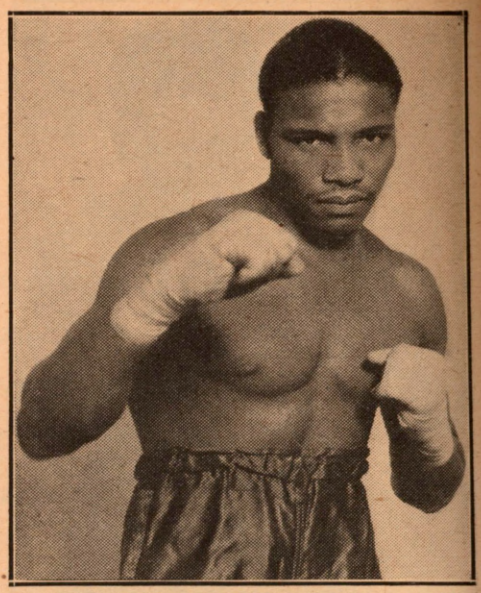
CLARENCE S. GILLESPIE, sports editor of the *Police Gazette* under Richard K. Fox, manager of such outstanding fighters of their time as Johnny Rosner, claimant of the American flyweight title; Joe Tiplitz, the Williamsburgh lightweight, and Sonny Smith, the Canadian bantamweight, among a raft of others, is singing the praises of his latest fistic acquisition, Jimmy Devlin, a promising lightweight fresh from the "ould sod."

Devlin was born in County Donegal, Ireland, on November 28, 1917. He stands five feet six inches, and tips the scales at around the 135-pound notch.

Jimmy started boxing as an amateur at the age of eighteen and scored a heavy percentage of victories in the 35 fights he engaged in as a simon-pure. Devlin turned professional three years ago, and so far has had 19 starts among the money getters. Jimmy has lost but two decisions in that time up to this writing.

If Devlin has just a little of the ability of Rosner, Tiplitz or Smith, Manager Gillespie has nothing to worry about among the current crop of lightweights.

* * *



Howard Johnson, Philadelphia welterweight.

Art Lind

ART LIND, a Duluth, Minnesota, lad of Swedish descent, looms as a fine prospect in the middleweight division. He has had thirty fights and lost only one and drew in another. The rest were all victories. Nineteen times he has put his opponent away. He punches hard and can hit with either hand. He is a protege of Ken Overlin.

He fights out of Washington, where he does all his training with Overlin. Some of those whom he has fought and knocked out are Buddy Thomas, four rounds; Al Gilbert, four; Cliff Coons, four; Earl Chaney, six; Mike Manfredo, one; Tony Marko, three. He has also defeated Joey Spangler, Dick Terry and boxed a draw with Lambertine Williams.

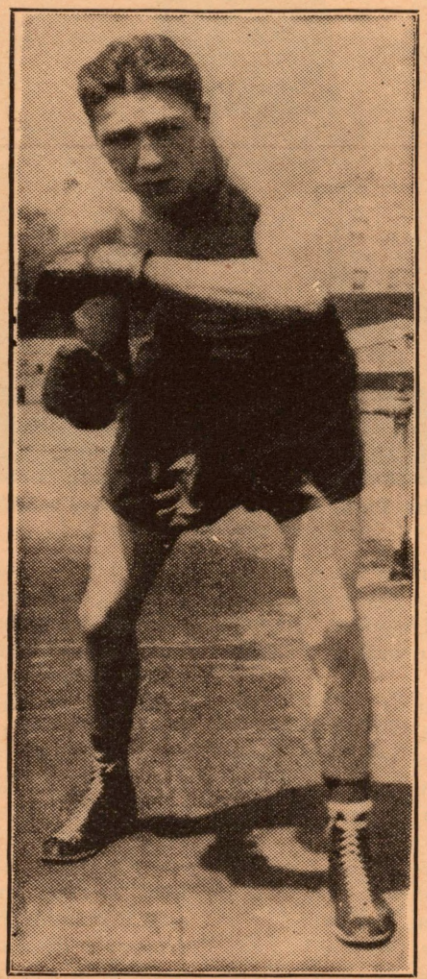
Lind learned his boxing in the United States Navy, as did Overlin. Art won the Navy title in 1937. He is rapidly growing and may soon have to enter the light-heavyweight section.

* * *

Jackie Bickett

JACKIE BICKETT is the featherweight champion of South Dakota and one of the best featherweights in the Middle West. He is twenty-four years old, is married and has a family. He takes his boxing seriously. He won the South Dakota Golden Gloves bantamweight championship four years in a row before turning pro. He has participated in 46 fights, winning all. He has scored 27 knockouts and has won 19 decisions. He is a good, fast boxer and carries a knockout punch in either fist.

Since turning pro, he has fought outstanding fights against good boys in Houston, Texas; Hot Springs, Arkansas; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Deadwood, South Dakota; Rapid City, South Dakota; Watertown, South Dakota; Belle *(Continued on page 44)*



Gene Spencer, rangy Chicago lightweight.

ENGLAND'S FIGHTING FEATHER

Frankie Parkes, With Brilliant Record, Shows Class —His Rise Temporarily Halted

By GEORGE FARMER

Frankie Parkes of Nottingham, who will fight for Northern Area feather title.

NOW that the Big Fight is on and as this is being written, armed forces clash in a battle for international supremacy on one side and the freedom of democracy on the other, the glove game in Merrie England has been thrown to a standstill and the headway of the sport has been placed along with other national games, temporarily into the background. Hence it is rather difficult to give my usual feature on the British boxers.

Instead, we present a pen picture of a boy who is making his presence felt among the featherweights of England, and who, before long, if conditions permit, will be having a crack at the British title despite his recent setback at the hands of Tom Smith.

Let us present to you Frankie Parkes, nineteen-year-old Nottingham, England, 126-pounder, who has fought his way up from the bottom of the ladder and is now attempting the scaling of the topmost rung. He commenced his fistic career when but thirteen years old, by boxing four rounds in a boxing booth, winning this bout and a medal into the bargain. The same lad has today fired the imagination of fans in many parts of England with his two-fisted aggressive style of battling, for he pursues a line of tenacious attack and never lets up from bell to bell.

Parkes first boxed at a small show staged on the outskirts of Nottingham and he had enough on the ball to catch the eye of the promoter, who also had a gymnasium where several local lights, including Frank Bonser and George Marsden, trained. This promoter, Bert Fletcher, was so taken up by the natural ability of the lad, that he begged him to come and spar with the boys under his care, suggesting that he would pick up many useful pointers that would greatly improve his general ring work.

Parkes fell in with the idea and the two have formed a fine team. Frank has improved beyond all recognition, and the same boys who roughed him around when he first stepped into the gym have to watch their step now or else. Parkes was signed up by a Nottingham fight manager and in the early part of 1937 he had his first actual professional bout and like numerous fistic celebrities, he lost it. Parkes never ceased trying to put the crusher on his man, but the other fellow proved a shade too elusive. While Frank was well licked at the finer points of the noble art, he was always in there ready to have a go, taking all the opposition had to offer and giving a few back in return.

In his second fight, he boxed a draw with one Young Green. He wound up his campaign for the year by taking decisions from Sammy Holmes, George Butler, Bob Nichols and Harry Toplis.

About this time, Frank obtained employment with a Nottingham butcher, who took a keen personal interest in the boxing element that prevailed in his employee, and he aided him in his chosen sport by giving him all the time he wanted for training and traveling to various engagements. Parkes is still a butcher's assistant and from this profession he has obtained the name that announces him—"Nottingham's Fighting Butcher Boy." He showed no sign of being thrown back by his first defeat and stepping into the ring in the year 1937 he proceeded to tan the pants of Al Dorman, in six heats; Arly Hollinworth, in five; stopping Nobby Clarke in two, and Eddie Davies in ten. Davies went on after this whipping to win the bantamweight championship of Wales.

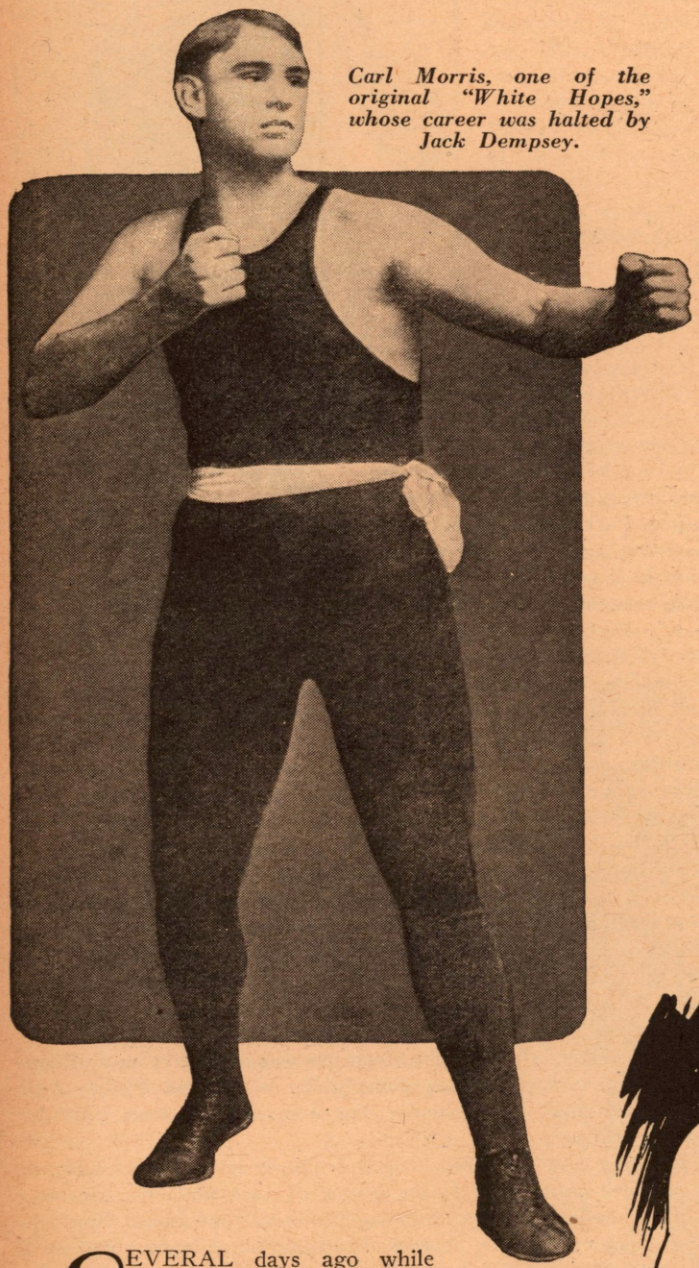
Parkes' next bout was a four-round preliminary to a contest between Len Harvey and Jock McAvoy at Harringay. His opponent on this occasion was the pugnacious Sammy Shaw from Hull. Parkes held him to a draw after a hectic struggle. Starting again, Frank whipped Ted Green and stopped Young Chocolate of Jamaica with a two-round knockout, after which he journeyed to Ireland and took the measure of Tommy Elliott, winning a ten-round decision. Although the youngster was only meeting mediocre opposition, everything was going along nicely and Parkes continued to show more promise and improvement every time he went to bat.

Fighting now as a full-fledged featherweight, Parkes took on a seasoned campaigner in the person of Jack Gubbins, who was whipped under a two-fisted barrage of fierce punching. After this smart victory, Frankie proceeded to romp home against Jud Hill, stopping him in three heats. Then he went to Ireland where he took a ten-round decision from Kid Berg.

Parkes was now flying his kite at higher game. After stopping Tommy Elliott by a five-round knockout, Parkes whipped Tom Thomas, Welsh featherweight title contender. The match was then made that subsequently brought Parkes out into the limelight. This was his winning fifteen-round contest with George Marsden for the synthetic Midlands featherweight crown. Much ink-slinging was done by local sports writers over this fight, many critics thinking that the youngster was being overmatched against a wily ring general like Marsden, who had fought the best in England with much success.

Parkes kept quiet until fight night. Then Frankie took a points verdict off his fellow townsman, much to the dismay of the many well meaning fans who had belittled *(Continued on page 43)*

WHITE HOPES—
Past and Present



Carl Morris, one of the original "White Hopes," whose career was halted by Jack Dempsey.

SEVERAL days ago while thumbing through an old sporting publication of 1913 vintage, I happened to run across a "first ten" rating of the heavyweights of that halcyon period of "White Hope" fisticuffs. With a few idle moments on hand, I jotted down the names and weights of that original crew of rollicking "White Hopes" and compared them with the leaders named by Nat Fleischer in THE RING's Annual Rating for 1939.

The comparisons brought out some significant facts, one thing in particular being the fact that the boys of the 1913 era outweighed the present-day crop by a "team average" of 212 pounds to 196 for the moderns. Weight doesn't mean by any means that the old boys were better fighters because of that, since it is a well-known fact that any guy tipping the Fairbanks at as much as 185 pounds, is plenty big enough to whale the daylights out of any ambling human giant, providing the little guy is possessed of the other necessary "what it takes" qualities.

But what made the comparison all the more interesting was the fact that it gives a bit of insight on the old, old question as to whether today's ringmen are superior to those of yesterday. Man for man, going down the line of the ten outstanding "White Hopes" of the period of 1913 to 1917, and analyzing their ability with that of the present outstanding challengers as rated in THE RING, the old boys were so superior that it is difficult to conceive how the present crew has held its own against the original "White Hopes."

If you have any doubts, just glance over the names I submit to you, names of fighters who were considered the aces in the days when the white race was looking for a challenger who could relieve Jack Johnson of the world heavyweight title, something every fight manager in the world is doing today in seeking the man who might down Joe Louis.

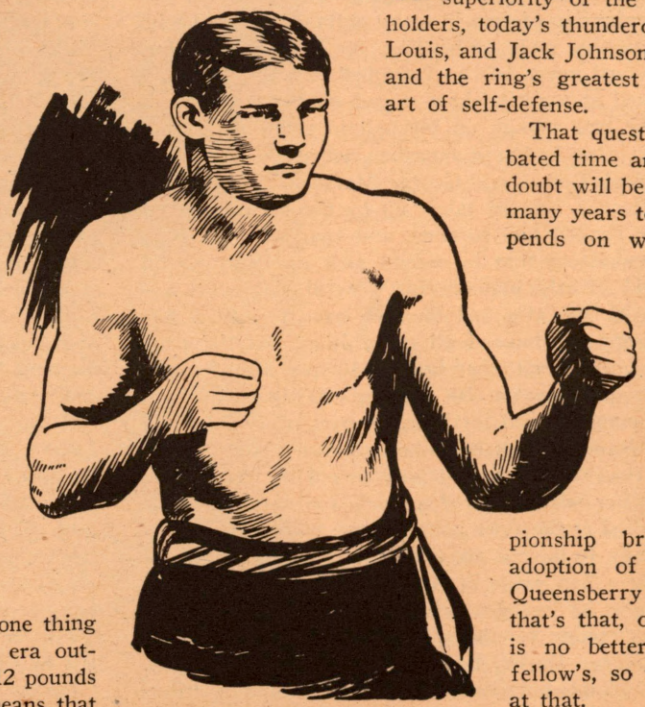
Here goes: Luther McCarty, Arthur Pelkey, Gunboat Smith, Carl Morris, Fred Fulton, Frank Moran, Jim Coffey, Bombardier Billy Wells, Al Kaufman, Fireman Jim Flynn, Boer Rodel, Fred McKay, Tom Kennedy and Tom Cowler.

With the possible exception of Wells, Fulton, Rodel and McKay, I venture to assert that each of the others mentioned above, could have taken the measure of each of the first ten challengers listed in this year's Annual Ranking of Boxers. They were a tough lot of big fellows, those "White Hopes," and they could sock. Many a fine scrap they put up for the fans who packed Madison Square Garden and other famous fistic emporiums to see them in action. The "White Hope" craze was on in full swing.

* * *

WE won't go into the subject of the superiority of the two dusky titleholders, today's thunderous walloper, Joe Louis, and Jack Johnson, master scientist and the ring's greatest exponent of the art of self-defense.

That question has been debated time and again, and no doubt will be argued hotly for many years to come. It all depends on whether you lean toward the hitter or the boxer in selecting your choices. In this connection, I pick Johnson over Louis, not only over Louis, but over all the rest of the championship brigade since the adoption of the Marquis of Queensberry rules as well. But that's that, one man's opinion is no better than the other fellow's, so we will let it go at that.



Jim Coffey, the Roscommon giant of the "White Hope" era.

Now we will compare the 230-pound Luther McCarty

Group of 1913, With Team Average of 212 Pounds to 196 for the Moderns, Given Big Margin Over Crop Seeking Crown of Joe Louis

By T. W. McNIEL

with Tony Galento, today's 233-pound No. 1 challenger. This being a short time before McCarty was fatally injured in a bout with Arthur Pelkey, we are forced to give all the advantage to the rip-roaring cow-puncher from the plains of South Dakota. In prize-ring parlance, McCarty seemed blessed with everything needed to make him a world's champion.

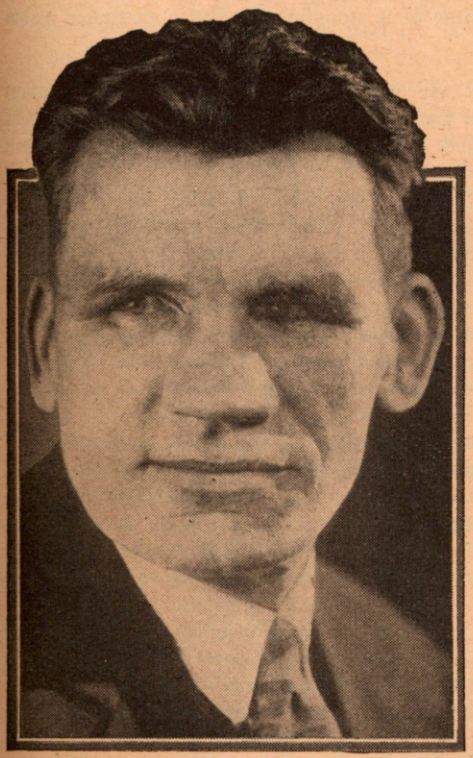
Fast, smart and a murderous hitter, McCarty had he lived, no doubt would have seen the day when he could have extended Jack Johnson to the limit. Paired against roly-poly Tony Galento, whose greatest asset is a thundering left hand, McCarty would be at least a 3-to-1 favorite over the Jersey bartender in our book. Case No. 1 goes to the old boys in a breeze, according to my figures.

Down in the No. 2 spot we find Gunboat Smith aligned with today's Bob Pastor. Here again, the oldsters would win, and I doubt that even Jimmy Johnston, Pastor's manager, will dispute the contention that Smith, at his best, was Pastor's master. He could sock, something Pastor can't do, and what he lacked in Pastor's speed, he made up in general fighting qualities. He was one of the greatest right-hand punchers in the game and when he connected, it was good night for his opponent. He would have socked Pastor into dreamland, both in their prime.

* * *

FRANK MORAN or Lou Nova? If you could put this pair in the ring with Frank in his prime, where would your money ride? Knowing of course the heights to which Moran eventually rose, the impression of course would be Moran in a canter. He could wallop with that Mary Ann. I don't think Nova would have lasted the limit despite his cleverness. We would take the

(Continued on page 45)



Gunboat Smith, who rated high as a "White Hope" and gave Jack Dempsey his toughest battle.

Al Palzer, a giant of exceptional promise as a "White Hope."

COMEBACK TRAIL PRECARIOUS

WHERE the going is toughest of all—the comeback trail! Watching Tony Canzoneri making his last gallant but ineffectual stand—lowering his colors before the headlong, irresistible charges of young Al Davis, I was thinking how often a similar scene had been enacted between the ropes. It's a very old story—the veteran who stubbornly refuses to admit defeat by Father Time, until the truth is painfully hammered into him.

The mind stays youthful even though elasticity has deserted the muscles, the ego still asserts superiority despite the inevitable lowering of endurance power under the pressure of the years. It's a hard proposition for an athlete who, to all outward appearance, is fighting fit, and feels absolutely okay, to entertain the idea that he is due to be entered in the ranks of the battle-scarred has-been brigade.

Yet that's where the scrapper is bound to finish, if he sticks at the slugging game long enough, and tragedy develops from the fact that he seldom knows when he ought to quit.

* * *

REMEMBER Benny Leonard's comeback? The man who retired as an undefeated lightweight champion didn't make out so badly when he returned to the arena at first. He beat several second-raters. But just as soon as he ran into serious opposition in the person of Jimmy McLarnin, it was curtains for Benny!

Apparently the hardest truth to drive into a fighter's thinktank, is that there's no use trying to kid yourself by setting the clock-hands back.

This wouldn't be extraordinary in the case of an average boxer of merely mediocre ability, a type that is, of course, largely in the majority. But you'd imagine that a man smart enough to become a headliner ought to possess sufficient reasoning power to be aware that he can't "take it" any more and should retire permanently.

Yet when you look up the records, you'll find that very few champs had sense enough to get out of the business and remain peacefully in retirement.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN never fought again after Jim Corbett deprived him of the heavyweight crown at the battle of New Orleans. Sully's admirers were wont to point with pride to the fact that John never again tempted fate in the arena.

"John L.'s word was as good as a U. S. bond," they boasted. "He said he was through for good, and meant it. That's the sort of man he was!"

But if you ask some of the vets who knew Sullivan intimately, they'll tell you that a year after he was beaten by Corbett, the ex-champion conceived the notion that he could get in fighting shape once more. He went to see William Muldoon, the man who trained him for his victory with the raw uns over Jake Kilrain, and suggested that the noted conditioner should take him in hand with a view to having another shot at the lost title.

Muldoon laughed the idea out of Sully's head, and the latter went away, saddened but convinced that Bill knew what he was talking about. That was in 1893.

Years later, when Sullivan was playing at the Bijou Theatre in Chicago, I was sent to interview him. Having heard the yarn about his visit to Muldoon both affirmed and denied, I put it up straight to John L. as to what really happened. The ex-champ's reply was terse and emphatic:

"In those day," he said, "when I had a few drinks under my belt, I was just as likely as not to figure I could still lick the whole world. That's how I came to go to Bill Muldoon, and Bill prevented me making a fool of myself!"

* * *

GENE TUNNEY is the outstanding example of a big-shot scrapper leaving the ring for good while his fighting powers were still intact. Having made his million, he was definitely through with the mitts as a means of livelihood, and no golden lure offered by promoters was strong enough to make him change his mind. But Tunney was never really a fighting enthusiast.

With the exception of Jess Willard, who stayed in the game only for what he could get out of it, Gene's predecessors on the heavyweight throne were naturally a bit pugnacious and, in a measure, may be said to have enjoyed the thrills of a mauling bee. Maybe Tunney liked boxing in a sporting sense when a youth. But as he grew older it ceased to appeal to him except as a strictly commercial proposition.

When Jim Jeffries retired undefeated, it was generally supposed that he was still at his peak. Those on the inside of things fistic knew better. He was in such poor health, due to a serious blood disorder, that he broke down while training for his fight with Jack Munroe at San Francisco in 1904, and the bout had to be temporarily postponed.

It was perhaps fortunate for Jeff that Munroe was practically licked before he put up his hands. Jack was plainly bothered by an inferiority complex, made no attempt to fight back and the champ had an easy time of it stopping the Butte ex-miner inside of two frames.

* * *

FIGHT crowds are usually sympathetic toward a fallen champion, as in Canzoneri's case, when the spectators mostly sat in stunned silence as the referee intervened to save Tony from further punishment by Al Davis.

But at Reno, on July 4, 1910, when Jeffries staged his disastrous comeback against Jack Johnson, there was little sympathy shown for the ex-champion in defeat. You could sense the crowd's feeling that it had been tricked in some way, as Jeff failed so signally to live up to the magnificent ballyhoo in his behalf. Most of us in the press stand shared that feeling, for nearly all the experts went woefully wrong in their predictions. We know now the match should never have been made, but it's easy to be wise after the event!

Tommy Ryan was one of the few top-notch gladiators who knew when it was time to quit, retired from the middleweight throne, turned a deaf ear to all comeback propositions and hung on to enough dough to make him comfortable in his declining years. Just prior to his retirement in 1907, Ryan made a meeting-all-comers tour through the West under the management of the late Jack Curley.

"Tommy knew he was slipping then," Curley told me, and I was naturally careful about selecting opponents for him. At Butte we ran into a snag in the person of Stanley Ketchel, whose reputation was then purely local. Ketchel rushed the champ all over the ring and Tommy had to scrap his best and prettiest to hold him off.

"Afterward, in his dressing-room, Ryan was a bit peeved at me for not being more cautious in making fight dates with formidable unknowns. He said Ketchel was the toughest guy he ever faced, and predicted that Stanley would surprise 'em all in the

Canzoneri Latest to Learn the Hazards of Effort to Fight Back to a Form Which Time Has Taken Away

By GEORGE T. PARDY

Tony Canzoneri, who will go down in history as one of the ring immortals, has definitely retired and has opened up a liquor store at 594 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn. His friends are legion and they are confident that Tony's new venture will permanently establish him as a promising businessman.

future. It was not long before the whole sport world was ringing with the exploits of the Michigan Assassin, who finally succeded Ryan as middleweight king!"

* * *

JACK McAULIFFE, as lightweight champion, and Jimmy Barry as king of the bantams, were the only two title-holders in Queensberry ring history who retired undefeated. Jack avoided the comeback route entirely. Barry, however, after announcing his retirement in 1898, was persuaded to have one more fling at the game in the following year.

His opponent was Harry Harris, who had recently kayoed Australian Billy Murphy, and was fast forging to the front rank of the bantam class, of which he later became champion by whipping Pedlar Palmer before the National Sporting Club of London, England.

Barry and Harris met in a six-rounder before a Chicago club. Jimmy attacked with something of his old fire and aggressiveness. But the tall, slender Harris met him with straight left counters and clearly outpointed the ex-champ.

Referee Malachy Hogan called it a draw, and the crowd let it go at that, without disputing the verdict. Everyone knew that it was Jimmy's last ring appearance, and he was such an idol with the Chi fans that they were glad to know there wouldn't be any smirch on his wonderful fighting record, a sentiment with which the writer was fully in accord.

Here again, is an example of what a mistake it is to consider fight crowds as being hard-boiled and short on sympathy. Later, Malachy Hogan visited Harris in the latter's dressing-room and apologized for his action as third man in the ring, stating that he knew Harry had won. As Harris and Barry were very good friends in private life, the former was perfectly satisfied with Hogan's verdict.

* * *

THE ever versatile Kid McCoy kept on fighting long after he had passed his peak as a top-notcher. But no fight crowd was ever given a chance to mourn over the crafty Kid as the recipient of a bad beating. McCoy had a way of declaring that he was through with the ring, and then suddenly reappearing as an active contender.

I saw McCoy on two occasions when he got by simply on his sublime nerve. True to his sobriquet, he had a line of "kidding" talk, and an air of superiority when he stripped for action that seemed to completely "flabbergast" his opponents, and render them incapable of doing themselves justice.

McCoy had been idle for nearly three years when he boxed Jim Stewart before a New York club in 1908. Stewart was a fine-looking athlete, pounds heavier than McCoy, and looked on as a comer in the heavyweight division.

He had been told that the Kid was "all washed up," a statement in which there was some truth. But nevertheless, you could see that he was plainly worried, as he stood with McCoy in the center of the ring listening to the referee's instructions. The Kid wasn't a bit excited. He bowed to and smiled at friends close to the ringside. As the referee finished his speil, McCoy suddenly caught Stewart around the neck with his left arm, and pulled the latter's head roughly forward.

"Isn't it a foul if he grabs me like that and hits with the other hand?" queried McCoy, turning to the referee.

"Yes, any damn fool knows that," responded the official, who knew very well that the subtle Kid was just putting on an act.

Stewart said nothing, but rubbed his neck where McCoy had clutched it. The "buffaloing" process was working fine!

The proper strategy for McCoy's young and vigorous antagonist to employ was going in and mixing it. Instead he chose to stand off and box. In a word, he was afraid of what the Kid might have up his sleeve. This was right up McCoy's alley. He flicked Stewart with fast jabs perpetually, feinted him into knots, made him miss again and again. Also, he talked to Stewart in a patronizing way, and generally speaking, had that agitated young man feeling like the proverbial thirty cents.

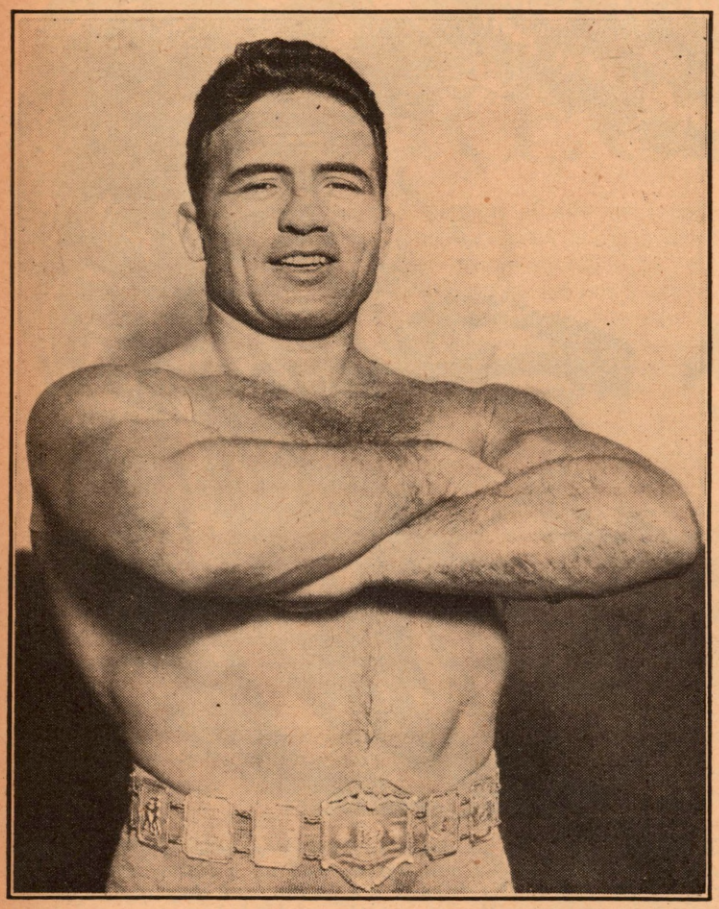
McCoy tired perceptibly in the two last frames. If Stewart noticed this, he probably thought that his devilishly cunning opponent was merely "foxing." At any rate, he took no advantage of the fact. He did clip the Kid with a hard right on the jaw in the sixth and final round and came within an ace of dropping him, because by this time McCoy was rather unsteady on his legs. The referee declared the bout a draw.

* * *

JIM SAVAGE, another aspirant for heavyweight honors, was also a victim of the McCoy brand of bluff strategy, but fared even worse than Stewart. Like the latter, he was mystified and awed by the Kid's artful tactics.

This was in 1911, and McCoy, even *(Continued on page 41)*

WRESTLING *by*



Jim Londos, who offers a plan for bringing back to prosperity the sport of wrestling.

WHAT'S wrong with wrestling?

I was called to the office of THE RING Magazine by its Editor, who was anxious to get to the ills of the sport with the idea of bringing the mat game back into public favor, if it can be done. He fired the above query at me as soon as I was seated, and from that moment, until I left, almost an hour later, we discussed pro and con, the various phases of wrestling promotion as now carried on in this country and contrasted it with foreign promotion in an effort to reach some definite angle from which we could all work for the betterment of the game.

I have been a close follower of this publication for many years. Though I often disagree with the statements of the Editor in-re my status, I know that he has the interests of wrestling at heart and such constructive criticism I welcome, because eventually, it will be the means of a get-together that will eliminate the sport's ills and bring it back to where it belongs. When he asked me what's wrong with wrestling? I answered:

1. The influx of promoters whose sole interest seems to be to make a joke out of the ancient sport and ruin rival promoters.

2. The influx of so-called wrestlers, whose sole claim to fame is the fact that they have a huge mustache, wear a turban, toss an Indian blanket over their shoulders, wear feathers in their hat, have a full grown beard or are such a monstrosity that it is a disgrace to place such figures before a sport gathering.

3. There is not enough action in present day wrestling. By that I mean real wrestling action, not the rough-and-tumble kind that is practiced by those who look and act wild but haven't the faintest idea of the finer points of the mat sport. Such so-called wrestling doesn't belong. It should be eliminated.

WE went into detail on all of the above points, and THE RING Editor agreed with me that much of the loss of patronage has been caused by the acrobatic flubdub and the appearance of monstrosities. What the fans want is good wrestling, the kind most of the talent now appearing before the public in various parts of the country is capable of giving. Above all, I believe that speed and good, scientific wrestling are the biggest requirements and that's what I would like to see installed.

Often we find the top match listed as a finish bout. If both men are good, such a match might go on for an hour or more. Often I have seen such affairs go into two hours.

Candidly, I have been part and parcel of such drawn out engagements, when, as a matter of fact, the bout could have ended within an hour if, instead of being a finish bout, it were listed as a bout of so many rounds. I believe the round system in use in other parts of the world is far better than our finish system of bouts.

The best wrestlers in the world can do all of their wrestling within the hour. If matches are arranged for longer duration, a wrestler will adjust his pace to suit the longer distance. Naturally in such case there must be some stalling. In the end, the one who is able to gauge himself best for an endurance test and not one of science, becomes the ultimate winner and such a match is slow and uninteresting to the public.

I advocate a change to the round system because it is a way to speed up the game and make it ten times more interesting than now.

* * *

WITH ten-minute rounds and an hour's limit, each wrestler in each windup would be forced to wrestle at his top speed. No wrestler not in the best condition could last under this system. The condition question would loom large and as the round system of wrestling improved, the general condition of the wrestlers, the matches would improve as well.

Of course, there would be qualifying and supplementary features. I believe that any hold which is used in a competitive wrestling match that does not prove effective enough to throw a man or badly hurt him, should be limited in its use.

Let me explain this. If one wrestler has a reverse body hold on his rival and merely keeps that hold when he knows it cannot throw his rival, then the referee should force him to break.

Thus there would be few stalemates and impasses. Thus there would be a continuous flow of action from both men. They would have to accelerate their pace to meet the time limit and they would be forbidden and prevented from wasting any time by the restriction placed on holds not productive of advancement.

The result is plain. Fast, thrilling wrestling. The kind that keeps the spectators on edge in places like South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. That being true, why not adopt such a system in this country?

* * *

ROUNDS have been successful in other countries and when I suggest their adoption here I am not placing, or trying to place in operation, an idea of my own for which ownership might prompt a prejudice.

I have seen rounds wrestling work successfully in other countries and I know the system to be good. It would make all the difference in the matches in this country today, and would give a new interest to the fans and create a new spirit in the wrestlers.

Sports must be made to fit the times and the tastes of men, like everything else, and I think a change in wrestling is due and is inevitable. Of course, this sort of wrestling will necessitate the use of experienced men as judges and referees. Decisions will become more frequent and the men who make decisions, therefore, will become more important.

Here would be a chance to use those wrestlers whom time has passed by and who need some form of work, some sphere of activity and employment. On the whole, I think the idea of

ROUNDS

By
JIM LONDOS
(World Heavyweight Champion)

That's What is Needed to Revive Interest in the Pastime, Says Jim Londos Who Advocates Change in This Country—Champion Discusses Wrestling's Ills and Tells How They Might Be Cured

rounds is the answer to THE RING Editor's query, "What does wrestling need today to perk up the sport?"

I, myself continually add to my wrestling information and abilities. I paid to learn Jiu-Jitsu from three Japanese experts and spent a long time studying and working with them. I have studied diet and practiced dieting. I have experimented with every conceivable way of adding to my speed and strength and endurance and many an hour have I spent with medical men over maps of the human body seeking and locating the weak points in Nature's armor so I could make them the targets of my attack.

* * *

IN this modern world, no matter whether a man be in business or sport, he cannot afford to overlook any means to improve himself if he is going to compete with the leaders or win any honors.

It is my opinion that no man can say he is really the world's champion and really believe it himself, who has not gone to mysterious Egypt or hot Africa, foggy England and sultry South America, to fair Australia and alert France, and Turkey, to the Orient—in short, to every place where good wrestlers and new wrestling styles are in existence and has conquered their champions. I've done that and that's why, regardless of what others might say, I am still the world's heavyweight king.

Wrestling is not like the other sports that have standard rules and conventions for every clime and in every land.

Wrestling is different in Japan than it is in India and different in London than in either of these places. There is the Jiu-Jitsu they call Judo in Asia and the All-In wrestling of England. There are the rounds in Australia and other styles in other lands.

No wrestler is a real good wrestler, fit to be rated with the greatest matmen, who does not know how to wrestle all the styles of wrestling—catch-as-catch-can, Graeco-Roman, and Jiu-Jitsu. I can do that. I am a master at each style.

That is why I made it my business to tour the world, not once but several times, and to spend enough time in each part to learn everything to be learned about the wrestling there.

That is why I paid instructors in Jiu-Jitsu to teach me everything about the Japanese way of wrestling, that is so clever and that makes of strength a joke and teaches leverage like nothing else can.

Of course, you will find those in wrestling that you will find in every other phase of life, the unsuccessful, men who for one reason or another fell below their fellows in the acquisition of fame or place or power or money.

* * *

WE have many critics. We have many with suggestions. I have always been very glad to sit down and listen to any suggestion and I have always been very quick to take any advice that is constructive.

But for those who only wish to build lies and try to destroy wrestling for the sake of vengeance or hate, or out of anger rising from frustration and failure, these I will not pay any attention to. We have plenty such in our midst today. Behind every suggestion and back of every criticism you will find a reason and a motive. If that reason and motive are not good, then the suggestions cannot be good.

To many, wrestling is a big business. To many more, it is a grand sport. To me it is much more than either and a great deal of both. To me, wrestling is life itself.

What wrestling needs, and needs it very badly, is a change of rules. The old, antiquated rules should be discarded and make way for new rules to fit the progress of the times and fit the demands of the people.

The people don't want the long, slow, drawn-out marathon wrestling matches. They don't want stalling. They don't want kicking and they don't want foul tactics.

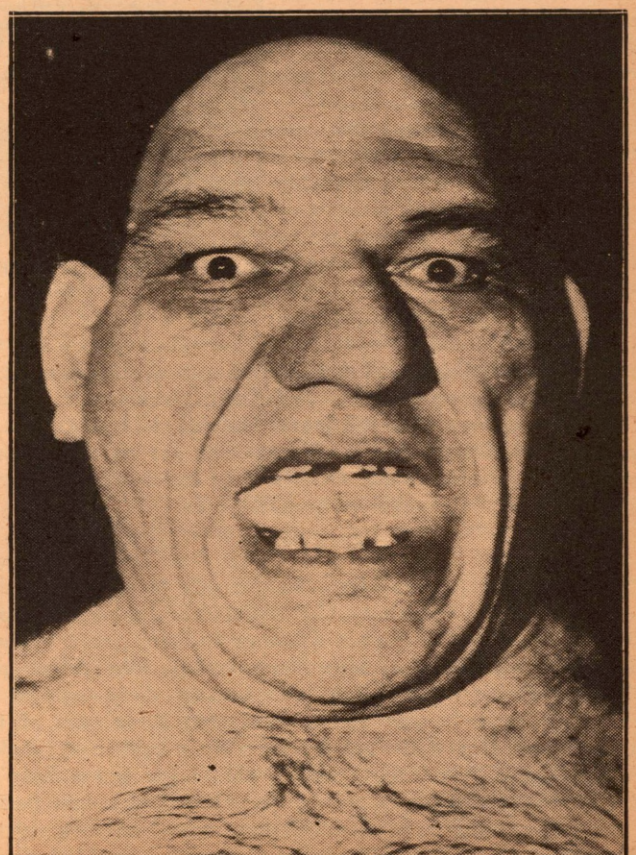
They do want clean and scientific wrestling. They want hard contested wrestling and they want fast wrestling. So, let's give them that kind of wrestling.

Let the promoters and commissions, or why not THE RING Magazine, whose Editor has been the leader in sports and a severe constructive critic of wrestling, formulate the new rules and see that the new rules are obeyed to the letter. Then we will see a great boom in wrestling. I am for it.

I know of no one man who has done more in the interests of wrestling, despite his severe criticism, than THE RING Editor, and on behalf of his army of wrestling fans, I thank him for giving me the space to discuss the new order of things in wrestling.

Let us eliminate those who don't know a thing about the ancient sport. Let's do away with the rough-and-tumble tactics and get back to the good old days of real, hard, scientific wrestling.

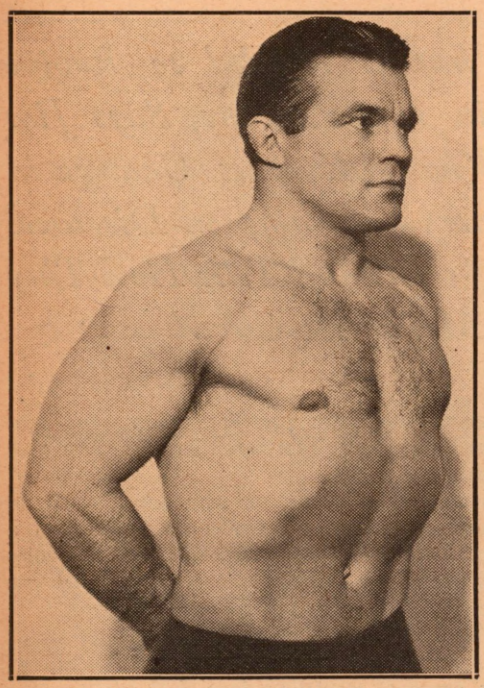
And, above all, let's adopt the rounds system as an aid in rebuilding the famous mat sport. Of course there are many other ways of bringing about a national revival of interest in the mat sport, but I think the rounds system a fine start. I hope that it will receive a tryout.



The Angel, who is tops as a drawing card in New England.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



George Dusette, the Boston Strong Boy, one time claimant of the light-heavyweight title.

JACK SHERRY, one of the world's greatest matmen, is being hard pressed by a New Zealand promoter to make the trip there for a campaign that will carry him through the summer. Jack Clark is the promoter. He conferred with Sherry several times before Clark left for the land Down Under, and present indications are that Sherry, in company with several other stars, will make the trip in a few weeks.

There are several points that must first be ironed out before Sherry agrees to accept the terms offered him, but the chances are that all will be settled favorably because of the great drawing power of Sherry. His presence in New Zealand would bolster the sport and bring big revenue to the promoters. He has never been seen in New Zealand or Australia and should go over with a bang.

Clark knows how big an attraction Sherry would be and THE RING is confident that the deal for Sherry's services will be closed. New Zealanders will welcome Sherry with open arms.

Joe Farman, manager of the Mid-Town Gymnasium in New York, and associated with the Hotel Holland, is trying hard to make a Londos-Sherry match. Negotiations are on and if they materialize, the New Zealand affair will be called off temporarily in favor of a world championship match here.

* * *

THE ANGEL, the human monstrosity brought over to America from France by Carl Pojello, is the biggest drawing card this country has had in wrestling in many years. Though he lacks the knowledge of scientific wrestling, The Angel gets by because of his strength and also because those opposed to him are willing to permit him to win, that being part of the program. There is no doubt but that men of the caliber of Londos, Sherry, Pojello, Pesek, Rudy and Ernie Dusek and a heap of others could take the measure of the visitor in a fair match, but the mat sport is now an entertainment and as such, everything goes, even the loss of matches for the benefit of the gate.

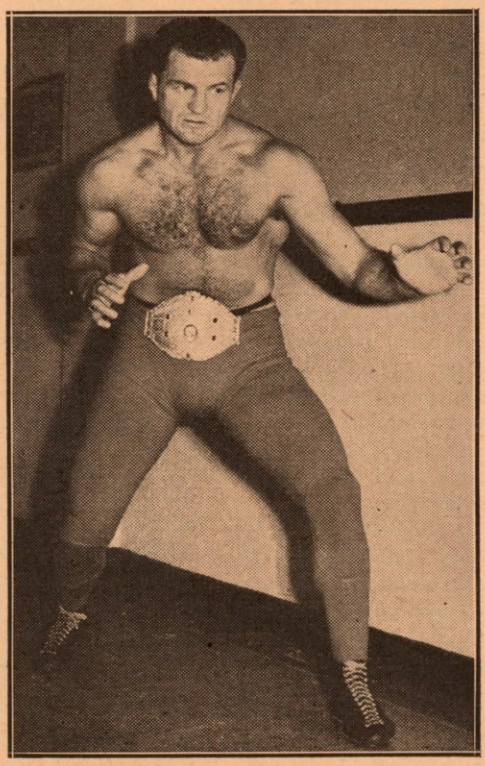
The Angel is responsible for causing a big boom in the sport in localities where wrestling has been dead for two or more years. In Buffalo, likewise, The Angel is a huge drawing card.

Standing room only has been the case since he started his United States campaign there. The same holds true in New England territory where he is a big card. More power to him and to his managers. Better that type "wrestling" than no wrestling at all.

In New York, Jack Pfeffer, the copyist, is cashing in on the popularity of the original Angel by changing the name of "Popeye," the Swedish-American ogre, to "The Swedish Angel." For this, Pfeffer was threatened by the New York Boxing Commission, which has ordered the real names of wrestlers be used, but what do threats mean to Pfeffer, especially when they come from the legalized ruling body which Pfeffer insists has no control over him or his actions as a promoter.

Strange man, this Pfeffer, but he gets away with it.

The drawing power of Pojello's Angel may be gleaned from the fact that twice during the month The Angel packed 'em in at the huge Coliseum of New York. More than 15,000 persons saw him. He is the answer to the promoters' prayer. In Buffalo the Angel drew.

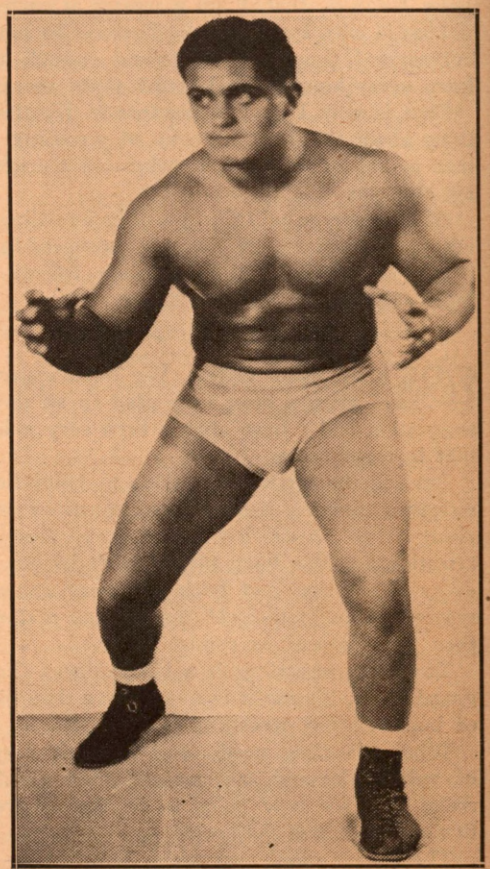


Leo Wallick, "The Mystery Man," a wrestler who has a good following in the mid-West.

THERE may be wrestling slumps in some cities but Detroit is having boom days in the sport of holds and counter-holds.

Detroit, the metropolis, is one of the country's leading wrestling strongholds with the Arena Gardens, where promotion is under the joint direction of Al Haft and Eddie Lewis, its biggest club, staging weekly shows Monday nights.

The Arena has operated every Monday night for the past nine years, either indoors or outdoors in the Arena Bowl. Champions in three classes have been crowned there and



Morris Shapiro, the Jewish headlock Adonis, one of the St. Louis headliners.

all manner of wrestling gentry have shown there, including international stars, wrestling freaks, "Angels" and what have you.

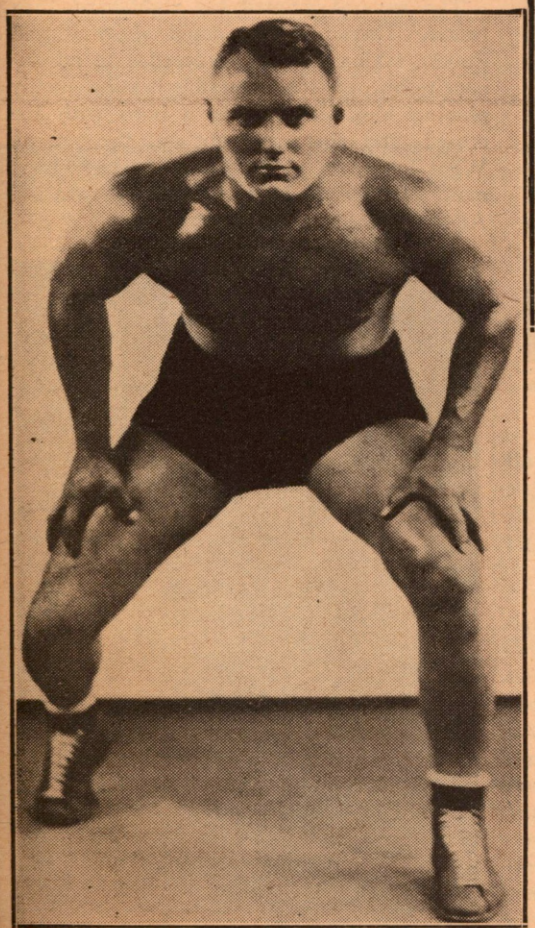
At the present time, the new division of junior heavyweights is in the limelight. This class was created last September by the Mid-Western Wrestling Association and includes wrestlers from 175 to 200 pounds. It has stepped into immense popularity in this area with the patrons of the ancient sport. At the outset the M.W.A. conferred the title on George Dusette, Boston strongboy who was the light-heavy title-holder at the time.

Since then three other matmen have succeeded him to possession of the M.W.A. title belt. In order they are: Eddie Virag, a Hungarian; Leo Wallick, former mystery man; and Frankie Talaber, the son of Lou Talaber, the middleweight champion of other years.

Young Talaber has stood off all challengers for the past two months in a division where the competition is probably more keen than in any other, with at least twenty first class challengers for the title. These include Karol Nowina Zbyszko, a nephew of the famous Stanislaus Zbyszko, three times heavyweight champion, who is managing and tutoring his nephew; and Morris Shapiro, Jewish headlocking Adonis, who rank at the top of the list at the present time.

Ali Baba, who was responsible for one of wrestling's biggest upsets when he beat Dick Shikat for the title in the spring of 1936, was brought to Detroit by the late Adam Weissmuller, who founded the Arena Gardens as a wrestling center. Upon his death, Adam was succeeded by Eddie Lewis, his former right-hand man, who has further added to the prestige of the Gardens.

Wrestlers of all nationalities, types and creeds have appeared in the Gardens. It looks like the biggest summer season in the history of the sport just ahead.

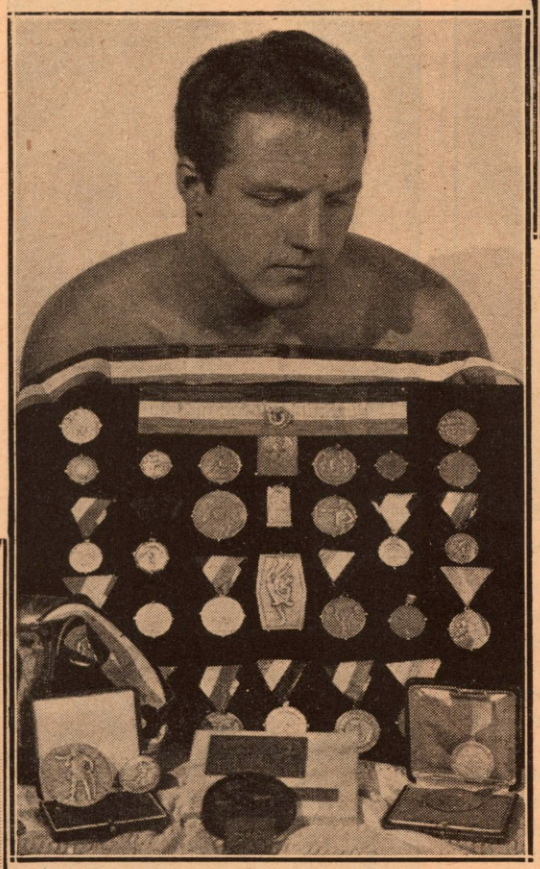


Warren Bockwinkel, the St. Louis Adonis who is rapidly developing into a headliner.

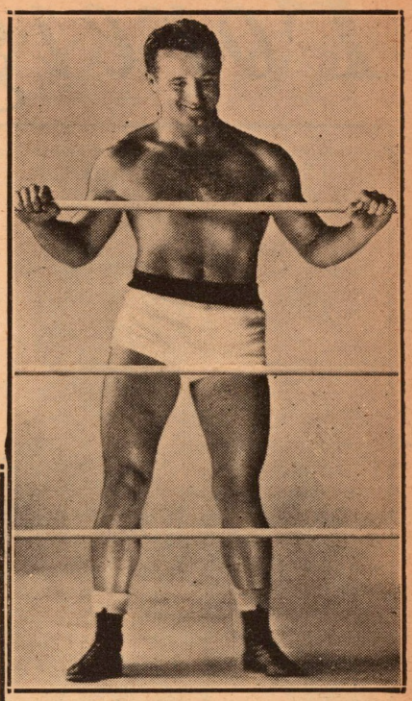
* * *

JN Warren Bockwinkel, the St. Louis Adonis, wrestling circles have gained an addition who promises to develop into one of the leading figures during the coming outdoor season. He is a strong, sturdy chap, who can give and take and knows the sport in which he is trying to reach the top. Warren was born in St. Louis on May 21, 1915. He scales 222 pounds, stands six feet and is strong as a bull.

Bockwinkel is a student of the art of wrestling. He is one of the orthodox school who prefers to tackle an opponent with holds rather than through acrobatic stunts.



Eddie Virag, Hungarian athlete who has won many trophies.



Lou Talaber, one of the country's best middleweight wrestlers.

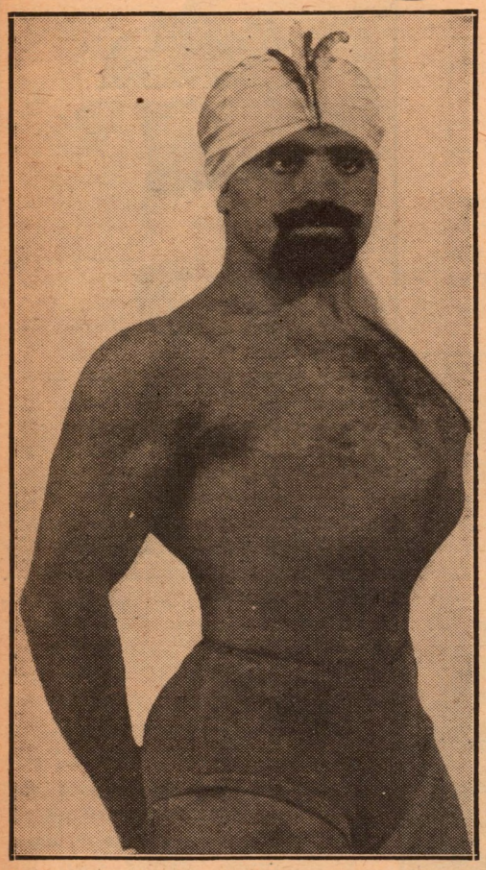
It was back in 1936 when Bockwinkel got his first taste of professional wrestling. A scheduled grappler failed to put in an appearance and the promoter lacked a substitute. Rather than risk having the patrons demand a refund by being offered one bout less than advertised, the impresario had an announcement made that if anyone in the audience cared to substitute, it would be suitable to him. Well, Bockwinkel, eager to get the taste of active competition into his system, took up the offer. He made good. He proved a sensation. He won over his more experienced rival. What seemed as though a lamb was being led to slaughter, proved the other way around. The fans hadn't known, and neither had the promoter nor opponent, that the slated opponent who didn't show up was purposely kept away so that Warren, carefully trained by Strangler Lewis, could step into the breach and become an overnight sensation.

* * *

ED "SPIKE" HOWARD, ex-wrestler, was tendered a surprise birthday party on his 63rd anniversary in Philadelphia recently. Howard, who has become world famous as a blood donor, was lauded by the leading citizens and officials of the city. Nat Frank was master of ceremonies. The latter's son, now bordering on 14, who was saved by Howard through blood transfusions when the youngster wasn't 17 months of age, presented Howard with a huge birthday cake. He teaches wrestling and the manly art of self-defense to high school students . . . . Abe Yourist, the one-time all sports luminary of the University of Washington, is back East after several months absence. The 6 feet, 4 inch Hebrew flying scissors expert has endeared himself to the fans by his orthodox brand of tossing torsos . . . . The Lon Chaney of the mat is the way Henry Kulkavich, Russian wildman from Hastings, N. Y., *(Continued on page 44)*

Foreign Mat Stars

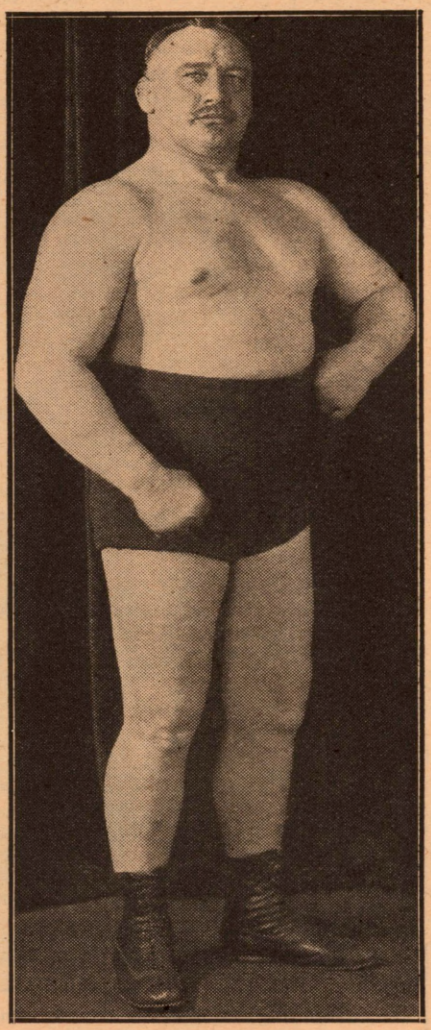
By
AL MAYER



Emir Badui, an Egyptian heavyweight.

EVERYONE knows that wrestling goes in cycles so far as popularity is concerned. This has been a fact for years, and the moment the signs appear, wrestling promoters start their importations of talent.

The year 1940 is such a year. The boom is on. Everywhere in the country come reports of packed houses with New York taking the lead. Neither blockades nor blackouts can stop them. Most of the pachyderms from Europe are here while trans-Atlantic Clippers are bringing others. Let us take a peak at a few of Jack Pfeffer's importations.



Arkadie Goyer, massive heavyweight from Jugoslavia.

Alexander the Great Garkowienko, Mighty Man of the Ukraine. A veritable mammoth, scales 330 pounds. A dignified gent, fair hair, small military mustache, colossal shoulders and chest expansion, a man whose name has spelled terror in European tournaments and before whom giants have tumbled. Was here before. Is now making another trip to America because this country now leads the world as the great center of wrestling and the world's best talent is concentrated here.

Garkowienko is champion of the Ukraine. Has held the title for a good many years. Has a standing offer of a thousand dollars to any man who can throw him in open tournament competition during the annual tournament held in the Ukraine. Many have tried it, but none has succeeded in toppling the massive giant. And now we will ask you to climb aboard our Magic Carpet and in a flash we take you to RUSSIA.

* * *

IVAN ZAIKIN—Original Volga Boatman. In Russia the name of Zaikin rates second only to that of Ivan the Terrible Pudubny in popularity. Innumerable tales are told about this great Russian champion. Famous all over the world he accumulated fortune upon fortune, many of them wiped out by changing political upheavals. But the indomitable Zaikin never lost his popularity or box-office appeal. He weathered storm after storm and today is still Russia's greatest wrestler.

Zaikin likes to tell a story relating to an experience in which he actually gambled his life during a wrestling match. It happened in Russia at a time when his home town was captured by counter revolutionists. The general in command had for his right-hand man a big strapping fellow who fancied himself as a wrestler. The moment he heard Zaikin was in the town, nothing would do but for him to wrestle the Russian champion.

The match was arranged and Ivan started to do some quick thinking. If he beat him perhaps they would shoot him and if he didn't then he might meet the same fate. What to do was the important question. A few minutes on the mat showed Zaikin that his opponent was very powerful, but so far as wrestling was concerned he knew nothing about its science or holds. In the front row sat the general and leader of the counter revolutionists carefully watching the match—Zaikin also watched him very closely. After a little while he noticed that each time he was in danger the general would frown but when he had the better of his man he smiled. That was all Zaikin wanted to know.

The general wanted his right-hand man beaten. There was no doubt about it and Zaikin, taking the cue, proceeded to administer to his opponent a terrible beating, finally pinning him. Zaikin was a hero with the crowd—and most important with the general. What happened to the general's right-hand man? He had him shot for losing the match! At least, that's what Zaikin says.

Alexander the Great Garkowienko, the Mighty Man of Ukraine.

And now, all aboard the Magic Carpet for a quick spin to TURKEY!

* * *

MEET Bairam Bey—a man with bullet head, close cropped shaven pate, cauliflower ear, prominent nose, strong chin, shaggy mustache and slit eyes, giving him a Mongolian appearance, rather than that of a Turk. A powerful

New York Invasion

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man is Bairam Bey. He is well versed in the art of wrestling which he learned in the hard school of grappling in the Near East where men of all nationalities compete. Bairam Bey has withstood the severest tests to win the title of Turkish champion. It is a long time since we had a first class Turkish wrestler here and his coming will go a long way to add pep to the thriving game. Let's get aboard for a trip to EGYPT!

* * *

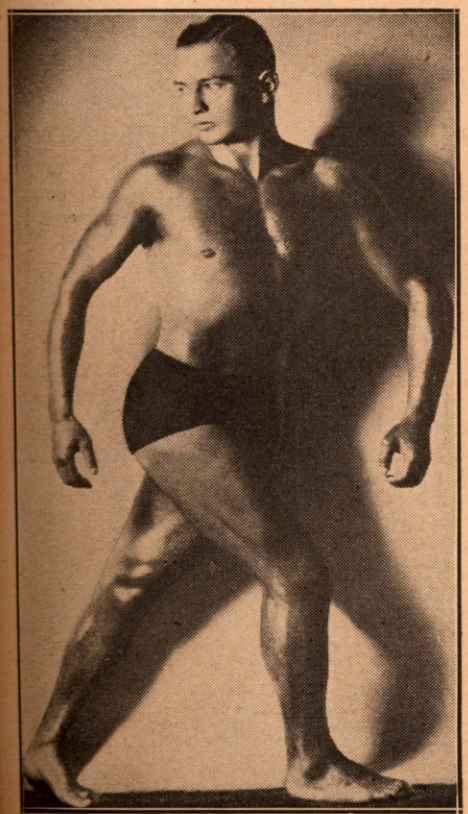
EMIR BADUI—the Fakir. Dark complexioned. Big, deep-set eyes. Jet black mustache and vandyke. Wears colorful turbans with bejeweled clasps holdings them in place. Beautiful physical specimen and a great wrestler. Tips the scales at close to two hundred pounds, most of the weight being in the upper part of his body.

His waist is slim, but powerful thighs are ideal for a wrestler. Emir Badui calls himself a Fakir, famed for the tricks which have been famous in the Orient for so many centuries. Besides, Emir Badui has pretentions as a poet. Has written a book of verse which was published in Cairo and met with public support.

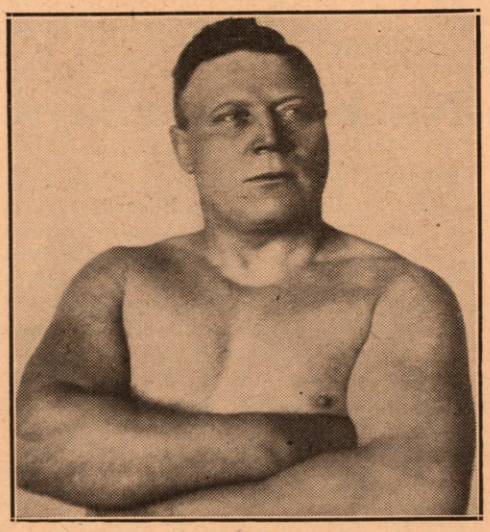
Wrestling, however, is his pet sport. He claims to have learned the art from the great masters in the Far East. He is the first Egyptian wrestler to come here in many years.

Now let us go to the country of sunshine, and our Magic Carpet carries us to ITALY!

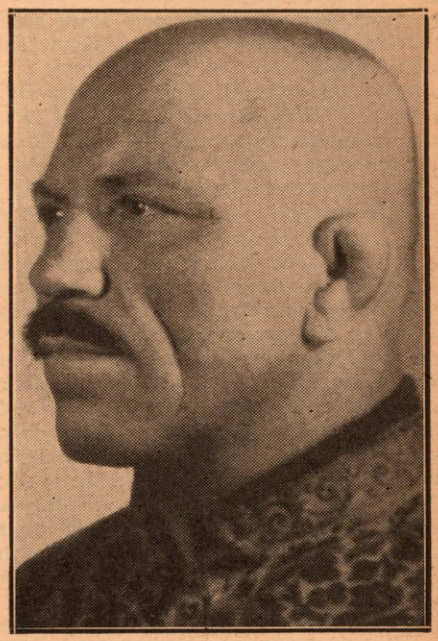
Raffaele Grenna, Italian star with many decorations.



Henry Joos, Swiss Adonis.



Ivan Zaikin, the Volga Boatman.



Bairam Bey, the Turk with the bullet head.

RAFFAELE GRENNA. Here we meet a wrestler of the old school, a man with so many decorations that even his massive chest cannot hold them all. He has been decorated by King Victor Emanuel. Has received other decorations from kings and princes in other lands, and at 275 pounds, is the strongest man in Italy. Raffaele Grenna is different in style to the average matman in this country. He relies on strength and claims that there is not a hold which he cannot break. He has proved it in Europe where, in tournaments in which he competed in the past years, no man has been able to hold him in a recognized grip although he has met Europe's strongest and best wrestlers.

Italians in this country will welcome the arrival of Grenna. His name is magic in Italy.

Now on our Magic Carpet we have arrived in JUGOSLAVIA!

* * *

MEET Arkadie Goyer, the massive 250-pounder and champion of that country. Goyer is short and stocky but powerful from the tips of his toes to the top of his head. Like Grenna, he believes in strength to win his matches. For several seasons matmen have tried to beat him in his native Jugoslavia but to no avail. For several seasons Promoter Jack Pfeffer tried to bring him over here, but Goyer was doing so well in Europe that no offer could make him change his mind about coming here. However, with the present uncertain conditions prevailing in Europe, Goyer finally accepted Pfeffer's offer and he soon will be seen matched against our best men.

Now let's hop aboard the Magic Carpet for our last stop—SWITZERLAND.

(Continued on page 44)

N.B.A. Vaporings

(Continued from page 4)

I WAS very much interested in Jack Dempsey's blast at Louis for fighting so often, and, the way Jack looks at it, cheapening the heavyweight championship of the world.

Louis has defended the title successfully against 10 different men in 10 fights. Pastor carried him into the 12th round, Godoy lasted 15 and went off smiling.

Dempsey thinks the champion should not fight more than twice a year. Still better, only once. Jack holds that the Paychek fiasco, for which the scared loser got $9,954 of the public's sucker dough, and the champion $19,903, proved that the Dempsey contention is 100 percent correct.

When Dempsey was champion, Tex Rickard was the No. 1 promoter. Rickard had great showmanship. He did not like to run little fights. It was the million dollar gate, and in order to get it, the attraction had to stack up worth while in the eyes of the public. Rickard brought over Carpentier amid tremendous ballyhoo, and it was a million dollar fight even though the Frenchman had no right in the same ring with Dempsey.

Rickard found Firpo and brought him over here and built him into a million dollar attraction. Rickard had the keenest, uncanny sense of promotion which has not been in evidence since Tex died.

However, we are amid new conditions now. Rickard never would have sent Dempsey into a chicken-feed fight like that Louis entered with Paychek. But Mike Jacobs figures $20,000 here and $30,000 there, add up to $50,000, and twice that amounts to $100,000.

Dempsey also forgets that Louis has to keep fighting. He has no other way of keeping in the public eye. Joe is not a popular champion, he is not an appealing or intriguing figure. But he is a fighter, an honest battler, always ready to give his best.

Rickard worked in times of easy money. Jacobs is working out of a depression. It is doubtful if even the showmanship of Rickard could develop a million dollar fight now. Not with Louis as the champion.

In the meantime, Louis really is taking a little vacation. He will do a movie having to do with G-men, he will sleep a lot and listen to Cab Calloway records, and sort of disappear from public view.

Late in June or early in July, Louis will fight Godoy, Galento or Pastor. Conn seems to have been sidetracked until next winter—or next summer.

If Louis fights Godoy in July, Galento or Pastor will be put on with Joe in September. Jacobs has no intention of taking Dempsey's criticism seriously, nor do the fight fans.

* * *

JOHNNY PAYCHEK explains that from the Garden dressing room to the ring is a long walk. He says that as you walk, you think. You wonder if the plans you have made will stand up.

After you have walked the first mile, you begin to wonder how hard the other man can hit. You go back to the talks you have had with your handlers, and wonder if Blackburn will call the turn.

Walking toward the third mile leading to the ring you begin to say to yourself, "Is it possible for the Negro to kill a guy? Look what he did to Schmeling."

Well, you walk those six miles from the dressing room, and when you get into the ring and look around at the crowd—and then spy the sullen Louis in the opposite corner, you get a strange feeling in the pit of the stomach.

The remedy is a simple one. Let the Paycheks dress under the ring. At the last moment, let them be flung up into the ring by a catapult device, eliminating that long six mile walk, and its attendant frights.

Another way is to lower the Paycheks into the ring in a basket, from the Garden roof. That might entertain the crowd as well as keep the man's mind off Louis.

Still another idea is offered by the Ringling circus folks. They shoot a man out of a gun. How about shooting the Paycheks out of a gun into the ring? On the other hand, how about shooting them and letting it go at that?

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OWING to restrictions on the importation of American magazines to Australia, Australians are urged to subscribe to The RING as that is the only way they will be able to obtain this magazine until the ban on American publications is lifted.

In Next Issue

Owing to lack of space, the story, "When Promoters Trod the Rough Trail," advertised for this issue, was left out. It will appear in the next.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 11)

WORD has been received by THE RING from Commandatore Edoardo Mazzia of Rome that the Italian Boxing Federation is considering sending to America Enrico Urbinati, Italian and European flyweight king, to fight Little Dado for the world championship. Commandatore Mazzia says that the war has halted boxing throughout Europe but that the Italian government continues to encourage the sport as part of its building program for the youth and its value in teaching the use of the bayonet, something all boys of Europe seem to be practicing these days. It is possible that Urbinati will make the trip for an outdoor show in Washington.

Though Dado is listed by N.B.A. as world champion, he holds nothing more than the U. S. crown, if he can still make the flyweight limit. Our Eddie Borden saw him fight Olivera on the Coast recently and Dado scaled 118¼ pounds. That's why he is now rated by THE RING as a bantamweight.

Should Urbinati come to the States and should Dado be too heavy for him, the Italian would have only one worthy opponent here, Manuel Ortiz who stopped Jackie Jurich recently in the ninth round. All other worthy flyweights are foreigners. Small Montana no longer figures. He lost twice to Jurich last year and in his only battle this year he lost in ten rounds to Little Pancho. I think it would be best for Urbinati to remain at home.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago, Jack Skelly, famed as one of the three original Jacks, of whom Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, were the other two, celebrated his seventieth birthday, and from near and far came messages of congratulations. Jack, one of the best featherweights of his time, a Brooklyn boy who saw the light of day on February 8, 1870, at the three score and ten period of his life, is hale and hearty and looks every inch the athlete. One would never believe, unless he knew the facts, that Skelly was a skin-tight gloves fighter who had gone through the mill in many hectic scraps in the days when grandpa was a boy.

Skelly was one of the principals in the famous New Orleans Carnival of Champions program, a three nights affair in which three championships were decided on successive nights. He was knocked out by George Dixon the first night in eight rounds; Billy Myers was stopped by Jack McAuliffe the following night, and on the final night, John L. Sullivan was relieved of his crown via the knockout route in the twenty-first round by Jim Corbett.

After the Dixon fight, Jack met the leading boxers in the country, including Tom Mitchell, Jack Roach, Jimmy O'Brien, Tom McCarthy, Eddie Burns, Johnny Gorman, Jack McTiernan, Jimmy Doran, Tom Haley, Jack Burge, Jim Jennings, Mike Leonard, Sam Bolan, Frank Erne, Tommy White, Elwood McCluskey, Tommy Creed, Jack Downey, Eddie Sweeney, Martin Flaherty, among others.

Later he joined up with a theatrical company in a sketch called "O'Grady's First Lesson." The act ran about 25 minutes. Along with the sketch, Jack was meeting all comers and offering $50 to anyone in his class who could stay four rounds.

He retired from the stage to branch out as a manager and trainer of boxers. He had twenty-seven of them under his wing and at the same time he had three boxing clubs running, these being the Greenpoint A. C. of Brooklyn, the Palace Sporting Club of Trenton, N. J., and the American A. C. of Scranton, Pa.

IN SOUTH DAKOTA

BELLE FOURCHE, South Dakota—The main go of the 12th District Voiture "40 et 8" American Legion fight card under the direction of Matchmaker Fred Sankey featured a fight for the Rocky Mountain featherweight professional championship between Jack Bickett of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and Davy Manzanares of Denver Colorado. Manzanares won a close decision in the ten-round fight. Don Vodden, 160, Sturgis, South Dakota, fought an eight-round draw with Keith Gordon, 156, Huron, South Dakota. These boys are rated the two tops in their weight in the state.

Darrell Schuelke, the No. 1 professional lightweight of South Dakota from Sturgis, spotted Cox, a middleweight from Belle Fourche, 23 pounds and won an easy decision from him.

Other fights on the card featured a middleweight fight where Hamre knocked out Millslagelle in the first round, a lightweight bout in which Hendrickson decisioned Fisher, and a featherweight fight in which Geoffrey decisioned McBride.

Boxer—Columnist

(Continued from page 24)

fighting. I worked with Cal and taught him everything I knew. He was a willing and, I must say, a very apt pupil. That same year he fought in the Omaha tournament and came within an ace of winning the light-heavyweight championship.

I went on to Chicago where I came up to the finals and dropped the decision to Lorenzo Pack.

The following year I won the Omaha championship and this time won the Chicago title, beating John Washington, a strapping 6 foot, 7 inch Negro, in the finals. Vincequerra won the light-heavyweight championship and our team was awarded the team trophy. On top of that I was voted the Joe Louis sportsmanship trophy.

I was in line for a berth on the Olympic team that year, too, until I tangled with Lem Franklin in an inter-city tournament with Cleveland. I beat Lem but in the third round I broke my hand. Naturally, the Olympic trip was off.

It was the next year that I ran up against my old sparring partner, Cal Vincequerra, in the finals in Omaha. Well, the fellow decisioned me and I was a pretty broken-hearted kid as I knew it was my last year among the simon-pures. However, before the Chicago tournament Jack Hurley persuaded Cal to chuck his college and take a crack at the pros. So I took his place on the team and made the Chicago trip.

* * *

I HAD a good run of luck in the Chicago bouts that season and wound up in the finals against Lem Franklin. Since I had decisioned the colored heavyweight in those inter-city fights, he had registered an amazing streak of twenty-seven straight kayo wins. The wisemen figured he was a pretty good bet to turn the tables on me this time.

But I settled down to business and really pitched in that one, and came up with the decision after three wild rounds.

By that time I had decided to turn professional and Tommy O'Loughlin and I signed a five-year contract. I was still in school, of course, as I intended to get my diploma from the school of journalism.

My first pro start was against Max Graham in Minneapolis in December of 1938. I stopped him in less than a round and then beat veteran Stan Savoldi just before I hustled back to school after the Christmas holidays.

It was right after I graduated that I ran into my pet jinx, Cal Vincequerra, again. We met in Omaha and the guy stopped me in six rounds. That was a pretty bitter dose for a fellow in his third professional fight but Tommy hypoed my morale a bit and I went on to stop Bruno Dooley and Jack Kranz. I belted out Kranz in thirty-one seconds which gave me somewhat of a kick inasmuch as he went eight rounds with Joe Louis. Then I took on Hank Bath and Tuffy Dial, beat them both, and was paired with Vincequerra again.

This time Cal and I put up another sizzling fight and he was awarded the disputed decision after six rounds. I didn't feel so tough about that one because I knew that the next time we met I could stop him. However, I didn't get my chance because the next month O'Loughlin brought me to the West Coast. I won all my fights out there but was sick most of the time and we had to return to Minneapolis.

* * *

SHORTLY after my return I tumbled into some more rough luck. I broke my left hand in a fight with Clarence Brown in Milwaukee. That one put me on the shelf for almost seven weeks.

When I got rolling again, however, I did pretty well. It started when I trounced Web Epperson for the Minnesota heavyweight championship and wound up with a 10-round decision over the much-publicized Gunnar Barlund. After that I fought draws with Steve Dudas and Henry Wacker and then beat Bernie Bowman. My left hand bothered me a little in the Dudas and Wacker battles but when I blasted it on big Bernie I knew I was going to be hung up for a few more weeks until it completely healed.

In the meantime I had talked to Bob Burrill, editor of the Minneapolis *Shopping News*, about writing a boxing column on the paper's sport page. I have always had the notion in back of my head of stepping into the newspaper game after I hang up the gloves. He accepted me and I've been with him since.

About this time Cal Vincequerra was booked to fight Johnny Paychek in Omaha and two weeks before the fight Cal had two ribs broken in a gym workout. The promoters were anxious to have me come in and take Cal's place and I did so.

The fight itself was a sweetheart from a spectator's standpoint and after it was over, I danced back to my corner, confident I had won. Referee Sullivan thought otherwise, however, and hoisted Paychek's hand. Bedlam broke loose. The boxing commission discovered that the referee had employed the wrong system of scoring. When it was translated to the proper 10-point system, it was evident that I deserved a draw. And so the official decision was reversed to a draw by the commission the next day.

I've been fighting professionally now for a trifle over two years. There's plenty I've learned over that stretch of time and I'm not kidding myself that I still haven't plenty to learn in this business. One thing I'm working on right now is how to deliver a punch without bruising those mitts of mine.

Nevertheless, I'm giving myself about four years to hit my peak. After all, in half that time I've been able to hold my own with a veteran who is accepted as one of the five best heavyweights in the game today.

And the next time I'll slap Paychek's ears down with points to spare. THE RING Magazine thinks well of my chances. I have been mentioned a number of times as an excellent prospect and I hope to make good. My goal is two-fold—to be a top-notch heavyweight and to be a good sports columnist. When I started my boxing career I was warned that it is a tough game and that the hard knocks far exceeded the easy spots, and while I have found it so, I have no regrets. The sport has helped me to gain the prestige I have today and I hope that before I retire, I will have reached the goal of my ambition—to be a first rate writer and fighter.

Comeback Trail Precarious

(Continued from page 33)

at that late stage, could cut out a fast pace for a few rounds. For three frames, Savage, although urged by his seconds to rush the Kid, preferred "safety first." In the fourth round he plucked up heart enough to try his luck at slugging. As he swung a right for the head, the Kid stepped inside the punch and whipped a left hook squarely on the jaw-point. Savage flopped forward on his face and was counted out.

That was the only really hard wallop landed by the victor and McCoy probably didn't have another of the kind in reserve. But that one sockdologer was enough, when combined with the Kid's ability to make a sucker believe that he was the McCoy of old.

During the Kid's early years of campaigning as a middleweight, he was deceptively frail in appearance and as pale as a ghost. Seeing him on the street, the average citizen would certainly not have picked him out as a fighter.

A Buffalo club signed McCoy to box Jim Daly in that city in 1896. Daly had been the sparring partner of Jim Corbett, then heavyweight champ. He was a sturdily built, husky chap who could punch hard.

Daly had never seen McCoy until they stepped under the ropes. After one glance at the slender, white-faced Kid, the latter's prospective opponent registered a protest with the club president.

"Did you bring me here to commit murder?" asked Daly angrily.

"Why?" queried the president.

"Because," rejoined Daly, "it's nothing but murder to set up an invalid for me to slug. That guy's dying on his feet. If I hit him he's liable to break in half. I ain't hankering to go on trial for manslaughter!"

The wrangle proceeded for several minutes, with Daly insisting hotly that McCoy was an unfit subject for him to play with. Finally he was given assurance that in case McCoy was fatally or seriously injured, the club executives would testify that Daly was forced into the match against his better judgment. Still grumbling, Daly permitted the seconds to put on his gloves.

All this time McCoy had been sitting in his corner watching the argument with an ironical smile. At the first stroke of the bell, he walked up to Daly and jabbed him three times without a return. He varied this by cracking him on the chin with a short right that made Jim's knees buckle.

Daly rushed, swinging rights and lefts. But he might as well have been chasing a phantom. The Kid glided out of range with graceful ease, returning to pepper Jim with a choice assortment of hooks and jabs. Daly was so hopelessly outclassed that the bout became a farce. McCoy played with him like a cat with a mouse, occasionally letting up in his assaults and permitting him to recover, until the beginning of the fourth round, when a left to the chin put down the Buffalo husky for the full count.

Said the disgruntled Mr. Daly when he came to: "He looked like a sick guy. And I still say he looks sicker than any well guy should look. But if he is sick—I'd sure hate to go agen him when he's in good health!"

They Work Both Ways

(Continued from page 17)

looked every bit as bright as Billy Conn's does today. Incidentally, this same Yarosz was the last man to win a decision over his fellow Pittsburgher.

A year later, in Scranton, the accident happened and the Smoketown smoothie was never the same. He eventually dropped his title to this same Risko, and while a smart, capable boxer, never reached the heights he might have had not he been the victim of a cruel stroke of fortune.

* * *

MIKE BELLOISE is still a competent performer, but the loss of a rib during his siege of pneumonia in 1937 hurt him a great deal. Mike still wins more than he loses, but he never regained the spark following this ordeal.

Quite often the misfortune of one boxer has been the "open Sesame" to fame and fortune to another. James J. Braddock, then in the throes of the most inspiring comeback in ring history, might have beaten big Art Lasky anyway, but his task was made much simpler by Art's attack of grippe that had caused a previous postponement of the match. The luckless Lasky, after shaking off, so he thought, the grippe germs, came up with a bad hand, but feared to risk another postponement. He went through with the fight, received a licking, hit the downgrade, and James J. went on to become pugilism's Cinderella Man.

The swinging axe that placed Bob Pastor on the sidelines for nine months opened the way for Lou Nova's plunge into the heavyweight swim. Matched to fight Gunnar Barlund, Pastor was combining wood chopping with his regular training routine. Bob's aim wasn't all it should have been, and the axe found a resting place in his leg instead of the kindling. Result, in came Nova from the Coast to fill in for the stricken New Yorker.

The Alameda lad made the most of his opportunity, stopping the gaunt Gunnar, and slid right into the niche reserved for the man he had replaced.

How Conn's physical trials and tribulations will eventually affect his career only time will tell. Of course, everyone is hoping that his ailment will prove a transient one, and if it is he may find himself in a better position because of his enforced layoff than if his condition had permitted his fighting all along.

* * *

THE ring career of Eugene Criqui should be an inspiration to all boxers who suffer accident or misfortune. The valiant Frenchman, victim of a terrible war wound that destroyed part of his lower jaw bone, did not let that blow of fate prevent him from gaining a world's championship in the ring.

Surgeons replaced the missing parts with the jawbone of a sheep, and the lion-hearted ex-Poilu came on to write a noble page in boxing history by winning the featherweight championship of the world from Johnny Kilbane back in 1923.

Present day boxers should take courage from this outstanding example of fortitude and determination.

Left Is the Brains

(Continued from page 8)

the savage when he is getting the better of it. Joe figures that the groggy man with one dying kick left in him is a dangerous proposition, a rat cornered, fighting for his life. Many a good man has lost after victory was in his grasp.

"Johnnie Griffin had Solly Smith going, almost gone, but Johnnie waded into Smith to apply the finishing touch. And what did Smith do to him? Why, he got there with the dying kick, a plunk on the jaw, the last despairing blow. That was the straw that saved the drowning man.. Griffin fell and failed to get up. Of course, Gans had McPartland well on the road to Queer Street, but he was satisfied with beating his man and wouldn't take the slightest chance.

"When I made this match with McPartland, the friends of the Kid in New York informed me that I had my pulse with me, because I called the Kid's bluff. They couldn't see Joe with a Lick telescope. That's the way with these prejudiced sports. They won't give a young fellow a hearing and can't see anyone but their favorite. They never could see Corbett till John Sullivan fell to rise no more in the ring at New Orleans six years ago. I now figure that by decisively whipping so clever a fighter as McPartland, Gans has made the grade."

Herford was correct. That fight took place in 1898 and a few years later Gans was the world champion, but between that fight and the winning of the crown, there wasn't a greater lightweight in the world than the man who whipped Kid McPartland in twenty rounds.

The fight with McPartland put Gans on the map. It was the contest that caused New Yorkers to rave over the cleverness of the Baltimore Negro and henceforth he became a national figure. He was a revelation that night and those who saw the mill at the Lenox Club left singing his praises. Too much left, they said of McPartland, and they were correct.

Morgan Boom to Boxing

(Continued from page 22)

ALF MOREY is regarded by hundreds of fight followers as an old West Australian but actually Alf was born in Melbourne, and came, or was brought by his parents to the West. His series of fights with the American, Dick Cullen about thirty years ago are talked about to this day. A true lightweight, but a stiff-built lad with a terrific punch, Morey was able to take his place and break even with the most brilliant band of little men that ever pulled on gloves in Australia — Frank Thorn, Fred Kay, Jack Read, Herb McCoy, Harry Stone and Milburn Saylor.

Morey, although a lightweight, was on one occasion matched with Black Paddy, a stocky Western Australian aborigine of middleweight poundage, an Australian Sam Langford. This fight went twenty rounds, to the surprise of Morey's backers, who expected Alf to K.O. Paddy in the early stages of the battle. But no lightweight, however hard-hitting, could have expected to score in that way over Paddy, who had weathered the storm of battle with Jerry Jerome and other middleweights at their best.

* * *

BLACK PADDY I see nearly every day in the streets of Fremantle, and I often hear his shrill laugh as he exchanges good-humored banter with passers-by, many of whom know nothing of his ring career. Paddy at least is a true-born son of Western Australia, and aborigine though he is, is probably the best middleweight that we have produced.

George Thompson, who was born on the West Australian goldfields and who won the heavyweight championship of Australia in 1926, must be awarded the palm as our best heavy.

I have known George since he was a lad and claim him as a personal friend. When his career is studied, it must be admitted that his achievements are something to wonder at, when it is remembered that he learned the game of boxing while serving overseas with the Australian Imperial Force in wartime. It can be gauged how old he was when he enlisted by the fact that he was only twenty-eight years of age when he beat Albert Lloyd and Ern Sheppeard and gained the title in 1926.

I would like to conclude this brief sketch of the careers of some Western Australian fighters with a discussion of the chances of local lightweights in the forthcoming fight or fights to decide with some degree of permanency the question of the ownership of the lightweight championship of Australia, but I am forced to admit that there is no locally born lad capable of taking the title from Tod Morgan.

Boxall has beaten Morgan once, but cannot do it again under lightweight conditions. Paddy started out as a lightweight wrestler, and in the course of training, developed a frame that is now more suitable for the welter than the lightweight class. Apart from Boxall, there is no Western Australian lightweight worth considering.

I was asked the other day to nominate the future lightweight champion of Australia, and if my opinion is of interest to RING readers, here it is for what it is worth: I definitely give Joe Hall a chance, although he can fight as a feather, and from among the true lightweights, I select Bert Osborne as the one with a chance of beating Tod.

In Gas-Lit Era

(Continued from page 14)

Braintree lad of Massachusetts. And what a battle that was, mates!

For twenty-five rounds the two went at each other, with the Negro having the better of the argument, and his opponent showing the kind of courage that made the fight worth while seeing. Captain Daly gave the verdict to Dixon, but George knew that he had been in a mill despite his superior work.

Then came the fight between Joe Wolcott, Tom O'Rourke's Black Wonder, and Dick O'Brien of Lewiston, Maine. It had been figured that Dick would give Joe a terrific battle, but Dick caught a Tartar in the Negro. In less than two minutes of the first round, O'Brien was floored twice and then, as he arose for the second time, a right hand crashed to the jaw and sent Dick down with a thud and the fight was over.

England's Fighting Feather

(Continued from page 29)

his chances. Marsden was outfought and outspeeded in the latter stages of the bout. Parkes rounded off his 1938 campaign by boxing a draw with Tom Thomas, who incidentally provided Parkes with his first fight of '39. In this contest, Frankie made no mistakes cleaning up the game Welsh lad in seven stanzas after he had taken plenty of punishment.

Parkes had sixteen fights during '38, winning all but two and drawing those, a creditable performance for a lad but eighteen years old.

The butcher boy boxer, dubbed Nottingham's "Blond Tiger" by this writer, took for his next opponent none other than John Cusick, the clever Manchester boy, and lost.

This was his first reverse in over eighteen months of campaigning and a little later he was destined to drop yet another points decision, making it two on the run. Frank fought Dan McAllister at the Liverpool Stadium, and the referee decided in favor of the Irishman.

Was Parkes going stale or was he about to fall back after showing great promise? The answer came a few weeks later when Parkes fought at the National Sporting Club, the mecca of out-of-town fighters. He was matched with Jimmy Lester of Dagenham, and Parkes won handily after eight rounds of fast, two-handed fighting.

At the next show there, Parkes, substituting for Billy Walker against Johnny McManus, shellacked the Scot, stopping him in the eighth and last stanza. Fighting at the National Sporting Club for the third time in three weeks, Parkes outpointed the useful Welsh featherweight, Phineas John, over eight heats, and in a fourth bout at this famous sports rendezvous, succeeded in winning a popular decision from Joe Connolly, brilliant young Scots featherweight.

Frankie continued to show the improved form that caused his backers to place so much faith in him by taking a points verdict from Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain and the British Empire, and shortly afterward put up the fight of his life to split the verdict with the redoubtable and all-conquering Kid Tanner.

Parkes went on to further victory, turning in a winning performance over Sammy Shaw, fighting featherweight from Hull, thus avenging himself for the poor four-round draw he had fought with Shaw in 1938. Frankie's finest performance came in his last bout to date, when topping the card at the famous Liverpool Stadium, he upset the odds by whipping Kid Tanner and winning the referee's nod. In his next fight at Newcastle, Parkes, meeting Tom Smith in an elemination featherweight bout, lost in 15 rounds.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 18)

celled as a football tackle and was an excellent swimmer. When an opportunity presented itself for a job at the Mayflower Hotel in Miami, Fla., Poland decided to leave school altogether and thus his education was curtailed.

Poland doesn't depend upon fighting for his livelihood exclusively because he owns a good paying poolroom at 125 East 170th Street in the Bronx. Poland has grown since he laced on the first pair of upholstered mitts. He now stands six feet two inches in height and scales 190 pounds in fighting trim.

But it is Poland's hard punching, his intense industry in the gymnasium, his determination to reach the pinnacle of pugilistic prominence and the good fortune in having Pop Cook as his manager and Whitey Bimstein as his trainer that has led Eastern fight critics to stamp Bill Poland as a potential heavyweight championship threat.

* * *

A NATIVE of Cleveland, O., Lloyd Marshall began his career as an amateur, winning the Ohio Golden Gloves middleweight championship in both 1934 and 1935. As an amateur he engaged in 208 fights, losing only 11. He attended Central High in Cleveland, where he participated in both basketball and track.

He had a natural liking for boxing and began his amateur career in 1930 at the age of 15. He reached the final of the middleweight class in the National A. A. U. tourney in St. Louis, losing a hairline decision to Dave Clark. The year previous in the Nationals, also in the Nationals in St. Louis, he had dropped a close verdict to Fred Apostoli in the semi-finals.

The depression forced him to pass up the Olympic trials in 1936, and turning pro under the management of ex-boxer Johnny Papke, he won 12 bouts in a row. At this point, the boys started to duck Lloyd and he became discouraged and considered quitting. Frank Doljack, former outfielder for the Detroit Tigers, then stepped into the picture and offered to take Marshall out to the Coast and a new start.

Arriving on the Coast in 1936, Lloyd fought six fights for Doljack, then playing for Sacramento in the Pacific Coast League, and won them all. Doljack found it difficult to attend to his ball playing and the management of Marshall at the same time, so Jim Edwards of Sacramento came into possession of a five-year contract on Marshall.

Under Edwards' management, Marshall continued to win his bouts, moving up into faster company. He beat such Coast top-notch middleweights as Johnny Bandit Romero, who had previously beaten him; Joey Smallwood, Pietro Georgi and Charley Coates. He soon developed into such a card in Sacramento that the promoters began to bring in nationally known fighters to meet him. On September 1, 1938, in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, he defeated clever Ken Overlin, being credited with all ten rounds in winning the decision.

He was then matched with Ceferino Garcia, but the Filipino's manager insisted that he make 155 pounds. The pair met on February 22, 1939. Marshall went like a house afire for five rounds, weakened badly in the latter rounds due to the weight-making ordeal, and was dropped four times in the final round, losing a ten-round decision.

Rematched with Garcia, this time Marshall was required to make 158 pounds, and in the second bout, which took place on March 17, 1939, Lloyd suffered a bad cut on the forehead in the fifth round as a result of a butt, and Referee Toby Irwin called a halt. Both these fights took place in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium.

Marshall came right back from these tough breaks with three straight wins over three former middleweight champions of the world. He knocked out Babe Risko in five rounds in Sacramento, then on September 29, 1939, defeated another ex-middleweight title-holder, Teddy Yarosz, in San Francisco in ten rounds, dropping the Pittsburgher a couple of times. Lou Brouillard was the third ex-king of the middles to fall victim of Lloyd's flailing fists, losing a ten-round verdict to Marshall in Oakland on December 6, 1939.

At this point, Eddie Higgins, long an admirer of Lloyd's, offered Edwards $3500 for Marshall's contract, but Edwards asked $10,000. Edwards, a hotel restaurant manager for whom Marshall has high regard, was unable to devote sufficient time to a title contender and his business, too. Eventually Higgins and Edwards reached an agreement, and Higgins sent Lloyd East where Andy Niederreiter is acting as his present mentor.

Winner of 52 out of 55 bouts, Marshall shapes up as the best of the current crop of middleweight contenders.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of eight you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—When was the rule put into effect that requires a fighter who has floored an opponent to go to the farthest corner?

2—When is a fighter considered down?

3—Identify the following blow with the man who is credited with having invented it—corkscrew punch; rabbit punch.

4—From whom did Al Singer win the world lightweight title? Jimmy McLarnin win the welter crown? Primo Carnera win the heavyweight championship? Jack Johnson win the heavyweight title, and Barney Ross win the lightweight laurels?

5—What is a clean break?

6—If in scoring a fight, the rounds are even, can the referee and judges give the contest to one of the contestants?

7—If a fighter is hanging over the ropes, should the referee permit his opponent to toss punches at the helpless fighter in an effort to drop him?

8—Name four foreign heavyweights who have fought in this country in heavyweight championship fights since 1920.

9—What is meant by orthodox style boxing; by southpaw boxing?

10—In what class are the following fighters—Sixto Escobar, Al Hostak, Billy Conn, Lew Jenkins, Milt Aron, Georgie Abrams, Red Burman, Chalky Wright, Little Pancho, Davey Day, Ken Overlin and Al Davis?

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

has been termed by the spectators. Win or lose, Kulkavich manages to keep the fans interested every second he is in the ring .... Another daredevil of the bone-tugging trade is Jimmy Coffield, as daring a gripster as ever entered the squared circle. Coffield hasn't come by his moniker as "Mad Missourian" for no reason at all. He is a caveman. With him it is a question of winning at the earliest possible moment —rules and regulations notwithstanding.

Bobby Managoff has fully recovered from his recent illness. Always popular with the fans, the return of Managoff to action means that the patrons of grappling will come out in larger numbers to root their favorite on to victory .... With the indoor wrestling season just terminated, mat promoters are loud in their acclaim of the drawing powers of the four Dusek brothers, more commonly referred to as the Riot Squad of Grappledom. Anytime this Big Four of the bone-bending business appear in mat action, sellouts are in order. Yes, Rudy, Ernie, Emil and Joe Dusek have earned their spurs as the greatest attraction of all time. At this early stage, the impresarios are battling each other for the privilege of signing up the Quarrelsome Quartet for their outdoor presentations .... Frank Judson, one-time Harvard mat coach, is doing his wrestling around New England and Canada. Reports that have reached your correspondent are to the effect that the popular Judson is wrestling better than ever and is in great demand by the promoters.

Another tugger doing well in that part of the country is Eddie Newman, the bruising ex-sheriff from Arizona. Newman, a native born New Yorker, started his mat career in the wild and woolly west and has been battling the top-notchers for the past three years .... Ed "Tarzan" White, the one-time football hero of the University of Alabama, is making the grade around St. Louis. White, who has become a very good card along the Atlantic Coast, decided to do his tussling around the Mississippi Valley for the summer months.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII, by Teddy Yamachika follows: Kimon Kudo and his Japanese arm bar are proving quite popular with Honolulu fans. He is the most popular wrestler in the Islands. That is saying a mouthful considering the great array of first class talent now residing here. Recently Kudo was presented with a silk robe, a gift from his local admirers.

Although only a junior heavyweight, he is willing to meet all comers. He is still undefeated in Honolulu. Among his victims are such well knowns as Nick Baynalis, Whitey Walberg and Tony Bommerito. This is what Promoter Al Karasick says of Kudo: "Kudo is a master of every hold in the game and is slippery in the ring. His method of breaking a hold is to apply a counter hold which is wrestling as it should be. I have seen many good wrestlers but I have never seen anyone apply the Japanese arm bar with the snap and completeness that Kudo shows."

This may be aside from the point but it is interesting to note that Japanese wrestlers usually have strong legs. This is due to the fact that almost all the Japanese grapplers in the game today have been trained in the Sumo style of wrestling. Unlike the American or European catch-as-catch-can style, victory in the Sumo depends entirely on the ability of the contestant to remain on his feet. He loses the bout if he slips and falls or if his hands or knees touch the ground.

Another interesting thing is that in Sumo there are no weight classes. Quite often a man weighing only about 150 pounds tackles a 200-pounder and it is not the rule that the bigger man would emerge the winner. Perhaps Kudo's fearlessness in meeting bigger men is the result of his Sumo training.

* * *

Two newcomers, Billy Venable and Kid Chapman, made quite a hit in their debut here. Billy, who hails from Tulsa, lost a referee's decision to Steve Nenoff. The bout was even, each having gained a fall, until Billy decided to tangle with the referee, who happened to be Jack "Killer" Gacek. Gacek handed Billy the pile-driver and that ended the match. Kid Chapman held Tony Bommerito to a draw.

* * *

It won't be surprising if Al Karasick decides to hold the world's junior heavyweight championship in Honolulu in the near future. For one thing, there is a monopoly of junior heavyweights here at present. Such stars as Tony Bommerito, Steve Nenoff, Nick Baynalis, Kid Chapman, Billy Venable, Whitey Walberg and Kimon Kodu are apt to create an interesting tournament. And to make the championship battle possible, Bill Weidner, recognized junior heavyweight champion of the world, is scheduled to arrive here soon. Also due here is Tetsuo "Rubberman" Higami, another junior heavyweight.

* * *

GENIAL-FACED Ernie Scharpegge died of a heart attack at his home in Milwaukee recently. Wrestling fans may remember Ernie as "Bill Lundeen, the Big Swede," as he was billed in the East. Born in Germany, Scharpegge learned to grapple there, but only after coming to this country did he acquire a reputation. One night in Boston, Strangler Lewis' opponent became ill and Ernie snatched at this chance to substitute. The "Big Swede's" performance was so good that his fortune was made. After Boston, he went to Los Angeles, where the flickers eventually attracted him. He appeared in two pictures with Jack Dempsey and seven with Norma Talmadge, and also had parts in "The Sea Hawk" and "Scaramouche."

Then Milwaukee's German population led Scharpegge to settle there and he joined Paul Paloski's troupe. In three matches with Gus Sonnenberg, he drew $3,000, $9,000 and $13,000, although losing them all. The latter figures represent the height of the game's popularity in the Brewer City.

Healthy till the day he died, the huge German was a tavern proprietor and promoted weekly wrestling shows at Bahn Frei Hall. The grappling business will keenly feel the absence of this fellow, who helped considerably to fan the spark of an almost lifeless enterprise.

New Zealand wrestling is in full swing. Big crowds are again coming out to see their favorites. "It is hoped that several American stars will soon be on their way to our land," writes Dave Ballantyne. "We have received word that Jack Sherry will soon lead some stars here. If he does, Jack will receive a royal welcome. The fans of New Zealand are eager to get a chance to see him in action as his reputation as a wrestler seems to be very high, judging by RING reports," he concludes in a letter to the Editor.

George Penchoff, Brother Jonathan, George Harbin, Eddie Scarfe and Len Jensen are the headliners.

Lofty Blomfield, star Australian wrestler, has joined the army. He is a sergeant at Papakura and is very popular. He expects to be in Europe or near the Suez by the time this magazine goes to press.

Foreign Mat Stars

(Continued from page 39)

HERE we meet a young man by the name of Henry Joos, a physical marvel. Joos claims the championship at the light-heavyweight limit of both Switzerland and the Netherlands. Only 23 years old, he is built like a Greek god and has posed for some of the best known sculptors in Europe.

Joos is certain to make a big hit over here. He has plenty of experience, has competed in all open European tournaments and won a number of them. In Switzerland and Holland, he was undefeated at the weight. He is recognized as the official champion in both these countries.

Joos weighs 195 pounds and will be kept busy over here, where at this weight he will encounter some of the world's greatest wrestlers now in this country.

So with our jaunt around the world finished we are glad we were able to give the thousands of fans now flocking to wrestling arenas all over the country, a preview of the big stars whom Jack Pfeffer again has brought to this country.

New Faces

(Continued from page 28)

Fourche, South Dakota, and in many other Minnesota and South Dakota towns.

His outstanding fight was against Babe La Varre at Houston, Texas. Bickett won after six bloody rounds of fast and furious fighting. Bickett is taking on tougher competition steadily. He is a good drawing card and fights from gong to gong.

* * *

Solly Stark

THERE is another lad managed by the handler of Bickett, Fred Sankey of Kead City, South Dakota, who looks like a comer. The boy's name is Solly Stark. Solly has done considerable work with Lee Savold at Pott's Gym in Minneapolis, and Lee thinks a lot of the boy. Stark is a light-heavyweight, one of the best in the Middle West. He has had more than seventy fights and has lost only three. He has an excellent kayo record.

According to Savold, Stark would be a hit in the East if given the chance to show.

The Case of Johnny Paychek

(Continued from page 5)

could see it. It was just a question of how much time would be consumed in the second round with running and circling tactics. But Louis saw to that. At the sound of the gong he walked into the first punch tossed by his rival, a left jab to the face. Then Joe got busy. He hooked a left to the head and as Paychek threw out his right, Louis got under it and crashed a right with such power that Paychek fell backwards with a thud, landing on his back, the body being stretched its full length.

I have seen Louis in all but one of his fights since he started his championship reign, and I daresay that right-hand wallop was the hardest hitting punch he had ever delivered against the body of an opponent. There was no need for counting. Arthur Donovan had reached seven when he noticed that the rubber mouthpiece was choking Johnny and he halted proceedings, removed the rubber and motioned to Paychek's seconds to care for their man.

The crowd was the smallest that has seen Louis in a title defense since he gained the championship. The gross intake was only $62,481. The fight fans apparently won't pay to see the Bomber against ordinary fighters.

White Hopes—

(Continued from page 31)

old Pittsburgh walloper over the more or less brittle San Francisco youngster primarily because of Moran's hefty right-hand wallop.

* * *

How would old Fireman Jim Flynn stack up against England's Tommy Farr in your book? Here would be a brawl, and don't let 'em tell you different!

Flynn, dock-brawler of the first water, and Farr, tougher than the proverbial boot. Here is one bit of fisticuffs that would have been a pip.

The winner? Over the fifteen-round route it would be even money in our book, and we would as soon select the winner on a heads-and-tails basis as any other way. Suppose we call this one a draw.

* * *

Now pit the lithe Al Kaufman against an aging Max Schmeling. Here again we would give the nod to the oldsters. Kaufman possessed an abundance of cleverness and could also hit. He compared favorably with the best of 'em. This being the case, we can't see Schmeling beating Al when the Californian was touring the country as a "White Hope." So once more, the oldsters have it.

* * *

NOW we come to one that will really get us in bad. This time we are picking 245-pound Carl Morris over Johnny Paychek. Paired against the Irish-Indian giant from the hills of Oklahoma, Paychek would have been a fortunate young man indeed, to have emerged with the victory.

Remember, Carl Morris possessed a fair wallop of his own, and though he was a giant of a man, he could box on a par with most of the boys, old or young. He would have knocked Paychek kicking in five rounds.

* * *

AND again we are going down hook, line and sinker on huge Jess Willard to belt the tar out of 185-pound Red Burman. Willard, who eventually went on to lick Jack Johnson, left the prize-ring with one of the best kayo records of all time.

A lot of folks will tell you that Jess Willard was a big lumbering guy that stumbled into the championship. I don't believe them. Regardless of his shortcomings, Jess Willard was a far better ringman than he was ever given credit for. And back in 1913, the Kansas giant was just coming into his own. And capable battler that he is, Red Burman wouldn't have gone the limit with the Willard of 1913.

ARTHUR PELKEY or Max Baer? Baer would be our choice if Max were as good as when in his prime, but the Baer of today vs. Arthur would be no contest. Pelkey was a terrific hitter, providing he had a stationary target to shoot at, and the Baer of 1940 would be just such a target. It was the fast clever boys that eventually wrecked Pelkey's title chances.

* * *

NOW, here is another that will no doubt get us in dutch. This time we are picking today's Arturo Godoy to take the nod over gangling Bombardier Wells of other days.

Wells was a socker and don't let 'em tell you he wasn't. But he couldn't "take it," either in the body or on the chin, and with Godoy doing the pitching, Wells would have caught too many of them on vulnerable spots. The South American champ by a kayo in our book, providing he didn't forget to duck, and we don't think he would have.

* * *

Who would you pick between Jim Coffey, "the Roscommon giant," and Alberto Lovell of Argentine? Well, I'll string along with the Irish lad. He couldn't take a punch any too well, as Frank Moran proved a couple of times, but the huge Irish kid was as game as the next one and he could puncture a naval cruiser with his Sunday wallops.

Coffey to outbull and outgame Mr. Lovell in a fifteen-rounder.

* * *

I COULD go down the line and continue to pick flaws in the present crop of challengers for heavyweight honors to prove my case that the original "White Hopes" were superior to those of this era; but I don't think there is any need to go further. As fighters go today, the leading dozen as chosen by THE RING make up the best in the field of heavyweights, but as for talent, there is little in that group. At most a quarter of the lot can be classed as good timber, but the rest must be tabbed just ordinary.

The old boys were tougher and hardier than the present crop. They fought under tougher conditions and at that time big money hadn't as yet become such a determining factor in fisticuffs.

And, too, don't forget that the old boys averaged 212 pounds on the hoof, to the modern's 196. And you know the old saying: "A good big man will always lick a good little man." . . . . or does he?

Experience Is the Best Teacher

(Continued from page 21)

one important essential—experience.

The tragic case of Jimmy Adamick is another example. He looked like a world beater until they started to throw him in against men who had already gone through the field of instruction and the result was his undoing. Not only did he almost suffer a fatality, but he was forced into retirement.

Go down the line and you'll find that experience is the one big factor in any heavyweight's success. You can't pick up a champion over night. He must go through the mill.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—The rule was first used at the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago in 1927.

2—A fighter is down when any part of his body except his feet touches the ground, or he is hanging helplessly over the ropes.

3—Kid McCoy, the corkscrew, and Jack Slack invented the rabbit punch.

4—Singer won the title from Sammy Mandell; McLarnin won the welter crown from Young Corbett III; Carnera won the heavyweight title from Jack Sharkey; Johnson won the crown from Tommy Burns, and Ross won the lightweight laurels from Tony Canzoneri.

5—When a referee orders the fighters to break clean, he wants them to step back one step before hitting and not to sneak over a punch.

6—The officials can give the contest to one of the fighters even if their point tally is even, basing their decision on superiority in any one of the rounds.

7—Referee should order opponent to neutral corner and count over helpless fighter.

8—Foreign heavyweights who have fought in this country for the title include Luis Firpo, Georges Carpentier, Max Schmeling and Arturo Godoy.

9—In orthodox style, fighter extends left foot and left hand; southpaw fights reverse style, with right foot and hand extended.

10—Escobar, featherweight; Hostak, middleweight; Conn, light-heavyweight; Jenkins, lightweight; Aron, welterweight; Abrams, middleweight; Burman, heavyweight; Wright, featherweight; Pancho, bantam; Day, lightweight; Overlin, middleweight, and Davis, welterweight.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WAS glad to hear that you liked the little antiques I sent you from Australia and New Zealand. I notice that in the January issue of THE RING you have a letter from Albert A. Hitchcock of Cape Town, South Africa.

Mr. Hitchcock must be very much mistaken in his remarks, for Earl McCready has already beaten van der Walt two falls in twenty-three minutes. And if Mr. Hitchcock is not convinced as to which is the better man, I am willing to make a side bet, of anywhere from 1,000 to 5,000 pounds that McCready will win not two but three falls in one hour.

If van der Walt should win even one fall from McCready, Mr. Hitchcock (or his backers) would win the side bet. Rest assured that McCready will return to South Africa any time this side bet is covered and prove how much superior he is than van der Walt.

I also wish to issue to Jim Londos a challenge on behalf of McCready for the world's heavyweight title. I am willing to post five thousand dollars that McCready will emerge the winner if Londos will give him a shot at the title. McCready, as you know, has been undefeated in four years.

I believe that Londos should meet McCready for he is without a question of doubt the outstanding challenger for the title. In the days of immortal Frank Gotch, when a challenger came and proved his ability he was only too glad to accept the challenge. Gotch wasn't afraid to face such men as Yousiff Mahmout, George Hackenschmidt, Stanislaus Zbyszko and every other wrestler of note in his time.

I would like to go on record here and now criticizing athletic commissioners who permit mud wrestling, ice cream wrestling and battle royals. When they have the law in their hands, I cannot see why they should allow such disgraceful methods in matches in this country.

In New Zealand and Australia no such methods are allowed by the police commissioners. Athletic commissioners of the United States, I believe, should see that such disgraceful exhibitions should be abolished in the future.

Wrestling is one of the most scientific and the greatest body builder of any sport and serves well in the art of self-defense. I know from my own experience that it takes years of experience to learn the wrestling sport. A man cannot become a champion in six months, a year or even two years for he is just learning the sport in this time.

Clean, scientific wrestling does not need freaks, battle royals, or mud battles to draw the crowds. This has been proven in the past, for the most successful promoters—over a period of years—have been the ones using good straight, scientific wrestling. In recent years some carnival promoters have introduced such novelties for their own financial benefit, and by so doing they degrade the oldest of all sports.

If either of the challenges on behalf of McCready are accepted I stand willing to post the money immediately. I left for New Zealand on the 27th of March, will continue to correspond with you from time to time.

Please understand I have no financial interest in McCready, and am not his manager. But I know he is a truly great wrestler, if not the greatest in the world today. For the advancement of the sport I would like to see him get the chance he deserves because I know he has the ability.

WALTER MILLER,
Seattle, Washington.

* * *

AFTER seeing "The Birth of a Champion," I am still convinced that Louis is Dempsey's superior. I don't believe Willard would have gone one round with Louis. Louis is a more deadly hitter, more accurate. In comparison, I believe Louis is a better defensive fighter, can hit as hard, can take it as well and is a more accurate and deadly hitter. Is a stronger man physically and has more stamina and endurance than Dempsey. Dempsey may have been faster and more colorful. Louis is a cleaner fighter, and I believe a smart one.

If Louis had knocked Willard down seven times, Jess would have stayed down for keeps. Dempsey fought himself out in the first round. I believe more punishment was dealt out by Louis in the first round against Schmeling than Dempsey showed against Willard in three; Willard showed no ability as a fighter except gameness and size.

A FIGHT FAN,
Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

SEE where that old-timer, Choynski, has a letter in the April RING. Didn't know he was still around. He must be a very old man but he writes a good letter. Why don't you get some of his reminiscences before it is too late? It would be good reading, especially for your graybeard readers. Don't do with Choynski like you did with Britt and give him a big spread after he is gone.

That's not a slam. You are just human like I am and that's how we all do. Maybe if you asked him, Choynski would write about some of his big fights like the Corbett and Jeffries. I think this would be a good idea because Choynski won't live forever, although I wish him long life. He was a great fighter. A little too light, maybe, but a wonderful fighter.

Yours in admiration for your fine sportsmanship and great magazine.

CHARLES FROLL,
Easton, Pa.

(Sorry, I've asked Joe before, but while he likes to communicate with me by mail, he doesn't like to write his reminiscences. Some day we'll get to it.—EDITOR'S NOTE)

* * *

EVERY other week of late I have read in various periodicals about Gene Tunney putting the chill on Joe Louis—on paper, of course! Most of the men Tunney has mentioned have put poor old Joe away! And, of course, Tunney has put the royal and ancient order of the knockout over on Joe, too.

Not so long ago Tunney's theme song was "If I Fought a Gorilla," and then he proceeded to tell gullible readers—you have to be that to read Tunney—how he would have knocked out the eye-teeth, raked the old Atavism with long rights under the heart, not forgetting a stream of right uppercuts in close as the jungle man tried to "do" him. And, if my memory is right, I think there was a row of left jabs to the Adam's apple, and a few left liver blows.

It makes entertaining reading once in a while, but every other week, Tunney and his quotations of Shakespeare, Tunney and what would have happened to Joe Louis against some of the old-timers, and what he, himself, would have done to Joe!

Actually there is nothing in Tunney's record to warrant any criticism. His opponents were not any better than Joe's. And I include the aged Jack Dempsey. Tunney against Farr, Godoy and the first Schmeling wouldn't have been any better. Time may have dimmed the ex-Greenwich Villager's ideas, but it hasn't the critics.

Tunney might with benefit study the old English book, "A History of Bores," and give us all a rest! Particularly on the intellectual stuff! Actually he has no greater range than a well-informed second year college boy, and I very much doubt if his I.Q. would be very high in an average class of intelligent students. So call it a day, maestro, will you?

DAVE FORBES,
Montreal, P. Q., Can.

* * *

THERE is perhaps no sport so far behind in public thought as boxing. Most people today still think of boxing as they did in the bare knuckle days: brutal, repulsive, and to a finish, with the sole purpose of destroying their opponent. Whenever a known hitter like Louis fails to knock out an opponent, they cry "fake" or "he is slipping." No thought is given to the fine points

of the game, which enabled his opponent to stay the distance. No boxer, no matter how hard a hitter, has ever knocked out every man he has faced.

Does the boxing game need government supervision? I doubt it. Political interference won't help. What we need is more writers like Nat Fleischer, Eddie Borden and Dan Parker, who have the best interest of the game at heart. They are as quick to condemn as to praise when the occasion arises. A publication like THE RING, which is fast becoming a guide book, boosts those who are helping the game. In this way I believe boxing at its best will forge to the top.

MARK FANNON,
Boston, Mass.

* * *

WE have a large gym and everybody reads THE RING, although they don't all buy them, of course. Down my way, every time one favorite appears in THE RING, everybody wants that book, and gets it.

Gene Buffalo, Harry Jeffra, Tommy Mollis and Bobby Green all started in Baltimore and are popular boys, so are lots of others. While thanking you for your kindness, I must say we boys buy THE RING on its merits and no argument I could make, would enhance its sale around my section as the sale is 100 per cent high, owing to the impartial view you have adopted towards all races.

If a colored boy is good, you give him the same break you give the white lads. One issue a letter called you a Negro lover, but you answered him properly. So you see, Nat, why THE RING sells to the limit. Everybody knows they can depend on it for truth, liberality, tolerance.

In England I crossed the bridge to Newcastle. In Venice I sailed down the Grand Canal. From Rialto to San Marko, Barbadoes, on King William Street, in each place I bought a RING. So it must be great.

GEO. PERRY,
Baltimore, Md.

(Thanks a lot, old pal. Your sentiments certainly are deeply appreciated.—EDITOR)

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

THE first thing that I saw when I reached home from Florida was the April edition of THE RING. Reading it from cover to cover, I must dissent with the several opinions of the experts regarding Jack Johnson. I have been following fights for the last forty-three years. Neither time nor distance has prevented me from seeing some of the greatest championship fights in that time.

I will agree that Johnson was one of the greatest defensive fighters, but that let him out. What really good fighter did Johnson beat? They say that about nearly all champions, but most of them beat all the fighters at the time, but Johnson did not do even that.

If you remember, he drew the color line on Langford, a really great fighter of his time. Langford, in my opinion, would have beaten Johnson every day in the week, and there were a few other colored fighters who would have given Johnson a good fight and probably beaten him.

My opinion is that Jim Corbett, J. Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis would have taken Johnson easily. Of course, this is my own opinion and it is worth as much as lots of so-called experts, and many of the scribes agree with me that the Dempsey of Toledo would have taken any man that ever lived.

J. PADDY WHITE,
Great Neck, N. Y.

* * *

AS a constant reader of THE RING, the world's greatest fight magazine for many years, and believing you to be fair and open-minded in giving colored fighters a square deal, I ask that you permit me my say in-re the Joe Louis and Arturo Godoy fight, as there has been so much unfair criticism about Joe because he didn't knock out Godoy.

After many years of experience in the fight game as a trainer, manager and promoter, I'm still committed to the opinion that Joe stands out as the greatest heavyweight champion of them all. There has never been a champion in any division who didn't have trouble with certain types of fighters. I'll challenge anyone in the world to disprove that statement. There never has been, and never will be, a fighter who would look effective against such a clown as was Godoy. He employed the tactics of billy goat and a crouching ape, then suddenly would leap wildly into a jitterbug huddle. I rate Godoy the champion "BUTTER" over our Jim Flynn, the Pueblo Fireman, who was the prize ring billy goat of history. He nearly butted Jack Johnson out of the ring in Las Vegas, N. M., in 1912. Godoy, with his clown style of fighting, didn't only amaze Joe, he also amazed and puzzled Donovan.

The very first rule of boxing tells us that a fight must be a fair, stand-up battle. Boxing rules decree that when a boxer's gloves touch the ground he is down, whether he went down of his own accord or was dropped, and the referee must count over him. Yet what do we find in the Godoy-Louis pictures? Donovan, in an interview, says, "Why should I have counted? Godoy wasn't down. His gloves never touched the ground."

Was Arthur blind-folded that night? How about looking at the movies, Arthur, or studying THE RING pictures? You'll see Arturo crawling on the canvas like an ape. Was he down, Arthur?

If Donovan were attending to his duty as a real, smart referee would do, he would have counted over Godoy, and when Godoy repeated the offense of going down again without being struck, he should have been disqualified. That's what old Charley White, Tim Hurst, Bill Brown and other famous referees of the past would have done. But Arthur didn't see Godoy down! He was too thrilled by that ape act of Arturo to notice anything wrong! But Louis is the one who gets the blame because he didn't put Arturo away! What a pity some fans cannot see beyond their noses!

It takes two men to make a fight.

DEWEY SHUEY,
Denver, Colorado.

* * *

LET me congratulate you for your issue with the "N.B.A." It's really too bad we don't have more men in this world who try to be absolutely fair and just in every sense of the words.

The N.B.A. constantly makes a laughing stock of itself and continues to mix and muddle rather than untangle and keep a square boxing situation. To a true follower of the boxing game and the boxing mouthpiece of the world, THE RING, the N.B.A. officials appear to be very ignorant of fighting and its conduct and justification. I notice where Col. Miller refers to his past performance in fisticuffs. I'd be ashamed to call myself one of the "old school" and carry on in an office as the head of the chief governing body for boxing in these United States and be such a flop.

I'll grant you they don't get many compliments in N.B.A. but even with things at their worst for the powers that be, they could make some honest effort to justify some of their stands, as the selection of champions and trying to be consistent, but too many times they turn completely around in their flounderings of unknowing bewilderment in a sport they are supposed to know forward from A to Z, or vice versa. They pick their own rules too often it seems and are wont to forget that there ever was a set of rules governing boxing called Marquis of Queensberry.

How ridiculous their stand in vacating the titles of Ambers and Archibald! Pity Heinie Miller and his clique don't vacate themselves and get back to jobs they can handle.

They are in a whirl. What a splendid thing it would be for boxing if the N.B.A. vacated itself, disbanded and let the boxing commissions handle the sport. They are publicity hound meddlers.

In April's issue of THE RING, in the Quiz Answers, question No. 7 says there are three minutes to every round and I have seen write-ups in THE RING by yourself quoting some rule in the "Code": There shall be three minutes of fighting and one minute of rest to every round. You also give Jack Dempsey credit for a three-round knockout in his fight with Willard. Is that correct?

ROY A. CARR,
Grand Forks, North Dakota.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Bobby Manton, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was Jack Sharkey counted out in his fight with Carnera?

A.—Yes, he was counted out.

Chester Rybicki, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Did Billy Beauhuld ever fight Enrico Venturi and if so what was the outcome?

A.—Beauhuld stopped Venturi in the sixth, technical knockout.

George McKay, Windsor, Canada

Q.—What are the chances of George Kell becoming a champion? How could I obtain a photo of Tiger Warrington? Is Warrington a white man?

A.—Kell is a very promising bantamweight. Write to Warrington or his manager, Johnny Buckley of Boston, Mass. Warrington is colored.

Chris Gallagher, Cerro, N. Mex.

Q.—I have been fighting professionally since I started last summer. Can I return to the amateurs? Is Mike Martinez a brother of Emilio? Can you give me any information on Babe Daniels, colored middleweight champion from Colorado?

A.—Once you are professional it is impossible to turn amateur again. No. I haven't Daniels' record.

A Puerto Rican Fan

Q.—Do you think Jose Basora can win the middleweight championship? How many fights has Atilio Sabatino had and how many has he won? Do you think Sixto Escobar can hold the bantam and featherweight titles at the same time? What do you think of Puerto Rican boxers?

A.—Basora is an exceptionally good middleweight prospect but winning the title is a long road for him. We cannot give you the exact amount. He has had about 75 battles and probably won sixty of them. Escobar can hold as many titles as he can win but he is not as good as he was. Puerto Rico has developed many first class fighting men in the last ten years.

Ferdie Coriddi, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Announcer Harry Balogh announces over the microphone: Still World's Champion, Joe Louis. In a foreign country when they fight for their championship do they say, Champion of the World or champion of Germany, Italy, etc., or whatever country they are fighting?

A.—All countries recognize whoever the world champion is. If fighters are contesting for the championship of their country, the announcement would be that way.

Mamie Sulzer, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Will rubbing a bat over the stomach, as I saw recently in a picture where Artie McGovern was rolling one over a Brooklyn baseball player, reduce that portion of the body?

A.—There are far better ways of doing that than the one selected by McGovern. I think that quite crude. Proper exercise will do more than rolling a bat. Use bending exercises, front and side.

Eddie Serf, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Why was Jack Dempsey permitted to hit Willard every time he started to get up, as I recently saw the great motion pictures of the Willard-Dempsey fight?

A.—Because there were no rules against it at the time. The rule against standing over a fallen boxer were adopted during the second Tunney-Dempsey fight, at Dempsey's suggestion, because at the time his mentors, Leo Flynn and Bill Duffy thought he would be dropped instead of Tunney and took those precautions. They have remained in force since. Every country where boxing is staged now has such a rule and therefore Dempsey nor any other fighter could repeat the act without suffering disqualification.

John W. Floyd, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—To settle an argument will you please answer the following: What is Gene Stanton doing now? Was he classed as a first or second grade fighter?

A.—Stanton was a good second rater. He has retired and is living in Cleveland.

Jim Johnston, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Q.—How many kayoes has Tommy Farr scored and who were his victims? How many bouts has Farr had in England since he lost to Joe Louis and what were the results? What is Farr's complete record won and lost? What are the names of the fighters who beat Farr and what were the results?

A.—Farr has scored 21 knockouts in his career. Farr whipped Red Burman and kayoed Larry Gains in 5 and Manuel Abrew in 3 since the Louis fight. Farr has had 78 contests. He lost 15 times, drew seven times and won 56 times.

Lee Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—Did Sharkey and Joe Louis ever meet?

A.—Yes, August 14, 1936. Sharkey was knocked out in third.

Joe De Bartolo, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What is the nationality of Melio Bettina? What title did he hold?

A.—He is of Italian parentage. He held the New York State light-heavyweight championship.

Jos. Adamick, Beavendale, Pa.

Q.—How many fights did James J. Jeffries have in his career and what were the results?

A.—Jeffries had a total of 21 fights and one exhibition with Jack Munro. Of his contest he scored eleven knockouts, won seven bouts by decisions, drew in two and was knocked out by Jack Johnson.

Alvin H. Warrener, Pontiac, Michigan

Q.—Was Hostak beaten after the March issue came out? Was Dempsey in such trouble in the first fight with Tunney that Gene asked the referee to stop the bout but the official refused?

A.—Hostak was beaten by Tony Zale in Chicago on January 29 in 10 rounds. The March issue went to press on January 18. Never heard of such proceedings.

Rex Burns, Tatum, New Mexico

Q.—A friend says that Tommy Burns was never champion. I contend that he became the world champion after he had beaten Marvin Hart upon the retirement of Jim Jeffries and had clinched his claim by defeating all comers. Who is correct?

A.—You are correct. When Jim Jeffries retired in 1905 he bestowed the title on Jack Root, something he had no right to do. Root and Marvin Hart then fought for the championship with Jeffries as the referee and Hart won. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien also claimed the honors. On Feb. 23rd, 1906, Tommy Burns, who likewise was a title claimer, succeeded in defeating Marvin Hart in twenty rounds in Los Angeles, thus getting the upper hand in the championship claims.

Tommy further clinched his hold on the crown when he eliminated Phil. Jack O'Brien by gaining a decision in twenty rounds in Los Angeles on May 7th, 1907. Thereafter, Burns went through a long list of challengers, beating among others, Bill Squires of Australia, Joe Grimm, Gunner Moir of England, Jack Palmer of England, Jem Roach of Ireland, Jewey Smith in Paris and Squires again in Sydney and at Melbourne. Then he was stopped by Jack Johnson in fourteen rounds at Sydney, this giving Johnson absolute ownership of the heavyweight championship. When Johnson and Jeffries fought, Jeffries was the challenger and Johnson the title-holder.

Raleigh Perry, High Prairie, Alta, Canada

Q.—Have you any knowledge of any fights between Gunboat Smith and Frankie Lee? Where did they fight and what was the outcome?

A.—In looking over Gunboat Smith's record, there is nothing about him ever meeting Frankie Lee.

Milton Alpert, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Who would win between Mike Kaplan and Charley Burley? Is Abe Denner a first class featherweight? How old is Johnny Paychek?

A.—Burley has outgrown the welterweight division but would be favored to whip Kaplan at even weights. Denner is not ready for first class competition. Paychek is 26 years of age.

Anthony Forto, Comstock, N. Y.

Q.—Is there any rule with the New York Boxing Commission which prohibits a draw in a fifteen round heavyweight championship bout?

A.—There is no law that covers that. Draws have been given in championship bouts in New York State but not in the heavyweight class. A fight has never been that close among heavies to render such a verdict.

Norman Paul, Toronto, Canada

Q.—Please name me all the heavyweight champions since John L. Sullivan to Joe Louis? What heavyweight championship fight lasted the longest and who fought this fight and the date? What heavyweight championship lasted the shortest time, also the date and the fighters? In regard to the length of bouts I want the fight in which the title changed hands?

A.—Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Jim Braddock. Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson in 26 rounds on April 5, 1915. Jack Dempsey stopped Jess Willard in four rounds on July 4, 1919.

Stanley R. Houseknecht, Cleveland, Ga.

Q.—Why wasn't Maxey Rosenbloom listed in your annual ratings?

A.—Only active fighters are listed. Rosenbloom is finished as far as boxing is concerned.

George Lederman, Bronx, N. Y. C.

Q.—When did Harry Wills fight at the 177th St. Arena in the West Bronx?

A.—No record of him fighting there.

Charley Stanko, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—What is the size of the ring? How far apart are the ropes? Do you need any license to second amateurs in Pennsylvania? What is an overtime hook? Do you need any license to box as an amateur in Penna.? If so how much does it cost?

A.—24 feet square. 18 inches. No. Must be a new punch, never heard of that one. Yes. An A.A.U. license costs 25 cents per year.

Al Scherr, Jr., Newark, N. J.

Q.—How can I get in touch with Ceferino Garcia?

A.—Hollywood Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif.

Thomas Hendricks, Sioux City, Iowa

Q.—Several years ago you had a book called Height Increase exercises. Do you intend issuing another book of that kind? Would you please tell me some height increase exercises? Can a boy of 20 years of age gain another inch or two? Could you tell me the height of Gus Lesnevich, Melio Bettina, Mickey Walker, Jock McAvoy, Tony Galento, Ceferino Garcia, Ken Overlin and Al Hostak? What is the average height of a man?

A.—Book is off the market and no more will be printed. Light bag punching, pulley and stretching exercises might help. Lesnevich 5 feet, 10 inches; Bettina 5 feet, 9; Walker 5 feet, 7; McAvoy 5 feet, 7; Galento 5 feet, 9; Garcia 5 feet, 6; Overlin 5 feet, 7½ inches. Hostak 5 feet, 6. Average height is from 5 feet, 7 inches to 5 feet, 9.

Leonard Wynkoop, Beaver Dams, N. Y.

Q.—Did any man in ring history receive one million dollars for one single fight? If so, who was it and who was his opponent and what year was it in? Was there ever a two million dollar gate? If so, who drew it, in what year and in what stadium or park did it happen?

A.—Gene Tunney received the highest amount in the history of the ring. He received $975,000 for the second Dempsey fight in Chicago in 1928. The only gate that ever went over the two million dollar mark was the second Dempsey-Tunney fight at Soldier's Field in Chicago in 1928. The gate amounted to $2,658,668.

Mary Bartley, Ring Reader

Q.—Can I purchase pictures of women boxers and wrestlers from you? If not, where can I get some?

A.—Sorry, we have none. I don't know.

C. J. P., Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—What nationality is Lee Savold, Pete Scalzo and Joey Archibald? How many bouts has Lou Ambers won and lost? Who are the outstanding Italian boxers today?

A.—Savold, Norwegian; Scalzo, Italian; Archibald, Irish. Ambers won by decision 56, won by knockout 26, lost 6, drew 7. Outstanding Italian fighters today, Ambers, Scalzo, Galento, and Apostoli.

A Reader, Somerville, Mass.

Q.—During a contest A knocks down B in the last ten seconds of the round. The referee starts the count. As he finishes the last count, the bell sounds ending the contest. Would B lose by a knockout or does the bell save him?

A.—If the bell sounded before the final count, the bout ended and there was no knockout. If the referee had already counted "ten," and the bell sounded as he finished that, B is knocked out. So long as the official has uttered the word "ten" there is a knockout. If he had not yet counted ten, then the bell saved B from a kayo.

Q.—If a fellow between 16 and 30 years old smoked moderately and didn't inhale, would that affect his growth?

A.—No. Smoking moderately and not inhaling won't harm you.

Q.—What exercises can I take to reduce the mid-section?

A.—Bending exercises, rowing, etc. Get my book, "Training for Boxers" and do the exercises enumerated in that.

Q.—What is the nationality of Paychek?

A.—He comes from Polish descent.

Mr. R. Kopek, Portland, Oregon

Q.—In what round, and where did Max Baer win the heavyweight championship of the world? What is Kid McCoy, the former middleweight champion, doing now? Who refereed the fight between Freddy Steele and Al Hostak?

A.—Max Baer won the title from Primo Carnera in the Madison Square Garden Bowl at Long Island City, New York. Baer stopped Primo in the eleventh round. Kid McCoy is employed in Ford motor plant in Detroit. James J. Braddock was the referee of the Steele-Hostak fight.

David Stone, San Jose, California

Q.—Did Arturo Godoy ever fight Luis Firpo?

A.—Yes, Godoy knocked out Firpo in the third round in Buenos Aires. This was Firpo's last attempt at a comeback.

Bob Lynch, Garfield, New Jersey

Q.—Who is the oldest living former heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—James J. Jeffries is the oldest living former heavyweight king. Jeff is now a gentleman farmer on his ranch in Burbank, Calif.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

WHEN Joe Louis scored a two-round knockout against Johnny Paychek in Madison Square Garden, he proved to the boxing world that the list of contenders is exceptionally weak. The general reaction of the American fight fans was that it would be better for the Bomber to remain on the sidelines for a time until a suitable opponent, one capable of giving him real opposition, is developed, instead of continuing to fight three or more times a year in defense of his crown. While his gesture is an excellent one, and keeps the fistic sport in the spotlight, the public is becoming fed up on the mediocre talent that opposes the world heavyweight king.

Of course, it must be realized that he is not to blame. There are no worthies in the field right now and that is why it would be well for Joe to lay off for a while to give a chance for the development of at least one suitable, capable opponent.

Lee Savold suffered a severe setback when he was whipped by Johnny Whiters in St. Louis.

The past month, ending April 11, saw a number of other important upsets. Cal Cagni and Johnny Barbara, two overgrown welterweights, whipped Milt Aron and Fritzie Zivic, respectively, and removed them from the high perches which they occupied in the 147-pound class. Turkey Thompson, colored youngster from Los Angeles, stepped into the light-heavyweight picture with a victory over Teddy Yarosz. Tony Zale added to his prestige as a sterling middleweight by scoring a three-round knockout over Ben Brown. Harris Blake, Buffalo lightweight, whipped the veteran Pittsburgh featherweight, Jackie Wilson, in New Orleans. Manuel Ortiz, who has been rated as a bantamweight, proved that he belongs in the flyweight class, and scored quite an upset when he stopped Jackie Jurich in nine rounds. Those were the highlights during the month.

Now here is a resume of the sport in all divisions:

Beginning with the heavyweight class, the Louis-Paychek fiasco ended with Joe scoring a kayo in the second. Red Burman, who is being avoided by first class heavies, disposed of Domenic Ceccarelli in two rounds. Nathan Mann scored over Gunnar Barlund, who came right back with an eight-round knockout over Sonny Boy Walker on the Coast.

Lee Savold, who ran into an unexpected defeat at the hands of Johnny Whiters, came back to flatten Eddie Boyles in one round but injured his hand in doing so. Whiters also drew with Eddie Simms, who kayoed Unknown Winston and Jim McVey in two rounds each. Junior Munsell broke into the first ten with his victory over Henry Cooper. Buddy Walker battled to a draw with Patsy Perroni.

Bill Boyd stopped Jim Robinson in five and Harry Bobo in seven rounds. Buddy Knox whipped Arne Anderson and kayoed Bob Tow in six. Anderson won on a foul over Paul Williams in four rounds. Abe Simon kayoed Hard Rock Harden in four but was beaten by Eddie Blunt. Tiger Jack Fox scored over Eddie Wenstob. Paul Hartnek defeated Olinder Trotter. Bob Nestell disposed of Blimp Williams in six rounds.

Gus Dorazio scored over Al McCoy. Bob Sikes disposed of Eddie Boyles and Jimmy Merritt in three rounds each. Lem Franklin kayoed Willie Reddish in the fifth. Tommy Tucker drew with Charley Eagle. Eagle whipped Eldridge Eatmen. Tony Novak finished Ed Slake in two and Neville Beech in five. Otis Thomas stopped Ernie Collins in seven. Larry Lane, now a heavyweight, kayoed Mickey Dugan in the second. Salvatore Ruggirello kayoed Wally Sears in one and Jack Hiller in four.

Among the light-heavyweights, Anton Christoforidis, the Greek, is making greatest headway. He trimmed Frank Zamoris and George Burnette. Turkey Thompson stepped into elite company with his victory over Teddy Yarosz.

Jimmy Webb drew with Stanley Hasrato and kayoed Jack Jarcy in three. Harry Balsamo, outgrowing the middleweight class, threatens to make trouble for the heavier class opposition. He is going like a house afire since returning to ring warfare. He stopped Walter Franklin in nine rounds. Marty Simmons whipped Ira Hughes but was beaten by Gunboat Davis. Joey Parks drew with Billy Colbert. Luis Logan stopped Glen Lee in Manila in two rounds. Alabama Kid whipped Jack McNamee and stopped Max Raynor in four. Tiger Red Lewis kayoed Billy Collins in the fourth. Jimmy Reeves won over Billy Muldune.

Tony Zale occupies top honors in the middleweight ranks because of his three-round kayo over Ben Brown. Ken Overlin scored over Jerry Maloni and kayoed Joe Butch Lynch in eight. Ron Richards won on a disqualification from Fred Henneberry for the Australian middleweight title in eleven rounds, after winning all the way. Too bad Ron can't come to America. Georgie Abrams, who is making great strides, whipped Ernie Vigh and Joe Sutka. Jimmy Bivins also scored over Sutka and Nate Bolden. Lloyd Marshall kayoed Tiger Red Lewis in the third.

Coley Welch drew with Vincent Pimpinella. Billy Soose scored over Frankie Nelson. Eddie Peirce defeated Larry Russell. Augie Arellano scored over Johnny McHale. Young Corbett won from Dale Sparr. Bert Gilroy whipped Ginger Sadd.

Bobby Pacho was beaten by Eddie Booker and Shorty Hogue. Hogue also scored over Johnny Romero. Big Boy Hogue was beaten by Johnny Jackson and stopped by Jimmy Casino in four rounds. Howell King won from Henry Chmielewski.

Cocoa Kid stepped into leading contendership in the welterweight ranks through his nine-round kayo over Billy White. Holman Williams scored over Izzy Jannazzo while Jannazzo bested Steve Mamakos. Milt Aron whipped Bep Van Klaveren but was beaten by Cal Cagni. Fritzie Zivic split decisions with Johnny Barbara, losing the last one. Maxie Berger scored over Johnny Rohrig, Tony Ferrara and drew with Bernie Miller. Steve Belloise made the grade with his one-round kayo over Eddie Dunne. Dunne also lost to Young Kid McCoy, who was beaten by Tommy Pallatin. Tommy also whipped Bobby Britton, who was beaten by Dick Demeray. Milo Theodorescu was beaten by Jimmy Leto and Carl Dell. Ernie Roderick whipped Jackie Potts and kayoed Jimmy Griffiths in two.

Saverio Turiello scored over Willie Cheatum, Joey Ferrando and stopped Victor Troisi in the eighth. Jackie Kid Berg, still going strong in England, kayoed Dick Bradshaw in three, Garry Roche in four and won from Eddie Ryan on a foul in six. Allen Westbury disposed of Jimmy Purcell in the fourth. Andrea Jessurun scored over Pete Asero.

Davey Day held his No. 1 position in the lightweight ranks with a victory over Norment Quarles. Jackie Wilson whipped Joe Ybarra and Chief Evening Thunder on the Coast. He must not be confused with Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson.

Paul Junior won over Bernie Miller and Tommy Cross. Dave Castilloux whipped Quentin Breese. George Latka won from Baby Arizmendi. Johnny Bellus drew with Slugger White. Paul De Bello scored over Emil Joseph but lost to Wesley Ramey. Leo Rodak defeated Young Rightmire and George Salamone. Rightmire was also beaten by Mike Belloise.

Julie Kogon whipped Jimmy Vaughn and kayoed Honey Mellody in three. Harris Blake defeated Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson. Herschel Joiner kayoed Freddy Miller in eight rounds and caused Miller's retirement. Lew Feldman won over Joe Ghnouly but was beaten by Tony Morgano. Willie Joyce defeated Nick Castiglione. Irving Eldridge scored over Maurice Arnault. Laurie Stevens kayoed Dave Katzen in three and Alf James in six. Johnny Morro whipped Tommy Roman. Pat Foley drew with Bernie Friedkin.

Frankie Wallace won from Primo Flores. Billy Marquart bested Jorge Morelia. Billy Beauhuld won over Joe De Jesus. Joey Fontana scored over Mickey Farber. Red Guggino whipped Frankie Gilmore, Joey Silva, Julio Gonzales and kayoed Calvin Calp in the third. Jimmy Tygh won from Benny Bass.

Dave Lefton finished Fighting Garcia in eight and Billy Fundess in the twelfth. Joe Hall disposed of Harry Summers and George Elliott in two rounds apiece and whipped Young Gildo. Gildo scored over Young Roberts.

Jimmy Perrin heads the group of featherweight contenders with his victory over Al Reid. Pete Scalzo won from Primo Flores. Chalky Wright kayoed Charley Gomer in four and defeated Tommy Speigal. Simon Chavez drew with Sixto Escobar in Caracas. George Salamone, a lightweight, bested Spider Armstrong. Armstrong scored over Tony Dupre. Vern Bybee won from Richard Lemos. Frankie Covelli defeated Eddie Lander. Len Beynon won over Dick Corbett.

Tom Smith scored over Frank Parkes. Johnny Marcelline defeated Pablo Dano and Matt Perfetti. Perfetti scored over Davey Crawford. Danny La Verne whipped Al Brown and Dave Lefton. Larry Bolvin stopped Eddie Reed in the third. Mickey Miller kayoed Tommy Loder in eight. Morris Parker won from Lee Watson. Sammy La Porte whipped Paul Lee. Lou Transparenti scored over Billy Passan. Joe Marinelli disposed of Tony Avia in seven while Jackie Taylor whipped Pete De Grasse.

Lou Salica drew with Jackie Callura. Kui Kong Young scored over Al Brown. Kid Tanner disposed of Joe Green in four and Jack Lee in six. Aurel Toma stopped Tommy Kiene in the third while Kiene finished Battling Vitt in the same round. Tommy Forte kayoed Lou Transparenti in two rounds.

Manuel Ortiz, now classed with the flyweights, disposed of Andy Vasquez in five and Jackie Jurich in the ninth. Willie Smith scored over Peter Worth but was beaten by Pal Palmer. Palmer was beaten by Jeff Smith.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—None available.
Bantamweight—Nono Cuebas, Puerto Rico.
Featherweight—Jackie Taylor, Columbus, Ohio.
Lightweight—Ray Lunny, San Francisco, Calif.
Welterweight—Ossie Harris, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Middleweight—Jimmy Burns, Chicago, Ill.
Light-heavyweight — Billy Colbert, Houston, Texas.
Heavyweight—Dan Dowling, St. Louis, Mo.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending April 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Arturo Godoy	Gus Lesnevich	Ceferino Garcia	Cocoa Kid
2—Tony Galento	Melio Bettina	Tony Zale	Holman Williams
3—Bob Pastor	Len Harvey	Ken Overlin	Izzy Jannazzo
4—Red Burman	Jock McAvoy	Al Hostak	Milt Aron
5—Nathan Mann	Anton Christoforidis	Atilio Sabatino	Fritzie Zivic
6—Roscoe Toles	Turkey Thompson	Ron Richards	Pedro Montanez
7—Gunnar Barlund	Tony Cisco	Georgie Abrams	Steve Mamakos
8—Johnny Whiters	Jimmy Webb	Victor Dellicurti	Maxie Berger
9—Junior Munsell	Harry Balsamo	Lloyd Marshall	Mike Kaplan
10—Buddy Walker	Stanley Hasrato	Coley Welch	Steve Belloise

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Davey Day	Jimmy Perrin	Tony Olivera	Jackie Paterson
2—Sammy Angott	Pete Scalzo	George Pace	Enrico Urbinati
3—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Lou Salica	Manuel Ortiz
4—Eric Boon	Simon Chavez	Little Dado	Tiny Bostock
5—Pete Lello	Sixto Escobar	K. O. Morgan	Paddy Ryan
6—Bob Montgomery	Bobby Ruffin	Little Pancho	Johnny Boom
7—Paul Junior	Al Reid	Kui Kong Young	Jimmy Stubbs
8—Dave Castilloux	Spider Armstrong	Kid Tanner	Joe Curran
9—George Latka	Harry Jeffra	Pablo Dano	Small Montana
10—Johnny Bellus	Vern Bybee	Aurel Toma	Rinty Monoghan

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE latest "heavyweight championship" contest engaged in by Joe Louis was staged for the benefit of the Finns. Almost 12,000 fans contributed $62,481 to Mike Jacobs for Louis' appearance in the Garden against Johnny Paychek. Paychek went down three times in the first round and was saved by the bell at the finish of that session. Johnny managed to elude Louis' fists again until forty-four seconds of the second round had expired, but when Joe's right landed on his chin, Paychek went tumbling backwards and the formality of a count was unnecessary. Referee Arthur Donovan waved his hands indicating that the fight was over.

The preliminaries were at least hard fought and produced the only action of the night. Jimmy Webb and Stanley Hasrato went to a draw in the six-round semi-final. This bout went on last but the customers stayed, mainly to get action for their admittance fee. Anton Christoforidis will be a tough customer to whip among the light-heavies. He took on Frank Zamoris, a miniature Tony Galento, and won easily but was forced to avoid some dangerous swings of his opponent. Tommy Tucker and Charley Eagle went six rounds with honors evenly divided. Perk Daniels won from Tony Miller, while James J. Johnson scored over Johnny Sionas in the four-rounders.

Tuesday night in the Metropolitan district of New York always provides action in three localities—the Bronx, Brooklyn and White Plains. Maxie Berger, Canadian junior welterweight champion, triumphed over Johnny Rohrig in the feature eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Berger won without question but Rohrig was in there always trying.—Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight champion, scored over Quentin Breese in the headline eight at the White Plains Community Center, while the New York Coliseum provided those two young rivals from Harlem, Joey Iannotti and Curley St. Angelo, as the attraction. The last time they met they staged a sensational scrap which ended in a draw. On this occasion, Iannotti's superior skill and boxing craft proved too much for the aggressive and ever-dangerous St. Angelo and he earned the award at the end.

Irving Eldridge continues to show improved form in his quest for lightweight recognition. His latest victim was Maurice Arnault. He scored an eight-round decision over the Frenchman at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Irving weighed 134 and Arnault, 140. In the six-round semi-final, Patsy Giovanelli, promising local featherweight, whipped Joe Echavarria after a tough scrap.

Augie Arellano, rugged Houston, Texas, middleweight, had no trouble in whipping Johnny McHale in their eight-round scrap at the St. Nicholas Palace. Augie proved too tough and rugged and set a fast pace all the way to dominate the situation. Arellano weighed 156 and McHale, 150. Vincent Fratello won over the durable Teeko Born in the six-round semi-final. Phil Siriani scored over Joe Memoli in another six-rounder.

Walter Franklin and Augie Arellano engaged in a blistering eight-round fracas that was called a draw at the St. Nicholas Palace. This was a gruelling scrap with neither boy giving ground at any time. First one took the lead and then the other and it was almost impossible to select the winner. Franklin weighed 162¼ and Arellano, 156¼. Johnny McHale whipped Walter Red Johnson in the eight-round semi-final, scoring nine-second knockdowns in the sixth and seventh sessions to cinch the award.

Paul De Bello, Brooklyn lightweight, continued to show improved form in his eight-round victory over Emil Joseph of Pittsburgh. Paul scored a nine-second knockdown in the fifth session and held the mastery all during the contest. This bout took place at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn. Vincenzo Dell Orto and Monty Pignatore engaged in a tough eight-round battle which ended with honors evenly divided.

Ray Foutts has decided to desert the promoter's field in Pittsburgh and will confine his future efforts to his first love—that of managing embryo champions. He brought Teddy Yarosz to the top in capable style and has enough faith in his ability to duplicate with a few boys in the Middle West. He will operate from his home, 306 West 6th St., East Liverpool, Ohio.—Andy Niederreiter started Lloyd Marshall off successfully in the East with a three-round kayo over Tiger Red Lewis in Boston, and also expects to bring Domingo Valin, Portuguese heavyweight, to these parts.

Nathan Mann enhanced his standing in the heavyweight picture by taking the ten-round decision over Gunnar Barlund at the New York Coliseum. There was nothing much to the fight but Mann was entitled to whatever honors were distributed. He did the forcing and landed the cleaner blows. He weighed 191 against 199½ for Barlund. Tami Mauriello, a classy looking prospect from Harlem, disposed of Paulie Griffiths in fifty-three seconds of the second round. Griffiths was outclassed from the start. Jimmy Casa, another likely looking youngster, defeated Harry Gentile in their six-round fray.

Julie Kogon showed his knockout punch to advantage when he stowed Honey Mellody away in the third round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Mellody started off in good style but was nailed at the start of the third round. He was floored for a count of six but upon arising was assailed with a fusillade of blows which forced the referee to call a halt. Kogon weighed 132½ and his opponent, 135.

Norman Silvers disposed of Frankie Deris in the fourth of their six-rounder. Deris was floored four times in the fatal session before the fight was halted. Jimmy O'Boyne kayoed Howard Wright in one while Harold Valan whipped Johnny Rudd in scheduled sixes.

Johnny Rinaldi proved too strong and rugged for Eddie Zivic in their eight-round swatfest at the White Plains Community Center. Zivic fought in spurts and rallied occasionally but the determined Rinaldi set the stronger pace and would not be denied. Rinaldi weighed 143½ and Zivic three pounds lighter. Carmine Fatta scored over Frankie Gilmore in the six-round semi-final. Leo Raukauskas of Scranton whipped Anton Pappas of Reading in another six-rounder.

Johnny Morro, Harlem lightweight, who is really serious about his comeback aspirations, is going along as if he really meant it. At the St. Nicholas Palace he took over Tommy Roman of Bayonne, a tough obstacle, in an eight-round scrap in which Johnny blazed the way to a merited triumph. Morro was one of our classiest youngsters a few years back and it seems that the extra years have increased his weight and hitting powers. It will take little short of a champion to whip Johnny the way he looked. Morro weighed 135 against 139½ for Roman.

Andrea Jessurun halted the winning stride of Pete Asero, undefeated East Sider, in the eight-round semi-final. Too much experience and ring-craft enabled Jessurun to hold his younger rival at bay. Jessurun weighed 151½ and Asero, 149½.

Mickey Farber was credited with a technical knockout over "Texas" Lee Harper when the latter failed to come up for the sixth round in their scheduled eight-round fracas at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Harper was giving a good account of himself but a severely injured optic necessitated his seconds calling a halt. Mickey was leading at the time of the mishap. Pablo Dano and Morris Parker battled to an even break in their eight-round semi-final. Lou Constantino scored over Dom Fiantini, while Joe Baynes won from Danny Peal in six-rounders.

Some of the recent all-star shows being staged at the Philadelphia Arena and Convention Hall have enticed hundreds of New York fans for the attractions. They have been well recompensed as some of the most thrilling scraps in years have been witnessed there. Bob Montgomery and Al Nettlow waged two hectic scraps there, while Fritzie Zivic and Mike Kaplan also waged a cyclonic affair.

But for blistering action and concentrated thrills, none will eclipse that ten-round affair in which Cal Cagni earned the verdict over Milt Aron at the Arena. Cagni floored Aron in the second, third and eighth sessions. Aron came on from the third to win the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, but the eighth saw Cagni turn the tide with that important knockdown and subsequent decision.

Both were battered and bleeding at the finish. The fans won't forget that memorable fray.

Boxing is thriving under the rival promotions of Muggsy Taylor and Phil Glassman. Both manage to snare their share of attractive matches. Compare that condition with New York City where boxing is monopolized by one group and no one is able to make any headway against the combine. The heavyweight division—the most important in pugilism—has been treated as a joke class with Joe Louis parading his wares with mediocre talent in supposed to be defence of his title.

Scarcely a Tuesday goes by in the Metropolitan area but the fans see thrilling action at the Broadway, Coliseum and White Plains clubs. Two upsets were recorded on one of those nights when the underdogs, five to one on the short end, came through with victories. Johnny Rohrig scored over Lenny Mancini in an eight rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn in a bout in which Mancini lost two rounds for low hitting but Rohrig held a sufficient lead even without that to win the award. Frankie Wallace caused an upset when he halted the progress of hard hitting Primo Flores in their eight rounder at White Plains. There was little chance conceded for Wallace but he came through with a plucky display and outboxed the Puerto Rican thoroughly.

Maxie Berger, favored over Tony Ferrara, just about nosed in to win the verdict over his sturdy rival. Maxie had his hands full throughout the entire route and his margin of victory was very slight. Rohrig scaled 139¼ against 134½ for Mancini, Wallace weighed 140½ and Flores 136¼ while Berger weighed 142½ and Ferrara 147. All the favorites were outweighed approximately by five pounds.

Abe Simon's tremendous weight advantage and strength proved the undoing of Hard Rock Harden after three rounds of fight—at the St. Nicholas Palace. Simon scored knockdowns in the first and third rounds and battered his opponent ceaselessly that he was unable to come up for the fourth round. Simon weighed 257 and Harden 195¾. Joe Echavarria disposed of Lou Camps in the fourth of the scheduled six-round semi-final. Camps suffered a dislocated jaw and was forced to suspend hostilities. Lou Barbetta scored over Jimmy Webster, South African Bantam, in another six round affair.

Joey Fontana clinched the supremacy of the East Side for lightweight honors in whipping Mickey Farber at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in eight rounds. For four rounds the fight was nip and tuck with honors evenly divided. Fontana rallied in the fifth and almost finished Mickey in the next session, scoring a knockdown near the end of the round. He continued his advantage in the last two sessions to win by a comfortable margin. Farber weighed 135 and Fontana half a pound lighter. Francesco Montanari gained the verdict over Joe Boscarino in the eight round semi-final. Boscarino scored a knockdown in the last round and appeared to be entitled to a draw.

Leo Bradley, who shifts his surroundings frequently in the New England States, seems to have settled upon Chicopee Falls, Mass., a thriving town right outside of Springfield for his future activities. In the few shows that he promoted there he has won the confidence of the fans and he expects to open up an outdoor arena for the summer months. The City Civic Club Gymnasium caters to local and visiting boxers and George Kid Ross, our Holyoke correspondent, handles most of the boys in that vicinity.

Steve Belloise, showed promise in disposing of Eddie Dunne, a local rival, in the first round of their eight rounder at the White Plains Community Center. This was their return engagement, following their slashing contest in the Garden and it resulted in a record-breaking attendance for that club with thousands of fans being turned away. Belloise nailed his opponent right at the start and after scoring three knockdowns in that round,

the referee called a halt. Jack Larrimore, Miami welterweight, making his initial start here, won over Eddie Carroll in the semi-final of six. Mutt Womer scored over Teko Born in another sixer.

Georgie Abrams, Washington, D.C. Middleweight aspirant, scored a hard earned victory over Ernie Vigh, of Newburgh, in the feature eight rounder at the New York Coliseum. It was a rough and bloody encounter with both boys bleeding from eye and nose. Vigh lost the first round for low hitting and almost dropped Abrams with a terrific left hook in the second. Georgie resorted to his boxing skill and use of left hand to pile up a convincing lead in the remainder of the rounds, except the seventh which went to Vigh. Vigh weighed 162 and Abrams one half pound heavier.

Bill Poland stopped Mario Liani while Tami Mauriello disposed of Eddie Guerra in the fifth sessions of their scheduled sixes. Poland and Mauriello are two of the likeliest looking prospects in New York. Poland is a heavyweight while Tami is a welter.

Julie Kogon showed his hard hitting to good advantage when he eked out an eight round victory over Jimmy Vaughn at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Vaughn, with his customary aggressiveness and fighting at close range made matters uncomfortable for the New Haven flash. Two knockdowns—one in the second and the other in the sixth—turned the tide in Julie's favor. Kogon weighed 132½ and Vaughn 136.

Austin McCann triumphed over Jimmy Murray in the eight round semi-final. McCann has shown decided improvement in his recent bouts which might be attributed to the canny manner in which Al Weill handles his charges. Murray weighed 146 and McCann 140¾.

Pete Scalzo and Primo Flores waged their return match at the New York Coliseum for the benefit of the Police Department Memorial Fund and it attracted 12,000 spectators. In addition to the regular boxing program, various contests were staged between the police department members which created greatest interest. Scalzo had no trouble in whipping the Puerto Rican and scored two knockdowns in the bargain. Petey weighed 128¾ and Flores 134¾.

Bernie Friedkin and Pat Foley were the principals in another return engagement at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Foley won the last one but on this occasion Bernie received an even break for his efforts—Jack Larrimore scored over Bill McDowell in their eight rounder at the White Plains Community Center.

For eight rounds the fight between Walter Franklin and Harry Balsamo was so evenly fought that it was almost impossible to name the winner at that point at the St. Nicholas Palace. With a greater display of energy and fighting spirit, Balsamo spurted ahead in the ninth and battered his opponent against the ropes and finally floored him. Franklin, arose, badly shaken at the count of nine only to run into an infuriated fighting demon. He was battered down again with a succession of blows and barely arose from the floor when the count of ten was completed.

It appears that Balsamo has outgrown the middleweight class and it would be better if he confined his activities to the heavier class. Franklin weighed 162 and Balsamo four pounds heavier.

The Golden Gate Arena, the latest club to start operations in Harlem, opened up in auspicious style when it presented Maxie Berger and Bernie Miller in their feature ten round attraction. Over 4,000 fans jammed their way into this beautiful edifice devoted to boxing and the only marring note was the decision. Berger was a clear winner but the officials decided that a draw would be a safe verdict for all concerned. Berger weighed 140½ and Miller 139¾.

Jose Basora, hard hitting Puerto Rican middleweight, disposed of Joe Butch Lynch in the first round of the scheduled eight round semi-final. Carmine Fatta also scored a one round kayo over Georgie Harper.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE outstanding show of the month in this locality was that presented at the Olympia by Messrs. John L. Nelson and Scotty Monteith of the Coliseum A. C. They featured four eight-rounders, using headline fighters, and they even had Irish Jimmy Webb, a high-ranking light-heavy, boxing a six-rounder.

The bout that stole the show was that between Anton Christoforidis, European middleweight champion, and George Burnette, Michigan's 160-pound ruler. The boys fought a rough-and-ready battle which saw both in bad shape, and wound up with the Greek entry taking the decision.

Georgie Abrams, classy middleweight biffer from Washington, D. C., had his hands full with Joey Sutka of Wyandotte, but got the decision at the end of the fight.

Young Kid McCoy, Dearborn's "Golden Boy," was forced to the limit by Irish Eddie Dunne, and found himself trailing at the end of five rounds but finished strong and won the decision.

Billy Marquart, Winnipeg lightweight, outpointed Jorge Morelia of Mexico in the other eight.

Irish Jimmy Webb appeared in a scheduled six-rounder and looked very good, though given a few trying moments by Jack Jarcy of Lansing. The bout was stopped when Webb's body attack proved a little tough for Jarcy. Don Siegal kayoed Bud Dwyer in the first round.

Johnny McIntyre, popular Detroit fight manager, "blew" into New York, and as this is being written, he is singing the praises of his three fighters. Young Kid McCoy is the class of Michigan welters, Lee Oma the best light-heavy, and Bobby McIntire tops among the lightweights of the Detroit section.

Mansfield Driskell, Detroit welterweight star, kayoed George Eschman of Chicago in one of Walter Sharp's headliners at Fairview Gardens. Sharp will run his big shows at Naval Armory in the future, and develop his cards at the Gardens.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

ABE SIMON, the New York giant, is proving to be a popular card in Newark rings . . . . There is talk of a rival promotion in Newark this summer. A group is contemplating bucking the Meadowbrook card by running weekly shows at the Bears' Stadium.

Frank Bernackie of Linden is an up-and-coming battler in North Jersey. Danny Daniels is managing him . . . . Ray Miller of Newark is one of the oldest active fighters in the country. He has passed his 36th birthday and is still going strong . . . . The World Boxing Club of Minneapolis has made the writer an honorary member.

Readers desiring answers to their queries are reminded they must enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes for replies . . . . Tony Marenghi, formerly with the defunct Newark *Star-Eagle*, is now covering boxing for the new *Star-Ledger*, where Joe Donovan is still the sports editor.

A new Elizabeth battler of promise is Dave Chacon, who would like to meet his fellow townsman, Red Cochrane . . . . If that bout is staged, it would bring back memories of the colorful rivalry between Mickey Walker and Charles Ward, two famous Elizabethans.

Frank Poreda, brother of Stanley, is looked upon as a comer in the heavyweight ranks. Gene Tunney, they say, schooled him for 14 months before he entered actual competition.

Joe Lart, former boxing impresario in this state, works around the dog and horse tracks in Florida . . . . Fight fans who remember Harry Rapaport from his days as a manager and expert handler of boxers in New Jersey, are invited to visit him at the Club Bali in Miami, where he is presently occupied as day manager.

Bill Gore of Miami, who brought many famous fighters to the top, invites New Jersey boxers who desire action in Florida to contact him through this writer. Gore had much to do with the success of Young Stribling, Arturo Godoy, Joe Knight and Melio Bettina and is known as one of the squarest men in the fight game.

John Beer's popular column in the Newark *Sunday Call* is making many new readers for his paper. Beer is well liked by the fight fraternity because he devotes a lot of space to the sport. One of his favorites is Al Thoma, the Newark A. C. athletic director. Thoma handled many great battlers, including Pete Latzo and Steve Hamas. The latter is now a physical instructor in New York and occasionally acts as a fight judge.

Isn't it about time there was a change in the wrestling promotions in Newark? . . . . What is Abie Bain doing out in California? We haven't seen him in any pictures lately . . . . Nat Fleischer's lively comments on the boxing situation are well liked in this state. He is regarded as the ace fistic commentator in the country.

Mickey Makar of Bayonne has been named the welterweight champion of this state after his victory over Mike Piskin, the Freehold farmer boy.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

THERE is plenty of pressure being brought to bear by business men's groups and associations to assure taxpayers that our new Municipal Auditorium will at least carry itself . . . . The chances are that a fee of $750 will be asked for boxing and wrestling shows . . . . Contrast this with the $100 per night charge which now prevails at Broadway Auditorium . . . . The new auditorium will cost close to $3,000,000 when it is completed and the yearly carrying charge will amount to $171,000 . . . . The boxing game here is in such brutal condition that no promoter can operate and make money in the new hall . . . . Certainly the fight game needs new faces both in the ring and the promotional end as well . . . . Some live-wire managers would also go a long way to stir up some of the old time interest . . . . Buffalo is without exception the best boxing town in the country under normal conditions . . . . It is tragic to see the game being kicked around by the very ones who have profited well in the past.

While boxing is very sick, wrestling, on the other hand, is healthy and prosperous . . . . Jack Herman is packing 'em in for the Buffalo Sporting Club . . . . The Angel (Maurice Tillet) has drawn 22,700 paid admissions in three showings here . . . . The Frenchman is the best attraction we've had in years . . . . Mind you, I'm not saying he can wrestle . . . . The man must be fifty years old and does pretty well for one in middle years.

The outdoor boxing season will soon be with us but there is little hope for a prosperous summer. . . . . Jackie Donovan is the only boxer who can draw anything and Jackie doesn't do any too well at the gate unless he is substantially backed up and is matched with some well known performer . . . . Art Johnson had a good season with the amateurs . . . . The doughty matchmaker of the Orioles has the knack of digging up new faces each season . . . . Johnson will make a strong play to bring the National championships to Buffalo within the next two years . . . . Bert Finch is combing the country for new material and will probably have a complete new stable soon . . . . Finch doesn't want any more old timers for he believes there's a swell opportunity here for youngsters who can fight.

Boxers of all weights who have good ring records and are desirous of breaking into this territory should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. . . . Boxers must be free from managerial contracts and entanglements . . . . The writer of this column would also like to receive newspapers from Great Britain and Australia.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

BOXING, deader than ever before here during the winter months, is expected to take a new lease on life with the coming of the outdoor season, with a half dozen big shows being on the fire for the fans at Municipal Stadium. The winter here has been the worst in 20 years with snow so high many incoming roads were blocked for days, causing the promoters to lay off during a season that is generally good in the sport.

Ralph De John, Syracuse's ace attraction, is now in New York City where his manager, dapper Gabe Genovese, has opened an office at 1585 Broadway. Gabe plans a strenuous campaign for De John that with the right wins and good publicity may earn him a crack at Billy Conn eventually.

Amateur boxing, which has been doing poorly because of a lack of cards, now is thriving here, proving the fans in this town want action fights. Big noise of the A.A.U. sport locally is Carmen De John, 18-year-old middleweight brother of Ralph. Carmen has suffered only one serious defeat in his youthful career, that a one-round knockout by Eddie Pagan, a very good Binghamton middleweight, at the Arena. The kayo has failed to dim Carmen's star, however, and he is still aspiring for pugilistic honors in his class, one of the real promising boys hereabouts.

Joey Brown traveled to Rochester and dropped a six-round decision to Henry Smith of that city in a great scrap. The two fought on the Lou Salica-Jackie Callura card. The main eventers drew in 10.

LEFT HOOKS—Not much to report on the fistic front other than that Eddie Pagan and Steve Kukol, Southern Tier amateurs, would make good as pros . . . . Our new office, 307 Eckel Theater Building, is busier than ever despite the lack of shows under the Olympic banner . . . . Tony Smith, a prominent attorney, and Archie S. Ajemian, owner of a beauty parlor, are partners in the operation of the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., of which your correspondent is matchmaker . . . . Frankie Rex, manager of Newsboy Millich, writes he is lonesome for Syracuse . . . . Frankie and the Newsboy took a nice chunk of money out of this fair city . . . . While attending a basketball dinner at a local hotel we could not help but notice the good old boxing game never comes in for any dinners and long, informative speeches here . . . . Irving Robbins is director of bouts for the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who stage the weekly amateur scraps here . . . . Joe Netro has taken over the management of Honey Boy Jones and Billy Speary, and has hied himself off to Trumansburg where he is establishing a summer training camp . . . . Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo's former light-heavyweight champion, will act as trainer at Netro's camp . . . . Kid Polo, cigar smoking ex-fighter, who has been given considerable attention in these columns, warrants the praise . . . . The Kid came up the hard way, and by working hard and faithfully and saving his money, Polo has now developed into a business man with friends in all walks of life . . . . Judge Homer Walsh thinks the Kid okay as does Mayor Rolly Marvin.

Timely Chatter From Wartime Great Britain

By JOHN S. SHARPE

TOMMY ARMOUR, Northern Ireland's welterweight champion, threw a bolt in the Board of Control's welterweight elimination series, for an opponent to meet Ernie Roderick for the latter's title.

Norman Snow and Jake Kilrain were matched to meet but when Kilrain took on the Irish battler at Belfast, he rain into a bundle of trouble, took seven counts in the first round and took a severe beating during the eight rounds. This has put Armour right in line for a shot at the welter title.

Syd Hulls continues to run his unlicensed boxing shows with success. At the Stadium Club, Holborn, he paired Sammy Shaw of Hull with Les Greenaway of Wales in an eight-rounder that was a thrill from start to finish. The referee decided at the end that Greenaway had merited the duke, but this did not find full support from the fans.

Alf Boom of Stratford and Private Bob Savage of Stepney battled away for 10 rounds at a fast pace with plenty of hard hitting, and Boom, who had scored two knockdowns, gained the decision.

George Merritt of Silvertown and A/M Jimmy Johnston (R.A.F.) fought hard throughout in an eight-rounder, the decision going in Merritt's favor.

Sergt. Instructor Eddie Ryan had to fight hard all the way to keep his lead over young Joe Connolly of Glasgow in their 10-rounder at the Stadium, London.

In the supporter, over the eight-round course, Charlie Webster, ex-amateur champion of the welterweights, met defeat in the fifth round when A/C Dusty Welland, R.A.F., unleashed a right to Webster's jaw that had him all at sea, and a further punch had him helpless against the ropes, when Referee Jack Hart stopped the contest in Welland's favor.

Jerry Jones of Silvertown won easily over Alf Reed of Kentish Town at the end of six rounds.

A draw was handed down when Joey Vaughan of Becontree and Steve Watson (Bow) met in a four-rounder.

Willie Smith of Margate won a hard earned decision over the younger Peter Worth of Dagenham over six rounds.

Dan Sullivan, the original matchmaker of the Ring, Blackfriars, was given the reins for the yearly show for the Lion Hospital Aid Society, and a grand job he made of it.

Johnny Ward, "Ireland's Fighting Fool," gave another of his nonstop exhibitions when he met Phineas John of Wales in a 10-round contest at the Stadium Club.

The bout was a thriller from start to finish, and in the sixth round when John had taken a couple of right-hand punches to the chin, he was in a bad way. His second, who incidentally is John's brother, skied the towel as a token of defeat.

Eddie McGuire of South Africa outpointed Ben Valentine of Fiji Islands in a spirited 10-round contest.

George Howard of Finsbury Park boxed well to outpoint Stafford Barton of Jamaica at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, over 10 rounds.

Jim Fluty, the coffee colored welter from Camden Town, stopped Len Andrews, St. Georges, in the fifth of a 10-round contest that had the crowd on its toes throughout.

Pat O'Connor, the Fighing Son of Eire, confirmed a previous decision when he again defeated Johnny Blake of Notting Hill over eight rounds at Hackney.

Jack Gubbins of Stratford upset the odds when he scored a T.K.O. victory over Bob Ramsay of Stepney in the fourth of a 10-round contest.

Smiler Bush of Stratford defeated Corp. George Bolton of the R.A.F. in the fifth of a six-rounder.

Tommy McGlinchey, the fiery little Clydebank bantam, met a worthy opponent in Jacky Ryan of Hamilton at Bellshill and after a sizzling affair for six of the scheduled 10 rounds, Ryan retired.

Coming in as a substitute for Bobby Watson, who is down with 'flu, Chic Stewart of Edinburgh outpointed Jim McStravick of Belfast in a 10-round contest at Leith.

Ernie Roderick, British welterweight champion, was taken the distance when he defeated Jackie Potts of Crewe on points over 10 rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

Peter Banaske, the colored Liverpool lightweight, made a welcome re-appearance in the ring and won over Ned Thomas of Bootle when the latter was ruled out in the third of an eight-round contest for an alleged low delivery.

Young Joe Connolly of Glasgow, who must not be confused with the ex-amateur champion of a few years back, boxed brilliantly to outpoint Billy Charlton of Gateshead in the feature bout of 10 rounds at Newcastle.

Over 10 rounds, Jim Berry of South Shields outpointed Roy Mills of Sunderland.

After an absence of 17 months from the ring, the local favorite, Kid Derg of Belfast, was unfortunate to be counted out in the sixth of a 10-round contest against Pat Kelly of Belfast at the Ulster Hall, Belfast.

Derg, who was attacking throughout, received a hard left hook to the body, went down but rose as the referee had decided he was out.

A capacity crowd of 9,000 fans, including His Majesty the King, saw the great international amateur show between Great Britain and France, at the Empire Pool, Wembley.

Of the four matches between Great Britain and France, the visitors won one bout, and Great Britain won three.

The results were as follows: Leading A/C A. House (R.A.F.) beat Bomb. R. Gifford (C.E.F.), stopped in second.

C. C. Gallie beat Inst. F. Frost (R.A.F.) on points.

F. E. Algar (R.N.) beat A/C Butler (R.A.F.) on points.

Cpl. Welsh (R.A.F.) beat S. Shakell (A.B.A.) referee's casting vote.

Pte. A. Russell (Army) beat W. G. Marlow (A.B.A.) on points.

H. Hedger (A.B.A.) beat A/C F. W. Cole (R.A.F.) on points.

J Powell (A.B.A.) beat Yves Nadal (France) on points.

D. P. Reardon (A.B.A.) beat G. P. Bodivit (France) on points.

Robert Charron (France) beat E. Kempt (A.B.A.) on points.

D. L. Sullivan (Great Britain) beat Marceau Bertaux (France) on points.

Guardsman Arthur Danahar beat P. O. Warnes (R.N.) on points.

B. Woodcock (A.B.A.) outpointed A. Brown (A.B.A.).

A. B. Porter beat R. T. Jacobs (Met. Police) on points.

Seaman R. J. Hoblyn (R.N.) beat Cpl. Cotton (R.A.F.) on points.

Seaman Swayne (R.N.) outpointed P. O. McGillivray (N.Z.).

Corporal U. Davies beat A. E. Harrington on points.

The show was run in aid of the British Red Cross.

Terry McStravick, Belfast's crack featherweight, had the beating of Johnny McManus of Glasgow at the Stadium, Liverpool, when the latter was disqualified in the fifth of a 10-round bout for persistent holding.

Billy Jones of Wales outpointed Johnny Blake of Notting Hill in an eight-round contest at Hackney.

On the same card, Pte. Jimmy Lester of Dagenham and Iver Thomas of Wales fought eight rounds to a draw.

Al Lyttle, Ulster's lightweight champion, successfully defended his title when he defeated Rifleman Dave Warnock of Belfast in the 14th of a 15-round contest. Referee Will Knight stopped the contest in Lyttle's favor.

In the welterweight elimination contest, Barney Wilson of Belfast outpointed Patsy Quinn of Belfast in a hotly disputed contest over 10 rounds.

Billy Jackson of Belfast had a commanding lead over Gerry McCready of Layan until the sixth when the latter unleashed a wicked right to Jackson's jaw that had him in a very bad way, and Referee Jack Hinds stopped the bout in McCready's favor.

Jerry Jones of Silvertown outpointed Rory O'Connor of Ireland over 10 rounds at Newbury.

Laurie Buxton of Watford stopped Jack Watkins of Muswell Hill in the seventh with a hard right to the jaw.

Arthur Long of Stratford stopped Jackie Brown of Watford in the third of an eight-round contest.

Peter Kane, ex-world's flyweight champion, surprised the boxing fraternity when he announced that in the future he would handle his own affairs.

Ted Denvir, who brought Peter along from a preliminary fighter to world's champion, would not comment on this break.

Wally Downs of Tylerstown won on points over Ronnie Bishop, Welsh flyweight champion, at the end of 10 rounds, at Crumlin.

In a thrilling 10-rounder at Coventry, Dick Turpin, the colored middleweight from Leamington, upset the middleweight eliminations by defeating one of the contenders, Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich. The contest was exciting all the way.

On the same card, Battling Charlie Parkin of Mansfield outpointed Frank Newold of Coventry over 10 rounds.

Harry Davis of Bethnal Green outpointed Pte. Johnny Jenkins of Glasgow over eight rounds at Hackney.

Walter Redit of Soham defeated Steve Woodley of Battersea over six rounds, and Pte. Len Davies of Swansea was disqualified in the second of a six-round contest for an alleged low delivery against Teddy Softley of Poplar.

Ronnie Rice stopped Henry Kitson of Cambridge in the third of a scheduled six-rounder.

Pat O'Connor of Ireland had the stiffest contest of his short career when he was matched against George Davis, Southern Area middleweight champion, over 10 rounds at Sydney Hulls' unlicensed show at the Stadium Club, London.

O'Connor was not overawed by his opponent's reputation, and outpointed his more experienced rival in the 10 rounds.

Seaman Dick Bradshaw of Portsmouth won over Matt Moran of Barnsley in the fourth of an eight-round contest, when the referee stopped the contest because Moran was outclassed.

Johnny Walters of Holborn and Smiler Bush of Stratford fought six rounds to a draw.

Ernie Roderick had little opposition when he was asked to meet Jimmy Griffiths of Barnsley over 10 rounds at Southampton and won by a kayo in the second.

Jimmy Gill of Nottingham, a flyweight of class who forsook the saddle to become a professional boxer, gained a convincing win when he outpointed Tommy Farricker of Manchester over 10 rounds, at Nottingham.

Charlie Keeling of Nottingham made a welcome return to the ring to kayo his local rival, Cyril Johnson, in the second of a 10-round bout.

Peter Charville of Nottingham outpointed Ernie Smith of Nottingham over eight rounds.

Tommy Farr boxed exhibitions with Danny and Packy Paul, the Canadian heavyweights, who are in the War Reserve Police Force.

Taffy Williams, welterweight champion of Wales, made short work of Rex Bruce, the colored cowboy from Colorado, in the first of a scheduled 10-rounder, winning by a kayo, at Eldorado, Leith.

Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington boxed well to outpoint Dick Richardson of Fife, over 10 rounds.

Private Jim Callory was very unfortunate to lose to Billy Stevens at Bellshill when he was forced to retire owing to a badly cut eye sustained in the fourth round.

Billy Gordon of Sunderland outpointed Ronnie Lush of Camden Town in the chief bout over 10 rounds at Sunderland.

Eddie Robinson (Annfield, Plain) put up a smart performance in outpointing the Polish middleweight, Tadeusz Stegiersky, in the 10-round supporter.

A big crowd turned out to witness Syd Hulls' big show, at Empress Hall, Earls Court, although Eric Boon saw fit to cry off of his contest with Jack Kid Berg, a day before the bout.

In the place of Boon, Promoter Hulls was lucky enough to obtain the services of Sergt. Instructor Eddie Ryan, ex-amateur champion, and undefeated as a professional.

The bout was over 12 rounds, and Berg, with all his old fire and dash, managed to outpace the clever Ryan. The end came in the sixth round when Ryan, after being cautioned for low deliveries three times, transgressed again and was ruled out by Referee Jack Hart.

The best show of the night was the supporting bout between the two East Side lightweights, Harry Lazar and Harry Silver.

This contest was a classic, Silver attempting to corner the fast moving and snappy hitting Lazar, only to be countered with a snappy left hook or straight right, and try whichever way he liked, he always found a better lad in front of him, and Lazar received the decision by a wide margin.

It was a pleasure indeed, to see Corporal Ted Kid Lewis of the R.A.F. take the chair to referee the Jack Hyams of Stepney and Joe Quigley of Ireland contest over eight rounds, and the way the contest was handled by the famous ex-champion makes one wonder why he is not seen more often as third man in the ring.

Hyams, who has speed on his side, was too fast for the hard hitting Irishman, and won well on points.

Dave Finn of Stepney won a narrow decision over Joe Connolly of Glasgow over eight rounds.

Joey Vaughan of Becontree continued his winning way when he easily outpointed Johnny Buckley of Bermondsey over four rounds.

Syd Walters of Stratford was a trifle lucky to get the decision over Laurie Buxton of Watford in a four-rounder, although he was put down for five long counts.

Bob Firmin of Lowestoft gained an easy points

win over Alf Bishop of Bath after 10 rounds, at Feltham.

In another 10-round contest, Rory O'Connor of Ireland defeated Derek Hawkes of Windsor in the sixth round when the latter retired.

Tom Smith of Sunderland won his right as a contender for the featherweight title now held by Nel Tarleton when he outpointed Frank Parkes, the useful Nottingham feather, over 15 rounds at Newcastle after a very good contest.

Jack Bloomfield, the popular ex-cruiserweight champion of Great Britain and the British Empire, entered into the field as a promoter when he staged a tournament at the Winter Gardens, Eastbourne, and was rewarded with a bumper house.

The feature bout was between Jimmy Vaughan, the Southern Area lightweight champion, and George Daly of Blackfriars. Vaughan enhanced his reputation by giving a brilliant display to outpoint the game Daly.

Jack Bloomfield intends to promote further shows at Eastbourne, and he can rest assured that if he gives his patrons fights like that between Vaughan and Daly he will have packed houses.

Bert Gilroy, the young Scotch Italian, won his contest against Ginger Sadd by sheer aggressiveness over 15 rounds, and thus meets Jock McAvoy for the latter's middleweight title.

Private Len Beynon was in a punishing mood against Dickie Corbett in their scheduled 10-round contest at the Stadium Club, London, and after Corbett had survived several knockdowns and a severe belting, Jack Hart wisely stopped the bout in Beynon's favor in the fifth.

Billy Jones of Wales outpointed Dusty Welland of the R.A.F. over eight rounds at Holborn.

Les Greenaway of Wales defeated Walter Redit of Soham over eight rounds.

Pat Palmer of Battersea was given the decision over Willie Smith of Margate at the end of six interesting rounds.

Dick Turpin, the much talked of colored middleweight from Leamington, went one better at Birmingham when he knocked out Dave McCleave in the fifth of a 10-round contest with a right to the body.

In the supporting contest over 10 rounds, Sam Reynolds of Wolverhampton outpointed Frank Bonsor of Nottingham in a sizzler.

Ronnie James of Swansea knocked out Joe Slark of Egham in the eighth of a 10-rounder at Swansea.

Walter Redit of Soham came in as a substitute and outpointed Pte. Jimmy Lester in a spirited eight-round contest at Hackney.

Iver Thomas of Wales seemed to have beaten Bob Ramsay of Stepney in the eight-round contest but the referee declared a draw.

Jack Kid Berg again demonstrated his wares in Eire when he defeated Paddy Roche of Ireland in the fifth of an eight-rounder.

Ernie Simmons, cruiserweight from Leicester, and formerly of Dublin, annexed the heavyweight championship of Eire, when he defeated Dom Lydon of Cork in the 10th when the latter retired with a damaged hand after having quite a good lead on points.

Kid Tanner disposed of Jackie Lee in the sixth round of their bout at Newcastle on April 3.

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA fight followers were treated to one of the most sensational scraps when they witnessed the Pedro Medina vs. Young Gonzalez slugfest at the Cristal Arena. Medina, holder of the fly and bantamweight titles of Cuba, won the decision over Young Gonzalez of Spain. Medina's cleverness piled up for him a big margin in the first six.

Mario Morales, one of the new bantams, won easily over the eight-round route from Baby Canzoneri. Morales showed class. Canzoneri never had a chance. Baby Chichi scored a three-round technical knockout over Guajiro Salvage, hard punching lightweight.

Angel Ruiz, middleweight, just out of the Golden Gloves, won an unpopular decision over Evangelio Valiente of the Navy. Valiente deserved at least a draw. Maximo Morales was knocked out in three rounds by Baby Coullimber, sensational bantamweight, who's dad was featherweight king of Cuba a few years ago.

Pedro Poey, fast rising featherweight, scored a six-round knockout over Manuel Rabassa of Puerto Rico. This Poey certainly looks like a star. If properly handled it won't take long before he reaches the top. Jose Ferrer and Bulldog Camagueyano fought a six-round draw. These lightweights went to it hammer-and-tongs. Luis Diaz won in six rounds over Baby Scull, both lightweights, and Santos Hernandez scored a knockout in three rounds over Joe Bejegas, also lightweights.

Sergio Napoles, Cuba's little Jack Dempsey, won in six rounds from Joe Alvarez, another tough customer. These flyweights put up a whale of a scrap, but Napoles' sock proved the winning factor. Napoles floored his rival three times, and piled up a long lead to get the judges' nod.

Guillermo Barrios, lightweight, voted as Cuba's best boxer in 1938, continues to win. This time he scored a six-round knockout over Gilbert Kesse, in a thrilling contest full of action. Barrios, if properly handled, will make the grade.

Carmelo Fenoy, latest importation from Spain, is a corking lightweight. Broad of shoulders, only 22 years old, and with a good record, this lad should go over big in any ring. Fenoy will be shown in local arenas before he makes his entry into the United States. Saturnino Rico, local welterweight, scored a four-round knockout over Rogelio Oliver, and Eddy de la Torre, flyweight, won in six rounds over Moses Rodriguez. Rafael Soto was knocked out by Reinaldo Pi in the second round. Andres Gomez, hard punching welterweight, scored a three-round knockout over Nicolas Duenas. Gomez is a stiff puncher and hits from all angles.

Johnny Arango, corking flyweight, is ready for action. Arango is a sensational two-fisted scrapper, who knows the ropes mighty well. Arango is aiming for a scrap with Kid Guarina, the Sergio Napoles boy . . . . Justo Gascon, good 147-pounder, will soon arrive from Spain. This Madrid ringster has several scraps lined up for him in local rings, and if he is as good as they say, he'll be a sensation . . . . Rafael Greno, address Guzman El Bueno 31, Madrid, Spain, is at the service of RING Magazine fans for any information concerning fights and fighters . . . . Pedro Martinez, a champion in the making, is one of the finest featherweights Cuba boasts of right now. Martinez is undefeated, and shows improvement right along . . . . Santiago Sosa is another sterling featherweight who is bound to come to the top. Sosa is a most colorful scrapper, and possesses what it takes to make a great fighter . . . . Joe Legon, welterweight champion since his great victory over Joe Coego, has been silent.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

THIS writer had the good fortune recently to attend a banquet in Mexico City, given in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of Promoter Jimmy Fitten's successful promotion of fisticuffs in that city. The affair, attended by sports writers, managers and others connected with boxing, testified to the great success of this American impresario, who overcame tremendous obstacles to become what we personally consider the premier promoter in the entire business of boxing.

Year after year, Mr. Fitten has run two shows weekly, his big show doing from $10,000 to $20,000 and the small club show running from $2,000 to $5,000. Besides these exceptionally good gates, he has developed some of the world's outstanding talent, including Kid Azteca, Baby Casanova, Baby Arizmendi, Joe Conde, Juan Zurita, Rudolfo Ramirez and many others capable of holding their own with the best in their divisions.

The Mexican Boxing Commission, headed by Sr. Manuel Munoz, is one of the most efficient bodies it has ever been our pleasure to meet. For instance, recently a "fly-by-night" club attempted to open in Mexico City and after running one show, flopped, leaving an American manager and three fighters with their contracts unfulfilled. The Commission immediately forced payment on said contracts and the visitors returned home all smiles about the swell manner in which they were treated south of the border.

Hugh Benbow, for over four years Houston's fight promoter, has retired from the boxing game. He has converted his Olympiad arena into a skating rink and is packing them in nightly, he reports. For three years Benbow drew capacity crowds to his weekly fight cards, but the past year saw a decided drop in interest in boxing hereabouts and a loss at the box office, hence his decision to quit the game.

Manuel Villa II drew with Kenny La Salle and beat Lew Feldman; Kid Azteca K.O.'ed Jack Taylor; Don Eddy beat Kid Bruno, Ray Serrano and drew with Ralph DeJean; Jo Jo Passante trimmed Raphael Esparza and Battling Ancira; Ray Serrano bested Ted Tellos; Harry Lane, hard hitting lightweight, and Willie Neyland, classy welter, are making a successful campaign in Mexico; Evelyn Harper's Johnny (K.O.) Stevens is a big card around San Antonio, where he is a consistent winner . . . . Any desired information about boxing in this section may be had by writing this correspondent at Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

SOUTH AFRICA REPORTS

By KEN DUNCAN

HANDSOME Laurie Stevens, now beating men in the welterweight division, added another victory to his growing list when he knocked out Alf James in six rounds at the Johannesburg City Hall.

Outboxed in the opening session by an opponent who used his left with rapier effect, Stevens beat his way savagely to close quarters in the second round. With two-fisted ferocity he sank them in right and left to the body. James took a four-count, and was only saved from a two-round knockout by the gong, which sounded as he lay in the resin.

A riotous rally in the third sent the crowd into a delirium of excitement, but it was James' final fling. Stevens kept after his man in tigerish fashion and although the heavier James scored freely with neat counters, he could not hold off the lightweight tornado.

Round six brought the "finis" when Stevens swung a fierce left hook that caught the gallant James on the jaw and dropped him for the full count.

It looks as though Tiny Dean and company will have to search for some good overseas talent to test the improving Stevens. Most of the local opposition is washed up.

Displaying masterful footwork and a neat body shift, Dave Katzen piled up enough points in the last three periods of an eight-round welterweight tussle to beat Bob Bradley comfortably.

THE RING IN MEXICO

By CARLOS VERA

BOXING in Mexico, meaning Mexico City, is going well and a new season has started in Palacio del Deporte, the former fronton of jai-alai, which can hold a 7,000 crowd.

In the first show the new promoters scored a hit with the bout of Johnny Stevens from Cincinnati and Juan Zurita, the Mexican featherweight champ. Zurita got the decision. In another bout, Joe Conde put to sleep Luis Martinez in the fifth. In the first 10-rounder, Luis Castillo flattened Chick Sanchez of San Antonio in one round.

Promoters of Palacio del Deporte are planning a big season, and fighters who want to come to Mexico will do well by writing to Carlos Vera to "Novedades" newspaper at Bucareli 23, Mexico City.

"Babe" Casanova is definitely through. He was knocked out by George Dixon in three rounds at Arena Mexico. On the same program, Pachuca Kid Joe easily beat Leonardo Lopez. A small crowd saw the fights.

In other recent bouts, the lightweight champion, Rodolfo Ramirez, was knocked out in the first 20 seconds of his fight with Pedro Ortega . . . . Pancho Villa from Monterey put Johnny Gaudes away in one round . . . . Armando Sicilia beat "Babe" Casanova, but the referee gave the decision to the Mexican.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

CHICAGO played host to two national boxing programs of importance with neither one proving a success, financially speaking. Over at the Chicago Stadium, with a seating capacity of approximately 22,000, a slim throng of spectators numbering 4,301 paid a total of $7,299 net to see Tony Zale, the terrific belter from Gary, Ind., blast out Ben Brown from Atlanta, Ga., in three heats. The Atlanta Cracker was spilled by a devastating left hook while on the ropes for a nine count. He got up, took a volley of punches and crumpled to the floor for another nine count, then commenced to weave out of danger, only to be meted out a severe head attack which dropped him for keeps. This attraction was billed for 10 cantos.

In the semi-feature, Davey Day, top-ranking lightweight challenger, was given an easy target in Norment Quarles of Henderson, N. C., who was defeated once before by Davey. Day, who weighed 134½, gained the 10-round verdict.

In the preliminaries, Bill Eddy, southpaw from Detroit, won a spectacular contest from Johnny Pleasant, lightweight from Chicago, in six rounds. Altus Allen, protege of Sol Butler, and 1939 International Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, beat Frank Green of the South Side in four. And in the four-round curtain raiser, Ralph Guajardo, Mexican welterweight nifty belonging to Bill Jensen, triumphed over Pete Ferrand, another Mexican scrapper.

A program featuring three 10-round attractions was offered at the Chicago Coliseum with Milt Aron topping the card before another small attendance of only 4,478 fans, with gate receipts amounting to $8,781 gross.

Aron, 147-pounder and ranking No. 1 candidate for Henry Armstrong's title until his defeat by Cal Cagni, was pitted opposite Bep Van Klaveren. In the early rounds, Beppy had obtained a comfortable lead, but after the fourth frame Milt found the range and showered Bep with right-hand blows that slowed up the Hollander. Milt was given the official award.

The 10-round attraction between Fritzie Zivic, the Pittsburgh slasher, and Johnny Barbara, Chicago's devastating belting 150-pounder, stole the show, Barbara blasting Fritzie to the canvas for a nine count in the third. Zivic arose and was dealt out blistering left hooks to the body. In the fourth round Johnny hit Fritzie's chin with a ponderous right hand that spilled him again. Barbara was scoring points aplenty in the fifth when with but a few seconds to go, Fritzie dropped Johnny for three. Zivic in the ensuing rounds, utilized his ringcraft to gain a shade win.

In the third 10-round feature, Lem Franklin, heaviest hitting heavyweight in the business today, took the measure of Willie Reddish. Reddish was administered an unmerciful scorching. He hit the deck three times in the first frame. At intervals up until the fifth stanza, Reddish scored with left hooks to the body, when "zoom," a crashing right-hand blast to the jaw dropped Willie for keeps. Franklin scales 202 pounds.

In the two preliminary contests, Frank Green of the South Side stopped Marion Mosely in the opening frame of a six-rounder. Ralph Guajardo, West Side Mexican, won handily over Bobby Ryan, another West Side 147-pounder, in four heats.

Cal Cagni, welterweight aspirant from N.Y.C., sent Milt Aron three times to the resin in winning over the Chicago puncher at Philadelphia, in 10 rounds.

Leo Rodak, formerly a top-ranking feather weight, and now establishing his rights to lightweight recognition, gained two fistic wins during the month, one over Yucatan Kid, at New Orleans, La., in 10 rounds, and the other at Boston. Leo triumphed over George Salamone, a home-town product, in 10 rounds.

The White City Boxing Club, 63rd Street and South Park, opened its doors again to professional boxing with Messrs. Alex Veck, Chick Rice, George Sullivan, associated with the aid of Sam Abruscato, in a matchmaking capacity, all at the controls. Their inaugural program featured three eights and two fours, which were witnessed by a capacity house, 2,267 in attendance, and gate receipts of $1,743.50.

Getting down to the fights which were well balanced in weights and caliber, Willie Joyce, Gary's lightning streak, took the measure of the swift punching Nick Castiglione, Italian lightweight from the West Side. Joyce's superior experience, coupled with sharper punching and timing, held a decisive margin at the end of their fray.

Phil Saeli, another young West Side lightweight scrapper, fought Gene Spencer, South Chicago puncher, to a standstill. And in the other eight-round conflict, Jackie Cooper, who has shown great promise under the tutelage of the mammoth Seal Harris, jolted Indian Billy Lee of Milwaukee with ripping left hooks and short rights.

Steve Souris, who is built like a Greek Adonis and weighs around 150 pounds, was very fortunate to receive a four-round draw against George Feltes of Milwaukee at the end of four slashing rounds of action.

The opener revealed Paul Frasier a knockout winner over Karl (Blackie) Owens, a light-heavyweight southpaw, in round two. Former lightweight and welterweight champion Barney Ross refereed three of these contests creditably, making the boys fight at all times.

Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland beat George Sutka of Detroit here in Chicago in eight rounds of fast milling. The other eights found Willie Muldune of Cleveland stowing away Frank Green, heavyweight from the South Side, in four frames, and George Nyberg of Port Arthur, Ontario, winning over Tony Yates of St. Paul, Minn. In the prelim, Eu Eulien and Ralph Guajardo, welterweights, fought a four-round draw battle.

Emil Nanny, importer of all Italian pugilists of rare ability, has at this time the light-heavyweight champion of Europe, Sattimio Terracina, who in his brief workouts thus far has displayed skill. Nanny, if you will recall, imported Leone Efrati, a featherweight of promise, who met with fair success.

Tony Musto, who has been regaining lost prestige during his sojourn in balmy Florida, chalked up another victory when he took the measure of Hard Rock Harden over the 10-round route at Miami Beach. Manager Bob Capocy, pilot of Musto, also handles Tony Reno, a 150-pounder.

Young Kid McCoy, Detroit's junior welterweight, achieved his 26th triumph in 27 pro appearances at the expense of Gene Spencer of South Chicago in eight rounds of fast milling.

Bobby McIntire, also of Detroit, beat Eddie Kozole in eight rounds in Chicago. McIntire is THE RING scribe.

In another scheduled eighter, Al Tibbits of Danville, Ill., belted out Cliff Coons in one heat and in the slated four-rounders, George Kontopolis, Greek welterweight, drew with Pete Ferrand, South Side Mexican, and Tony Yates of St. Paul beat Ralph Guajardo, West Side Mexican 147-pounder.

Tommy Pallatin of South Bend, Ind., ended the winning streak of Young Kid McCoy of Detroit at the end of 10 rounds. Palatin's early margin proved to be too big a handicap for McCoy to overcome.

The semi-final found Al Tibbits of Danville winner over Earl Peterson of St. Paul at the end of five rounds. The other five-round event didn't go the required distance because Leonard Bennett, belting Hebrew from Detroit, found out that Tito Taylor disliked his body whacks. Taylor, a colored 147-pounder, couldn't stomach any more before the completion of the third stanza.

And in a four-round preliminary gesture, Ralph Guajardo, young Mexican scrapper, notched out another win for himself over the highly touted Milwaukee welter, Tommy Speigal. The other four-rounder saw Bobby Ryan beat Sam Scully, who came out of retirement.

Paul Frasier, young colored 165-pounder, besides his win over Karl Owens in the Windy City, scored noteworthy victories over Henry Schaft and Gordon Wallace, up at Minneapolis, Minn.

Billy Seward, free swinging slugger from Ingamoor, Montana, who has fought all of his battles here in town, beat Al Spina at Billings, Mont., in six.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

MEMORIAL HALL, Kansas City, Kansas: Al Dorlac, gritty St. Louis lightweight, gave weight and experience to Battling Chino Lopez and slugged his way to an eight-round draw. Dorlac, an eleventh hour sub for Pat Kissinger, turned out to be 100% scrapper.

The semi-final was taken in hand early by Dynamite Dan Dowling, Missouri's White Hope, who felled Jim Brown in less than a round, to register his 15th kayo victory in 17 starts. He has yet to taste defeat.

A sixer went to Dickie Wells, tough St. Louis Negro who, after sampling the resin in round one, simply walked right through Jordan "Bo" Davis, local featherweight. Ferman Burton, a great amateur welter, turned pro, and stopped Jackie Conway in the third of their fiver. The opener was a kayo win for Lawrence Price, St. Joseph feather, who chilled game Skeets Weems in four.

Bus Breese is no longer promoter in Memorial Hall. There was no boxing here last May when Bus came along. Young Breese was too straightforward for his own good. Breese is starting all over again in Hutchinson, Kansas, a good sporting town, and he has the well wishes of every good boxing character in this part of the country.

Tony Novak disposed of Ed Slake in the second round of their scheduled 10. Ferman Burton, Negro welterweight whirlwind, stole the show in dealing out a thumping to the popular Harry Mills. Though Burton was the victim of a bad duke, the draw really hurt nobody, because it was a grand fight and called for a return anyhow.

Chester Ellis, another former amateur star, was too cute for Lawrence Price, hard socking St. Joe feather, in their four, and Lewis "Brother" Jackson, a good prospect, drubbed Wilbur DeCora, Indian 175-pounder, in a sixer. Jackson has plenty of class, can box, is well schooled in his ring fundamentals, and looks like a future champion.

Billy McLeod, veteran Minnesota bantam, who fought draws with Small Montana and others of that ilk while on the Coast, was too smart and tough for Johnny Estrada, local feather, but ran out of steam and had to be content with a draw.

The Catholic Youth Council, under the direction of Father Brooks Hale, has opened a splendid new gymnasium where over sixty youngsters of all ages and sizes cavort daily under expert tutelage. Head coach is Tommy Dixon, great featherweight of not so many yesterdays ago, who is aided in this fine work by two other former top-notchers, Arlos Fanning and Tommy Hayes. Several good boys are in the developing process at the gym, and it is safe to say that Tommy Dixon & Co. will saddle a few winners at the next Golden Glove tournament.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Pat Kissinger got off the deck to kayo Irish Jimmy Hughes of Kentucky in the fourth of their lightweight fight. The crowd enjoyed it and left satisfied that Kissinger is still the nation's No. 1 knock 'em down and drag 'em out artist. Another eight saw Billy Moyer, Hays, Kans., middle, recently returned from the Pacific Coast, outpoint Kid Paris of Fort Riley, Kans., and the third eight had Bus Talbott, Junction City, Kans., Negro, defeating the scrappy Baby Lou Alcanter of Kansas City.

One of the hardest right-hand punchers in the welterweight class is Phil Latona of Denison, Texas. Phil has draws with Wishy Jones and Johnny Durso, and good fights with Kenny LaSalle, Harvey Woods and Dick Demeray to his recent credit. He also beat Tony Yates not long ago, and has fought all over the Southwest with considerable success. He can be secured through Leo Morreale, 5317 Michigan, Kansas City, Mo. Leo also is booking Battling Chino Lopez and Petey Alcanter, club fighting Mexican welters.

The writer enjoys hearing from fight fans, and will be tickled pink to answer any questions they may have. Our address again, is 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kansas.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

LEE SAVOLD was the featured performer on Tom Pack's last boxing program, coming in right on the heels of the Angel's wrestling exhibition. Savold lost quite convincingly to Johnny Whiters of Detroit, a pretty good heavyweight, incidentally. Savold appeared soft around the middle and quite incapable of taking any kind of punch thereabouts. This undoubtedly explains the ease with which Lem Franklin knocked Lee out in two rounds in March of last year.

Otis Thomas, who has gone to the Coast for a few fights, fumbled around badly before kayoing Chief Collins in seven rounds. Otis shows the need of getting a few fights under his belt.

The most noteworthy fistic note is the arrival of Dan Dowling, the Irish Poker Puss, at the threshold of heavyweight maturity. We gave up on Dauntless Dan the first day he came into the gym, but fortunately his managers, George Wilsman and Harry Trendall, decided otherwise. They enlisted for the duration. At that time, Dan weighed around 240. He was unimpressive in every possible way. But that was about a year and a half ago.

Dan weighs in the upper 'nineties now, and he is shaping up as a real article. His quick kayo over Bob Sikes and his one-sided drubbing of "Tiger" Neville Beech have established him as the best looking heavyweight prospect in the Southwest.

For the past couple of months Dan has had the advantage of working out almost daily with Otis Thomas. Otis went right after him from the start and had him looking 100 per cent better in a week's time. It took Dan about that long to overcome his stage fright, but thereafter it was civil war "in the place" daily from two o'clock on.

Jimmy Webb, unlike many another handsome lad, can fight. He has shown on the last two Joe Louis cards and has generally been a busy boy since leaving here the first of the year. We would like to see the left hook artist "in there" with Billy Conn. There might be more fun than would meet the eye.

James Richie, embattled battler from Slaughter's, came through with flying colors against New York's Golden Glovers. They said James would be lucky to hit Sfrisi, his truck driving opponent from Philadelphia. Leon Haire also won over Art Foster for at least the fifth time. Chas. Williams scored a booming knockout for the other side. He was our champion last year . . . . Slaughter had an entirely different cast in the Ozark A. A. U., but wound up with three titles, just as he did in copping the Gloves for the third straight time . . . . His bantam of last summer, Roy Brown, won the Chicago Gloves but lost to his New York opponent . . . . There were thus five St. Louis boys on that program.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

MAREUS PITTE will be boxing as Marcus Pitte from now on and can be reached through the writer. Also Eddie Reed (White) of Hartford. Both boys are in the featherweight class.

The Federal A. C. of Chicopee, Mass., through its matchmaker, Leo Bradley, has put on two nice cards. Paul Junior vs. Bernie Miller topped his first card, with Junior winning the decision. On the second card Jerry Maloni was given 10 three-minute boxing lessons by Ken Overlin. Other bouts on the card: Chicopee's Wild Bull stopped Bill Canney of Boston in the second on a T.K.O.; Phil Quillan of Springfield won over Billie Connerty of Boston in a hard fought six-round bout; Johnny Dugwillo won a six-round bout from Johnny Green of Pittsfield, Mass.

Valley Arena with Joe De Maria matchmaking, put on some nice fights. Jack Thompson won over Doug Murchie in a hard fought main bout; Art McAlpine beat Johnny Rossi in an eight-round bout; Kid Sal of Meriden and Leo Dulmaine of Worcester fought a hard fight with Sal taking the award; Armand Rainault of Springfield won over Harry Hitlian of Worcester in a six; Frankie Allen of Holyoke won over Tommy Burns of Springfield, Mass., in four.

Jimmy Leto of Hartford won a decision over Milo Theodorescu of Rumania in a 10-round bout. Danny Buckley of Holyoke won a close decision over Billy Campanelli of Worcester in eight rounds; Leo Scwicki lost a close fight to Johnny Green of Pittsfield in a six; Jackie Small of Boston took the count in the fourth in his bout with Jackie Parker of Worcester; Jackie Collins of Boston won over Homer White of Worcester in a four-round bout.

Milt Piepul of Thompsonville, captain of the Notre Dame football team, was introduced from the ring before the main bout.

Carl Dell of New York won a decision over Milo Theodorescu in a 10-round main bout. Dell subbed for Cocoa Kid. Doug Murchie of North Adams won a decision over Al Castanquay of Holyoke in a gruelling fight of eight rounds; Danny Buckley of Holyoke and Billy Campanelli of Worcester fought another good fight with all the officials voting different. The bout was declared a draw. Johnny Craven of Philadelphia lost a close decision to Eddie Ellis of Haverhill. In another eight-round bout, Phil Quillan won over Jackie Collins in a four.

Jimmy Ace Clark, formerly of Philadelphia, is now making his home in Springfield, and is fighting regularly in Vermont. Clark is capable of giving any heavyweight in the game today a busy night.

MAINE MITT MORSELS
By CHARLEY MILLER

PAUL JUNIOR, New England lightweight champion, warming up after losing the first two rounds, scored a technical kayo over Al Gauthier of Springfield, Mass., in the fourth frame. Referee Bluenose Parent stopped the fight after the second knockdown in the fourth. Paul, with blood from his face, hit Gauthier with a vicious right in the third for a nine count. Junior weighed 138, Gauthier, 138.

In the semi-final, K. O. Bonnevie, Livermore Falls, won over K. O. Mayo of Augusta in six rounds.

Coley Welch of Portland was awarded the decision at the Exposition Building over Frankie Nelson, Davenport, Ia., Negro. Welch's rallies in the last rounds after he had been floored for five in the first and suffered a cut eye in the sixth, influenced the judges and the referee. A draw would have been a better decision. In the semi-final, John Henry, Boston Negro, won a clean-cut decision from Nat Kadin, Philadelphia, in six.

Other results included: Bob Thompson, Portland, won over Norman Burley, Dover, N. H., in four; Ernie Burke, Portland, defeated Al Cloutier, Lewiston, in four; Hungry Moore, Ft. Williams, K.O.'ed Barney Gauitard, Westbrook, on a technical in three; Herb Tracy, Portland, won a booed decision over Henry Perry, Portland, in four.

At Springfield, Jimmy Duval, speedy little Portland lightweight, pounded out a six-round decision over the stiff-punching Eddie Letourneau of Sanford. Letourneau was on the floor for counts in the first and fourth rounds.

CAMPING OUT, HERE AND THERE—Chick Hayes is working on a Dave Castilloux and Paul Junior bout for Portland . . . . Jackie Fisher, 17 years old, of Waterville, Maine, is the best light-heavy in these parts today . . . . Charlie Grace of Waterville is bringing boxing back to that city . . . . Albert Canan of Madawaska is doing well with his shows . . . . Jimmy Duval, lightweight champion of that section, is his main performer.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

MIKE BELLOISE of New York won a 10-round decision over Everett Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., at the Rhode Island Auditorium. The referee's verdict was unsatisfactory to most of the spectators. Belloise weighed 129 and Rightmire, 130.

In the semi-final, Tony Ferry of Fall River beat Joe Piaster of Webster, Mass., in six rounds. Al Francis of East Providence K.O.'d Larry Baker of Boston at 2:43 of the fifth round. Ollie Barbour of Apponaug defeated Jackie Small of Boston. Al Diodati of Bristol scored a technical knockout win over Jimmy Barbour of Apponaug in the second round. Billy Barbour of Apponaug won over Jackie Amado of Newport. Pete Zollo of East Providence made his pro debut by taking a decision over Phil Mercurio of Quincy.

Abe Denner of Boston scored a technical K.O. over Harry Gentile of Hartford at 1:32 of the eighth round of a scheduled 10-round main bout held at Marieville Gardens. In another 10- rounder, Domenic De Ciantis of Providence fought to a draw with Georgie Solamone of Boston. Bill Buckley, 127, of Fall River knocked out Biff Lemieux, 130, of New Bedford. Tony Gouveia, 152, of Taunton and Eddie Adourian, 151, of Cranston fought to a five-round draw. Norman Pineau, 140, of Fall River, stopped Arnold Hazard, 134, of Providence at 2:43 of the second round.

Jimmie Mendes, 185, of New Bedford scored a technical knockout over Eddie Coderre, 185, of Pawtucket in the second round of an eight-round bout.

Ralph Zannelli, Providence welterweight, knocked out Irish Eddie Brink of New York in 1:02 of the fourth round. Making his first appearance here in a year, the local boy displayed the same aggressiveness that enabled him to win 33 consecutive victories when he turned professional.

In the eight-round semi-final, Tony Costa of Woonsocket outpointed Billy Buckley of Boston. Alex DeAngelo of Marlboro and Joey Manfro of New York fought to a six-round draw. Jackie Caparell of Boston defeated Johnny Dougwillo of Marlboro in six rounds.

For boxing information from this locality, write to Fred Spetrini, 57 Grove Street, Providence, R. I.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

BOBBY POISON IVY, popular Hartford featherweight, gained revenge from a previous defeat by winning the decision over Marcus Pitte of Puerto Rico and then Ivy edged out a popular win over Yoshio Nakamura over the 10-round distance. Both bouts were held at Foot Guard Hall.

The elusive Pitte made a difficult target for the hard hitting Ivy. He backed away shooting out a spearing left and tied Ivy up whenever the going came too close. Referee Louis Kid Kaplan, former world's featherweight champion, took many points away from Pitte and awarded the fight to Ivy on aggressiveness.

Carl Red Guggino returned to Hartford to win an eight-round decision over Julio Gonzales of Puerto Rico. George Red Doty, Hartford's kayo artist, was upset by Joey Polowitzer of Windsor Locks. Polowitzer scored a quick one-round kayo. Irish Billy Taylor, Bridgeport, was down seven times in the first round before Referee Kaplan stopped the bout and awarded the fight to Jimmy Collins, New Haven Negro. Jackie Alexander, New Britain, and Charley Roberts, Hartford, fought a nice four-round draw.

In Nakamura, Ivy met a man who was willing to stand and trade punches. It was a nip and tuck affair all the way through. Nakamura tired in the closing sessions and allowed Ivy to take the play away from him.

The undercard was marred by substitutions. Eddie Rossi, Boston middleweight, won over Corky Dulgarian, Monroe, N. Y., in the six-round semi-final. Jackie Murray, New York Negro edged out a six-round decision over Unknown Morgan, Hartford 155-pounder.

Arturo Godoy, who needs no introduction after going 15 rounds with Joe Louis, was a guest referee on the Ivy-Nakamura card. He handled the match between Carilli and Maltempo. Before the bout he was interviewed over the amplifying system by his manager, Al Weill. Godoy asked Weill to get Louis for him again even tomorrow.

Joey Polowitzer, long a favorite in the semi-pro ranks, recently turned pro. In his first start in the money ranks, Polowitzer stepped in as a sub and flattened Red Doty in the first round. In the second fight he dropped a hairline decision to Bobby Ellis, New Britain southpaw in New Britain. He was again matched with Ellis, this time over the six-round distance and went on to win the decision.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

WORCESTER—Vince Pimpinella, Brooklyn middleweight, rallied to take the ten-round decision from Howell King, Springfield. For the first seven rounds, the bout was close, featured by much snappy jabbing and open fighting. A terrific right to the jaw floored King in the eighth and from then on, Vince found it easier to tag the fast moving colored boy.

Leo Dulmaine, rangy Millbury boy, won by T.K.O. over Lefty Isrow, Athol. The referee refused to let Isrow continue for the second because of a cut eye. Larry Bolvin, Rhode Island's little Dempsey, stopped the rise of Tony Costa, Woonsocket, R. I., by a knockout in the third.

Jimmy Mendes, New Bedford heavy, on the comeback trail, repeated his knockout over Al Bouchard, this time in three rounds. Mendes has won his comeback bouts in convincing fashion.

Pat Foley was reported to have hurt his hand in his losing fight with Lenny (Boom Boom) Mancini in New York, thus accounting for his defeat. No credit should be taken from Mancini, however, for winning his first main bout against a man of Foley's ability.

The new ruling in college boxing of awarding the decision to the boxer ahead on points even though the referee may stop the bout due to a serious cut, seems a fair decision. Credit for a K.O. when a boxer is far behind seems unjustified.

Nearly 6000 fans were at the Boston Garden to see the New England Amateur Championships. Harold Harris was given the George V. Brown trophy for being the outstanding performer of the evening. Mulligan's decision over Carlo Intinerelli for the 147-pound title proved unpopular to the crowd. Here are the champions: 112—Eddie DiAngelis, Revere; 118—Andy Trozzi, Stoneham; 126—Harold Harris, Malden; 135—Romeo Paris, Fitchburg; 147—James Mulligan, Lowell; 160—Larry Pacino, Roxbury; 175—Abel Gonsalves, Saylesville, R. I.; heavy—William Weinberg, Chelsea.

Frankie Nelson, a newcomer from Davenport, Ia., lost an unpopular 10-round decision to Portland's pride, Coley Welch.

Ted Lowry, K.O. artist from New Bedford, added the scalp of Jack "Blondy" Dempsey to his list, putting the New Hampshire boy out in six.

Honey Mellody suffered another bad reverse at the hands of Julie Kogan. This was the second K.O. against him in a month's time.

Georgie Salamone, in his battle at Providence, seemed to have had the better of the argument with Dom DeCiantis, but was given a draw.

Worcester—Howell King knocked down Henry Chmielewski, N. E. 160-pound champ, in the sixth and then went on to win the 10-round decision. Both weighed under the limit, but King, formerly of Detroit, was denied the title because he has not been a resident of New England for a year. Nick Zullo won the split decision over Alex DeAngelo, Marlboro, evening the setback suffered two weeks before.

Springvale, Me.—Val Nadeau, Dover, N. H., scored a knockout over Bill Lancaster, New York, in five rounds.

Boston—Leo Rodak, 134½, Chicago, had too much class for George Salamone, East Boston, 130, winning in 10 fast rounds. Georgie put up a stubborn battle, but Rodak was just too good a fighter for Georgie, who was fighting his fifth 10-round bout.

Lloyd Marshall, 164½, Los Angeles, had little trouble disposing of Red Lewis, 170, Richmond, Va., in the third. The ease and grace the colored Adonis used in putting out the Southerner was beautiful to watch.

Bill Tordiglione, 144½, won the decision over Dom Colan, 140, Walpole, after four torrid rounds. Bill Weinberg, 198, celebrated his pro debut by finishing Manny Correia, 181, in three.

Worcester—Vince Pimpinella upset the dope in holding Coley Welch to a hard fought draw after 10 rounds. Leo Dulmaine, the Millbury boxing master, took the measure of Lefty Isrow, Athol, in the semi-final. Tom Casey, 200, Ireland, former wrestler and brother of Steve Casey, the wrestler, won by a T.K.O. over Ed Coderre, 190, Pawtucket, R. I., in his first start as a boxer, in three rounds.

Al Sinibaldi has claimed the New England 175-pound title. This title being vacant, should belong to Sinibaldi, who is a natural 175-pounder and has defeated all in that class. Sinibaldi is willing to meet anyone disputing his claim.

Ralph Zannelli seems to be hitting his stride by the way he disposed of Eddie Brink. After giving Brink a licking for three rounds, Zannelli put him out for the full count in the fourth, quicker time than it took Milt Aron, leading contender to do the job.

After a lull during March, Boston is due to see many topnotch scrappers. Two of the fistic parade have shown already, Leo Rodak and Lloyd Marshall, tops in their respective classes. Both were impressive in their first tries. As this goes to press, Rodak will be given a severe test against Paul Junior, who has sampled Ambers' best punches.

New Bedford—"Italian Jack" Dempsey evened the score by taking the 10-round decision from Ted Lowry. Both weighed 165.

Jack "Blondy" Dempsey, fresh from a knockout victory at the expense of "Bomber" Remillard the week before, stopped Joe Delgado, 164, Fall River, in three rounds.

Springvale, Me.—Jim Duval, New York Negro, whipped Ed Letourneau, a great favorite in the smaller clubs, in the six-round main event.

The writer's address is 28 Front Street, Ashland, Mass.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Century Athletic Club showed Chalky Wright with Charlie Gomer in the main go of 10 rounds. After three rounds of careful milling, Chalky uncorked a right that didn't seem to travel over six inches, that landed flush on Gomer's jaw and out he went. Gomer 135¼, Wright 130½. In the six-round semi-final, Johnny Kapovich closed very fast in the last two rounds to earn him his second draw with Lambertine Williams. In a supporting six, Pete Caringa stopped Pete Lebianco in the fourth round of a sixer.

Sammy Laporte won a very rough and hard fought 10-rounder over Paul Tennessee Lee. In the third Sammy was guilty of butting but all he drew was a warning. In the seventh Sammy again fouled Lee but this time the round was taken away from him. In the eight-round semi, Charley Burns of Johnstown stopped Billy Bullock of Washington in the third, when Billy seemed to get a little careless. Burns was down for counts five times in the first round, and once in the second. In a supporting six, Jimmy Collins made it five in a row when he stopped Chank Collura in the first heat.

Before one of the largest crowds ever to witness a fight locally, Billy White of Baltimore went to the post against Louis Kid Cocoa in a main go of 12 rounds. After eight rounds the fight was pretty even. At the start of the ninth, Cocoa landed a hard right to the chin and down went Billy for the count of nine. Cocoa swarmed all over Billy when he regained his feet and down he went again. After he had been floored the third time the referee raised Cocoa's hand in victory. In the six-round semi, Billy Carrigan beat Joey Greb. In a supporting six, Hitoshi Tanaka won over Tommy Julius. The gate was close to $3,500.

In a 10-rounder between Chalky Wright and Tommy Speigal, Speigel went to the front by a shade in the first three rounds. Chalky started to put on a little steam and won the balance of the way. Wright 129¼, Speigel 136½. In the semi of six rounds, Larry Killer Marino stopped Jim Costello of Harrisburg in the third after being floored himself for the count of nine. In a supporting six, Arthur Dorrell of Texas stopped Bobby Stone in the third round.

Turner's Arena at Washington: The fans in this town have been looking for action in their fights and they sure were served plenty in the show headed by Wild Bill McDowell of Dallas, Texas, and Jackie Stewart of Wilmington, Del. After eight rounds of fighting that the fans ate up, McDowell was declared the winner. This was not the only one that they enjoyed. The one between El Brookman of Washington with Mayon Padlo of Philadelphia also had them cheering. El went down in the first from a hard right hand, went down again in the third for the count of nine but got up off the floor to still put up plenty of fight. Carl (Red) Guggino pounded out an eight-round decision over Frankie Gilmore of Cincinnati. In a supporting six, Tony Sarullo of Philadelphia battered his way to a four-round T.K.O. over Charley Gilley of Baltimore.

In a main go billed for eight rounds, Wild Bill McDowell of Dallas stopped Jackie Dorval of Cincinnati in the third round. In another eight, Matt Perfetti of New York showed against Johnny Marcelline of Philly with Marcelline winning a split decision. In the third eight, Jimmy Fantini of Jersey City did battle with Tony Sarullo of Philly with Fantini taking the decision. In a supporting six, Walter (Red) Johnson of Jamestown punched out a very easy win over Baltimore's Vic Finazzo.

Before a capacity crowd, Phil Furr and Wild Bill McDowell faced each other in a main go of 10 rounds. The fight was in doubt right up until the final go with McDowell carrying off the decision. Norman Hurdman of Canada had the crowd in a frenzy in his eight-rounder with Mayon Padlo of Philly, in which he copped the duke. In another scheduled eight-rounder, Carl (Red) Guggino stopped Calvin Calp in the third round.

Saverio Turiello of Italy showed in a main go of 10 rounds against Victor Troisi of Mt. Vernon. Unable to match the boxing of Turiello, Troisi landed heavily with his right on numerous occasions. In the fifth his eye started to get bad and by the time the eighth was over it was in mighty bad shape and the fight was awarded to Turiello on a T.K.O. In the six-round semi, Laurence Gunn outfought Joe Sole to win handily. In a supporting six, Pete Lebianco of York overcame two knockdowns in the first round to win over the hard hitting Calvin Calp.

Lew Feldman and Joe Ghnouly showed in a main go of 10 rounds with Feldman declared the winner after a very slow start. Ghnouly had a right-hand bolo punch that he used on Lew on a number of occasions and they carried plenty of steam behind them, but Lew soon fathomed his style and went on to a win with his wonderful legs still doing a mighty good job. In the semi of eight rounds, Laurence Gunn continued to win when he gave the youngster. Bobby Woods, a good going over. It seems that Gunn improves with age. In the six-rounder, Johnny Aicher made quick work of his job when he stopped Frank Kirn in the first heat.

FISTIANA ALLEY—Baltimore at last will see another championship fight when Joey Archibald will defend his title against Baltimore's own Harry Jeffra for the featherweight crown. This battle will no doubt settle the much disputed battle that these two waged in Washington at which time every one thought that Jeffra had relieved Archibald of his crown. Much credit for getting these two together again belongs to the chairman of the State Athletic Commission, Stanley Scherr.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

BILLY NICHY, Charleroi's classy clouter, returned here to give Dusky George Hughes a shellacking for three rounds and then in the fourth, Hughes fouled Nichy with his knee and the referee counted Nichy out and gave the fight to Hughes by kayo in that round. Referee Freddie Mastreen claimed he did not see the blow that put the local performer on the floor, yet he described the blow that sent Nichy to the floor in the *Sun-Telegraph*. Until the foul blow, Nichy was punching Hughes at least three to one and had the colored destroyer's left eye in bad shape, swollen and cut. Nichy weighed 175½ and Hughes tipped the beam at 189½. It was a scheduled 10-round main bout at Jules Beck's Moose Temple and saw a fair house on hand for a swell night of entertainment.

The 10-round semi-final also ended in the fourth round with Ervin Sarlin winning again, this time at the expense of ebony-hued Johnny Fleming. Undefeated Sammy Adragna won by T.K.O., also in the fourth round, over Joey Hornick of Brownsville. The referee stopped the affair while Hornick was still on his feet and doing fairly well. A four-rounder saw Joey Mattis, Charleroi's former *Sun-Telegraph* Diamond Belt champ, give Patsey DeComma of Ford City a shellacking, only to have Judges Chick Rodgers and Willie Davies cast their ballot in favor of DeComma. Referee Mastreen voted a draw on this one. Earvin Hicks, who is supposed to be a vest pocket edition of the Brown Bomber, Joe Louis, won by T.K.O. in the second over Bud Lepley of a scheduled four-rounder.

Ossie Harris, undefeated left hook artist of the Hill, won his first 10-round main bout. Ossie took a nine count in the eighth round when he got careless and ran into a smashing right hand delivered by Frankie Terry of Brooklyn. The show drew $1,600, and was promoted by capable Jacob Mintz, at the Islam Grotto, on the North Side. Ervin Sarlin of Mt. Oliver won by a kayo in the first round over the veteran Billy Flanagan of Clearfield. Sammy Adragna of Munhall won in four heats from Jesse Glynn of the Hill. Johnny (Red) Cregan won as he pleased from Mike Matsko, and in the opener Leo Sweeney outpunched Ernie Pelaia of Monaca in a four-rounder.

Ossie Harris continues to bowl them over. In the 10-round main bout at The Gardens, he trounced the East Liberty Wildcat, Carmen Notch. It was a thrilling battle with Benny Leonard, who was imported by Matchmaker Ray Foutts, working as the third man in the ring and casting his ballot in favor of the Wildcat. Both judges voted on Harris, who is known as the Toy Bulldog . . . . Frankie Cavanna of Brooklyn won over Mike DeStefano of Philly in eight rounds . . . . Irish Jimmy Webb of Houston won by T.K.O. in the sixth round of another eight over Ira Hughes . . . . A six-rounder saw Sammy Adragna win over Joe Bellott of Harrisburg. Sammy Parotto won over Little Eddie Tuscher in four, and in the opener, Leo Sweeney again disposed of Ernie Pelaia in four. This was a Rooney-McGinnley presentation with Ray Foutts as the matchmaker, for the last time. He has given it up to go back and manage fighters. The show drew a net of $3,785.

JUST A JAB—Tom Sloan, Sports Editor of the Charleroi *Mail-Daily News*, has recovered from a serious illness that had him laid up for several weeks. Glad to see you back, Tommy! . . . . Henry Smith, local middleweight, fighting out of Charleroi, won the A.M.A. championship of the 160-pound class during the month . . . . Harry Pittler is doing the business end for Ossie Harris . . . . Joe LaRue, a very good lightweight of the early twenties, is working in the Pittsburgh Steel Company, Allenport plant. Tug Phillips, Young Saylor, Johnny Kutsey and Ray Fay are also employees of the Seamless Tube Co. at Allenport.

Correction, PLEASE! I stated in an earlier issue of this great publication that Ross Fields in conjunction with Ray Foutts, was staging the boxing shows at Weirton, W. Va. It is not Ross but his brother, Roy, on the matchmaking end of the Security League boxing shows. Bill Dummer, connected with boxing for many years, is matchmaker for the new club out on 55th Street. Jim McGirr, McKeesport promoter, is packing them in at his semi-monthly amateur boxing shows. Duke O'Hara, who is a member of the Gang-busters of McKeesport and a good officer, too, assists Jim.

Any information regarding the fight game around here may be obtained. A self-addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed. My address is 1005 Lincoln Ave., Charleroi. And don't forget when you are in town, stop at Artie Hersch's, corner Fifth and McKean Ave., and pick up this world wide publication, THE RING Magazine.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING, which reached its financial pinnacle in Cincinnati a few years back when Freddie Miller first began to attract national attention, is now figuring in the Middle West's revival boom of the fistic sport. Incidentally Freddie Miller's name again is mentioned in the rise of the glove game in the Queen City.

Cincinnati, idle as a steady fight town for nearly three years, is now in the midst of a great comeback, with two promoters, Benny Becker and Bobbie Evans, formerly of Cleveland and the West Coast.

Miller, appearing on Becker's first show of the spring season, came to the end of the fistic trail when he was stopped by Herschel Joiner, a colored junior lightie, in the eighth round of their scheduled ten-round bout.

Evans' big cards have been Buddy Walker, the sensational Negro heavyweight from Columbus, and Eddie Simms, the Cleveland veteran heavy ace.

While Cincinnati's rival promotion camps are fighting to "the tooth," Columbus grabbed the outstanding title of Ohio's best fight town. Before 10,000, Buddy Walker fought a ten-round draw with Patsy Perroni with Jack Dempsey as the referee. In the semi-final, Young Harry Wills won a decision over Joe Wagner of Cleveland. Whitey Morrett's programs in the Capital City struck a new high for receipts in that city.

With Walker heading the present array of Ohio's heavyweight sockers, it is a sure sign that the "battles of the Buddys" will be fought this summer, probably in Columbus or Dayton. We refer to Buddy Knox, Oscar Menachoff's Gem City star, who turned in two impressive victories the past few weeks. First scoring a ten-round decision over the very colorful Swedish champion, Arne Anderson, at St. Paul, Knox stopped Bob Tow in six heats at Cleveland.

At Cincinnati, Walker stopped Tipperary Murray, the big Shelby, O., giant, in seven rounds before a crowd of 2500. In another Evans promotion, Eddie Simms stopped Jim McVey, the Pittsburgh Negro veteran, in two heats. On the latter program, Ezzard Charles, the Cincinnati Negro middleweight, former A. A. U. champion, made his professional debut in winning from Long John Reeves of Columbus. Charles, in this writer's opinion, shares Cincinnati's "best prospect" along with Joiner, who halted the career of Freddie Miller. Both are colored boys.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Little Joey Palmo traveled down to Hot Springs to spring a ten-round decision over Pat Crowder . . . . the Diversey Booking Agency is looking for fighters of all weights, especially those without managerial strings . . . . you can contact agency through this writer at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address is also available to those who are interested in procuring one of the few copies I have left of a promoters' and managers' guide in which over 650 promoters and managers are listed . . . . fifty cents per copy . . . . Ceferino (Sonny) Hatsme, the Dayton Filipino flyweight, at this writing is heading California way and will make his West Coast debut on a San Jose card . . . . the little fellow, always handicapped in this territory by the lack of flyweights, should make a great hit in that territory where boys of that weight are more plentiful.

Bobbie Evans, the new Cincinnati promoter, is equipped with the knowledge of the fight business and should make some money for his backers . . . . Bert Williams should finally hit pay dirt with his Ezzard Charles, who, besides carrying plenty class, has the *punch* . . . . a national result system which I issue on the 1st and 15th of each month continues to bring in more subscribers to same, a handy review of results to check for promoters and managers . . . . the service is only $1.00 per year and all information can be secured through Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Joe Marinelli eliminated Herbie Gilmore from the featherweight picture before a packed house at Dayton, O., and followed up with a victory over George Harper . . . . Red Burman, appearing on the latter program, stopped Dominick Ceccarelli in two heats . . . . Ray Bartlett of Columbus has two corking prospects in Freddie Pope, a bantamweight of class, and Jackie Carpenter, a welterweight who looks and acts like a champion in the ring.

At Jackson, O., Freddie Pope, the sensational Columbus bantamweight, won in the sixth round on a technical knockout over Patsy Patterson. In the semi-windup, Willie Curtsinger won a decision in six rounds over Terry McGovern.

Middletown, O., came to the bat with Ceferino Hatsme drawing with Georgie Stone, and George Eschman doing likewise with Curley Denton.

The smallest crowd of the Morrett promotional regime in Columbus, O., saw Johnny Whiters draw with Eddie Simms in 10 rounds. Whiters a few weeks later exploded the Lee Savold buildup at St. Louis. On the Columbus card, Freddie Pope beat Henry Lee, and Jackie Carpenter knocked out Sammy Mack in three swinging sessions.

Julio Montes of Texas is looking for featherweights, lightweights and welterweights for a series of bouts in Mexico. Interested parties can secure information from Montes through this writer.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Monroe Sporting Club, with Ellison Kasoff as president, is planning several professional shows at Convention Hall.

Following are the results of the better amateur shows seen at the Elks during the last month: Tony DeCarlo, Rochester, won decision from Walter Barnes, Pittsburgh (5); "Smoke" Robison, Erie, Pa., decisioned Jimmy Winters, Buffalo (5); Jerry Spalma, Rochester, decisioned Johnny Como, Erie, Pa. (5); Koby Paul, Rochester, decisioned Patsy Russo, Warren, Pa. (5); Frankie Rath, Coldwater, decisioned Carl Domine, Oswego (3).

"Tilly" Bellucci, Rochester, decisioned Red Henning, Cleveland (5); Barry Wright, Cleveland, decisioned Pete Spotti, Pittsburgh (5); Jimmy Winters, Buffalo, decisioned Don Fitzsimmons, Chicago (5); Jay Widener, Coldwater, decisioned Freddie Dundee, Rochester (3).

Henry Brimm, Buffalo, defeated Gene Pinter, Philadelphia (5); Jerry Spalma, Rochester, won T.K.O. over Steve Ditkowski, MacAdoo, Pa., at end of second; Jimmy Evans, Auburn, decisioned Joey Stephano, Rochester (5); Frankie Rath, Coldwater, knocked out Scott Clay, Rochester, in the 5th; Harry Smith, Rochester, decisioned Izzy Jacobson, Rochester (3); Eddie Woods, Charlotte, defeated Jay Widener, Coldwater (3).

A word of congratulation is being extended the Dansville's newly founded Airport Athletic Club with Art N. Farrell as president and Glenn S. Pickard as secretary-treasurer. The athletic club has brought boxing to Dansville and the surrounding district and the fans are showing their appreciation by filling the hall to capacity every Monday night. For the information of our newly found friends in Dansville THE RING can be purchased at Milligan's Drug Store on the 5th of every month. Paul Colombo, ex-Rochester favorite, is now fighting out of Dansville and is also doing his bit to make Dansville one of the stellar amateur boxing towns in the western New York district.

Maurice Tillet, "the original Angel," appeared on one of the weekly wrestling shows held here recently and due to his freakish appearance made the turnstiles click more than usual. The largest crowd of the winter season jammed Convention Hall to see the "ugliest" man.

Following is the result of the best wrestling show seen here in the winter season: Maurice Tillet, France, won two falls over Leo Numa, Seattle, Wash.; Wild Bill Lawson, Salt Lake City, threw Frank Sexton, Columbus; Tor Johnson, Sweden, threw Rudy Stromberg, Germany; Walter Podolak, New York, and Red Russell, Texas, drew.

FISTIC MORSELS—Canada Lee, who was a good fighter in his day, visited our city . . . . Johnny Papke was chosen to handle the Ohio champs at the National A.A.U. tournament. This is the fifth year that Johnny was awarded the honor of being head trainer at the tournament . . . . Eddie Flick is keeping his lightweight junior champion busy these days. "Smoke" is a popular fighter in Rochester . . . . So long and not goodby to Jack Burgess, for 30 years sports writer for the *Times Union*. Jack will take a trip around the world and then retire and relax for life . . . . Lefty Melville, ex-ball player and star, is now announcing the amateur fights at Dansville . . . . Sammy Secreet, popular amateur fighter, is now making Rochester his home.

Fight fans, fighters, managers and promoters and others wishing advice or information on matters fistic should write to me at 47 Cleveland Street. Please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

WILLIE MULDUNE and Jimmy Reeves stole the show for Promoter Rapid Robert Brickman. The show drew $5,300, a winner for the promoters. It is about time, as they have run a series of shows but were in the red on all but two.

When the show was made up, they had Jimmy Reeves versus Teddy Yarosz. Yarosz had another date out in California to box Turkey Thompson. After a lot of quibbling, the Cleveland outfit decided to forget Teddy. They booked Billy Soose, who is a good card here. Then two nights before, Mr. Soose gets a cut cheek in a bout with Frankie Nelson. So Mr. Muldune and Phil Goldstein, business agent for Muldune, parked all day on the doorstep of the promoters, yelling for the shot at Reeves. After an all day session, they finally made the match, but Muldune had 24 hours to take off five and one-half pounds.

Muldune won the first, second and third rounds, hurting Reeves in the third. But from the fourth on, Muldune tired and it was Reeves who was the boss. The tenth and last round was the best when Willie let go with a left hook that had Mr. Reeves in bad shape, but Willie did not have enough zip to put it over. Reeves won the decision.

Former Heavyweight Champion Jim Braddock brought in a heavy named Bob Tow to tangle with Buddy Knox of Dayton. Buddy is a real favorite with the Cleveland fans. Buddy put the snore on Tow in the sixth round.

Georgie Toy, 1939 national amateur lightweight champion, made his pro debut, knocking out Frank Mucha of Lorain in the first round of a sixer.

A pier six brawl was between Steve Calla and Joey Pirrone. In the first round Pirrone knocked Calla down and the bell rang with Calla on the floor. Johnny Papke jumped into the ring and carried Calla to the corner. It looked like Calla would never come out of it, but he did. He concentrated his attack on Pirrone's midsection. By the time the fourth round came around, it was Pirrone on the floor. There was no bell to save him, and he was knocked out in 1:58 of the fourth.

Claude Shane and Wizz Bang Carter's boy, James Bivins, defeated Joe Sutka in the feature bout at Chicago. It was Bivins' fourth pro bout. Then he jumped in here to Cleveland to knock out Tiger Flowers, Jr., in the third round, for his fifth straight win as a pro. (Keep your eye on this kid Bivins.)

Willie Muldune went to Chicago to box Henry Wacker but something happened to Wacker and Frank Greene subbed for Henry. It took Muldune four rounds to put the snore on Greene. Now they are asking for Muldune to meet Wacker, who is OK now.

Joey Maxin, 1940 Golden Gloves 160-pound champion, went to Chicago to win the tournament of champions there. He then represented Chicago in the Inter-City bouts with New York City. He also won there. When he enters the nationals at Boston he will be gunning for his fourth straight title. Joey is trained by Vic Rebersak, who has developed some great fighters.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Lou Severo, who boxed as a pro out of Cleveland a few years back, is down in his home town of Meadville, Pa., where he has a group of crack amateur boxers. Among his group he has a standout bantam by the name of Baby Face Costa, who has met and defeated the best in the division . . . . Andy Cunningham, who handles publicity for the big fights here, is doing a swell job. The shows get more publicity than ever before . . . . Ray Bartlett of Columbus has a crack little professional bantamweight in Freddie Pope, who has won 18 straight pro bouts. As an amateur he was picked with eleven others as the twelve best amateur boxers in America . . . . Joe Horvath of Akron has chalked up his 14th straight win as a pro, stopping Chet Esmond in two rounds at Akron . . . . Jackie Taylor of Columbus cut Johnny O'Hare of Ravenna to ribbons for eight rounds then applied the knockout punch in the ninth round . . . . Eddie Simms is still barnstorming around the country and doing well.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Ted Zanfes, popular Sioux Cityan and well known Iowa referee, has leased the Riverview Park Arena, and will hold weekly boxing cards throughout the summer months. He plans to hold his first card about the middle of May. Zanfes, a former boxer, was in the ring for 13 years. During the last 14 years he has been third man for a number of big fistic cards in northwest Iowa. He was also third man for years under the late Harry Jones. Boxing managers and fighters wishing to show their wares in Sioux City would be wise to contact Promoter Zanfes at once. Mail will reach him care of the Sioux City Police Department.

South Sioux City, Nebr.—Champions were determined in 10 weight divisions here when a record-breaking crowd turned out to see a boxing tournament staged at the local high school arena.

Hastings, Nebr.—Charles Van Fleet, Omaha welterweight, knocked out Johnny Barchus, Cedar Rapids, in 45 seconds of the first round in the main event of the American Legion boxing card. Two-Ton Tony Galento, heavyweight contender on tour, was third man for the card. Paul Gaughenbaugh of Hastings won a decision over Tommy Leach.

Sioux City, Ia.—The annual Trinity College boxing card was well received by a large crowd of fans. The bout between Callahan and Luce provided the fans with plenty of excitement. Luce, the stockier of the two, kept bearing in on his opponent, throwing stiff right punches, but Callahan, the better boxer, would dart in and throw punches to the head and then dance out of range, making Luce swing wild. Luce, in his efforts to land blows, would often be off balance and would fall to the floor or through the ropes. Callahan received the decision.

The match betwen O'Brien and Steger saw O'Brien decisioning his opponent by virtue of a super aggressive style of boxing. O'Brien had Steger hanging on the ropes several times.

Cotton and Bill Flanders, the two heaviest boys on the card, put up an even fight with Cotton finally getting the nod as winner. Lots of punches were exchanged but no damage was done. Both boys got in a number of good licks.

Of the younger boys, Lorenz and George Sokolovske did well and both show promise. Lorenz won the bout by a decision.

Omaha, Nebr.—Carl Vinciquerra, 194, Omaha, scored a knockout over Jarl Johnson, 188, of Norway in three rounds. Paul Hartnek, also of Omaha and scaling 192 pounds, won a decision over Frank Rowsey, 174½, Los Angeles, in eight rounds.

Elkader, Ia.—Al Wagner of Oelwein, Ia., stopped Jackie Meyer of Elkader. Other results on the boxing card, which was well attended, follow:

Dick Fisher, 100, Oelwein, Ia., decisioned Floyd Freeman; Ray Farrell, 118, Elkader, Ia., decisioned Joe Pirillo, Oelwein, Ia.; Joe Noble, 126, Elkader, Ia., decisioned Louie Alliso, Oelwein, Ia.; Clem Loftsgard, 135, decisioned Ray Dickson, Waterloo, Ia.; Bob Meyer, 147, Elkader, Ia., decisioned Bill Gorman, Waterloo, Ia.; Bill Brabham, 156, Elkader, Ia., decisioned Merlin Ball, Luana, Ia.; Ed Farrell, 175, decisioned Art Latta, Turkey River, Ia.; John Ehrhardt, heavyweight, Elkader, Ia., decisioned Bill Williams, Waterloo, Ia.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—When writing to promoters in this section, please remember to say, "I saw your name in THE RING" . . . . Johnny Whiters, Negro veteran of Pontiac, Mich., punched the wind out of Lee Savold's sails at St. Louis when he scored a 10-round decision over the Iowa heavyweight hope . . . . Whiters used a short left jab to turn the trick. Savold twice staggered the Negro with vicious blows in the closing rounds that brought wild cheering from the fans . . . . Chief Curtis Beaver, Winnebago, Nebr., Indian heavyweight, was knocked out in the second round of a billed 10-rounder by Neville Beech at Memphis, Tenn.

Jess Ackerman, Des Moines, Ia., lightweight, is staging a comeback . . . . Such fighters as Chief Red Bull Collins, Happy Graham, Earl Claybroune, Lee Savold, Max Doyle and a host of others are working out daily in Des Moines . . . . The American Legion at Gettysburg, S. D., plans to stage boxing cards . . . . Dick Wagner of Sioux Falls, S. D., was director of a recent boxing meet staged at Yankton, S. D. . . . . Leo Mahon, Sioux City Golden Glover, was forced out of the Inter-city meet between Chicago and New York with a bad cold . . . . Mahon had the pleasure of seeing New York, anyway . . . . Paul Hartnek, Omaha heavyweight, won a 10-round decision over Olinder Trotter of Chicago at Minneapolis . . . . Dave Fidler is matchmaker for the recently formed Des Moines Athletic Club . . . . Al Sinnott, Fort Dodge, Ia., promoter, is promoting cards at Webster City, Ia., in cooperation with the Webster City Junior Chamber of Commerce . . . . Quimby, Ia., is back on the Iowa boxing map . . . . The knockout of Johnny Paychek at the hands of Joe Louis was no surprise to Iowa fistic followers, and caused many a fireside laugh . . . . Orlan Ott, Sioux City amateur heavyweight, lost to Cornelius Young in the finals of the Golden Gloves competition . . . . Frankie Nelson, Davenport, Ia., middleweight, appears to be going places in Eastern rings . . . . Nelson is a good prospect and bears watching . . . . Five Golden Gloves champions from Omaha left for the National A. A. U. tournament at Boston . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Salt Lake City, Utah: Buddy McCrea, Omaha, Neb., colored middleweight, stopped Jack Diamond, local ringster, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round battle. McCrea was entirely too much for the game Diamond.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: R. J. Lewis, Denver colored middleweight sensation, scored a decisive 10-round victory over Arlington Spilsbury, Utah state champion, in a thrill-packed encounter.

Red O'Dell, one of the most widely known mat referees in the mountain region, was fatally injured in an automobile accident near Colby, Kan. O'Dell, himself a capable matman, was employed at C.F.&I. steel plant at Pueblo, Colorado.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.: Billy Pryor, Pueblo middleweight, who has been campaigning in Texas and Idaho for the past year, returned to his native state long enough to annex the Colorado middleweight title by decisively defeating Joe Aguilar of Denver in a 10-round brawl. Aguilar, floored twice and badly beaten all the way, failed to win a single round.

There is no doubt but what Pryor and R. J. Lewis, Denver youngster, will soon be matched for a title tilt. Both are improving by leaps and bounds and both should be on the national circuit before the year is over.

D. D. Evergreen, Colo.: Yes, Eddie Bohn, who is now one of the state boxing commissioners, was a former heavyweight fighter—not a bad one, either.

R.M.A., Trinidad, Colo.: Don't ask me who is the Colorado featherweight champ. Last accounts I had of it, Bill Morrissey, secretary of the state Boxing Commission, said that Ted Garcia, a welterweight, held it.

At Delta, Colo.: Ross Romero, hard hitting Durango, Colo., featherweight, pulled an upset by scoring a two-round kayo over Davie Manzanares, clever Longmont 126-pounder. Manzanares was "out" for over half an hour when Romero caught him with a right-hander over the heart.

R. J. Lewis, Denver middleweight, kayoed Mack Payne of Tremonton, Ida., in the fifth round of the eight-round semi-windup.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: Ogden's veteran middleweight, battle-scarred Jackie Burke, returned to the Mormon capital long enough to pound out a kayo victory over O. T. Wright, Arizona Negro, in seven one-sided rounds.

N. H., Pittsburgh, Kan.: You are wrong in contending that Gene Tunney was the heavyweight champion of the A.E.F., since "Fighting Bob" Martin held that honor. Sorry, you lose your bet.

See where Larry Cisneros, popular little Mexican lightweight, has gone to California and I understand he will be under the management of Gus Wilson.

Salt Lake City continues to be the best fight town in the entire Rocky Mountain region. Always a good boxing center, the Utah metropolis is drawing record gates, while Denver, across the mountains to the east, has gone basketball crazy, with the result that mittmen are steering clear of the "mile-high" city.

Remember, I have a list of ACTIVE fight promoters here in the Mountain region that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be more than glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry out this way. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

A quartet of Denver mitt-slingers trouping up to the Black Hills country, encountered trouble—and lots of it, in a fight card at Belle Fourche, S. D. Al Allard, Denver, lost to Jack Bickett by a kayo in four rounds. Joe Aguilar, Denver, was given a draw with Don Vodden, despite the fact that Voddon won going away. Mickey Dahlberg, Newell, S. D., gave Celly Roybal, Denver, a thorough going over in a six-rounder, while Kid Booster, Denver, and Darrell Schuelke, Sturgis, S. D., fought a four-round draw.

This kid, Ross Romero of Durango, Colo., is beginning to attract attention in Mountain fight circles since he upset Davie Manzanares. They tell me he is a kid who is likely to flatten anybody, but still has a lot to learn. One western slope critic goes so far as to say that Romero will likely win by a kayo or not at all.

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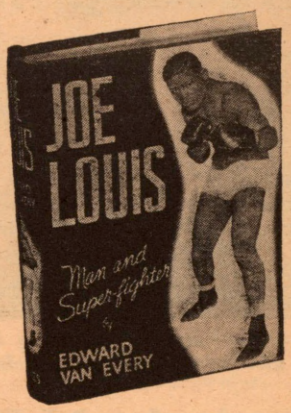

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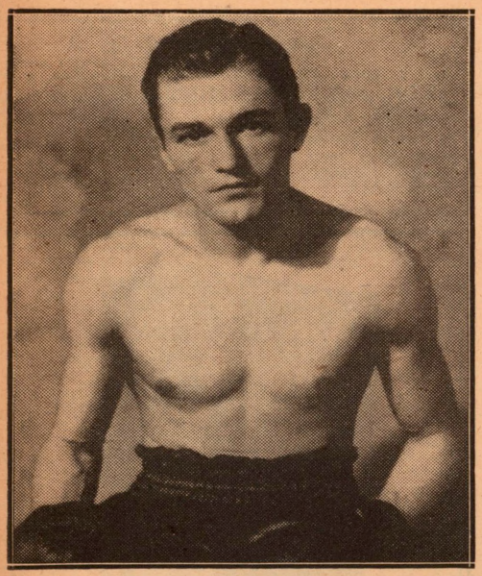

Spider Armstrong, hard hitting Toronto feather, who is improving with each contest.

What's the N.B.A.

(Continued from page 15)

boxing centers shall operate under the rule of an organization that is continuously blundering!

The only territory in N.B.A. which functions on a big scale is Illinois and Joe Triner, chairman of the Boxing Commission, will grab any fights Mike Jacobs will turn over to him. The same holds true of Abe Greene of New Jersey, another major fight center as is evident by his eagerness to get Jacobs' promotion of the Galento-Baer fight in the Skeeter State despite the fact that he voted for an investigation of boxing "provided the Kennedy Bill will aid the sport and not harm it"!

California is one of the most active states in America in boxing and it functions without the aid of N.B.A. interference.

Well, folks, there's a complete story on the makeup of the organization that thinks it should be the legal body to conduct boxing and tell properly organized state commissions, how to run the sport!

Chalky Wright, one of the outstanding feathers.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

GEORGE LATKA of San Jose employed the same fine technique to chalk up another victory over Georgie Crouch, local Negro boxer, at the Olympic Auditorium. Latka won going away, although the bout wasn't as one-sided as their first meeting in the same ring two weeks previous. Latka scaled 135, Crouch weighed 138.

Billy Latka, 158, brother of George, garnered another win for the family by easily defeating Nat Bor in the six-round semi-windup. Johnny Brooks, 143, won the four-round special over Everett Simmington, 148.

In Ocean Park—Bobby Pacho, veteran Mexican welterweight, stopped Doll Nelson in the fifth of a scheduled eight-rounder. The contest was a rough, hard fought one all the way, with Pacho dishing out most of the punishment. Nelson was out on his feet when the bout was stopped.

Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian heavyweight, won a 10-round decision over Al Delaney of Buffalo, at the Hollywood Stadium. Delaney is a cutie and packs a pretty good right-hand wallop, but he shouldn't be sticking around for 30 minutes with a puncher like Munsell. In all, Junior had Delaney on the floor six times and was treated to a trip to the canvas once himself, when the heavies scored a double knockdown in the third round. The final bell saved Delaney from a KO, but had Munsell made one of his better fights, there wouldn't have been a 10th round bell. Munsell weighed 185, Delaney 176.

Memo Llanes, 125, won over Charlie Meigel, 128, of Kansas City, in a fast, hard fought six-round semi. In other bouts, Chico Romo, 141, stopped Jimmy Gleason, 146, in the fourth; Kent Martinez, 125, was awarded an unearned duke over Abie Valdez, 127; Lou Robles, 132, defeated Marty Gomez, 137, while Kid Lester, 145, went four to a draw with Al Grayson in the opener.

In San Diego—Big Boy Hogue, 155, knocked out O'Dell Mason, Los Angeles Negro, in the fourth round with a right to the jaw. Mason was down for four in the first. Hogue weighed 155, Mason 163.

The Blimp has been grounded again! The Blimp, a colored behemoth of Fresno, whose real name is Williams, was stopped in the sixth round by Bob Nestell at the Olympic Auditorium. Because of the slowness of the bout and the manner in which the blubberous Thompson folded up, so much wind was let out of the Blimp's ballyhoo that he probably will not "take off" in any of the larger clubs again. To fight the Blimp is no doubt somewhat of a problem, but even so, Nestell was too timid to be impressive. The Blimp is getting bigger—if not better—tipping the beam at 319. Nestell came in at 184.

Jimmy McDaniels and Al Smith staged the best fight that has been seen in the Olympic ring for months in the six-round semi. It was a slugfest every second of the way, with McDaniels far in the lead at the end of the fourth. Smith floored Jimmy for nine in the fifth and pasted him around the rest of the distance to get the nod. They each weighed 150.

Uli Harris was awarded the duke over Richard (Young) Polite in the six-round special event. Polite outclassed Harris on points, but the New Orleans lad ran like a rabbit all the way and clinched when Uli did catch up with him.

In Ocean Park—Babe Brandelli was awarded the eight-round decision over Elmer Lewis in a rather tame bout. Brandelli appeared listless and fought only in spurts to eke out a close win. The decision was unpopular. Brandelli weighed 144, Lewis 145.

Vern Bybee of Ogden, Utah, won a place in the hearts of Hollywood Stadium fans by upsetting the dope in winning handily over Richie Lemos, Mexican southpaw. Lemos started well and was out in front at the half-way point, but Bybee began connecting with uppercuts and body blows in the sixth and from there on in gave Richie a lacing. Bybee weighed 127, Lemos 130.

Lee Orey, 148, was given only a draw with Nick Masiello, 149, although he dropped Nick for a nine-count and won three of the four rounds; Jim Egnotoff, 196, flattened Jack Townend, 203, in the first round; Caeser Romero, 157, was presented with a "gift" decision over Freddie Moore, 160, while Otto Buettler, 167, bested Jack Baxter, 162, in the opener, only to be given a draw. The prelims were featured by some terrible decisions.

Carlos Chavez, 121, won over Andy Vasquez, 123, in the six-round semi-final.

In San Diego—Jimmy Casino, 157, Los Angeles, was awarded a TKO over Big Boy Hogue, 156, at the end of the fourth round due to a badly cut eye. After examination of the cut during the rest period, Referee Jack Kennedy halted the bout and awarded it to Casino.

The fans at the Olympic Auditorium were treated to an "extra" bout on the Jackie Wilson-Joe Ybarra card, when the two chief seconds of the principals staged a brawl between the sixth and seventh rounds. It was a peach of an alley fight for the full minute rest period, but this extra bout really wasn't necessary to make the show an exciting one, as the main eventers gave the crowd more than their money's worth. Ybarra, as tough and game as they come, fought Wilson to a standstill to lose a very close decision. The El Cerrito Mexican kept tearing in and was on top of the Black Wasp all the way, and although Ybarra receipted for some hard punching, he never appeared to be in serious trouble. It was one of the best scraps staged in Los Angeles this year. Wilson weighed 136, Ybarra 137.

Samy Musco, 130, won over Gene Espinoza, 129, in the six-round semi.

In Ocean Park—Bomber Bob Bonger added the name of Bobby Yannes to his growing list of K.O. victims, when he flattened the well known Mexican light-heavy in the third round of the scheduled eight-round main event. The fight was fast while it lasted, Yannes standing up well under some terrific punches. Bonger came in at 179, Yannes weighed 170.

Toby Vigil has tasted defeat, but the wiry Mexican boxer was as brilliant in losing as he has been in his victories. Vigil dropped his first fight in 25 starts, to Jimmy Garrison of Kansas City, at the Hollywood Stadium in a contest that was fast and exciting all the way. Garrison outsmarted Toby at long range boxing, although Vigil appeared to have the best of the toe-to-toe exchanges. Each rocked the other on numerous occasions and the fight was close enough to warrant a rematch. Garrison weighed 139, Vigil 136.

Manuel Ortiz, 116, scored a TKO over Andy Vasquez, 121, in the fifth round of the semi-windup. Vasquez was floored twice and unable to defend himself when the bout was stopped. Chico Romo, 141, and Bobby Espinoza, 140, battled to a draw in the four-round special.

In San Diego—Shorty Hogue won the six-round main event over Johnny (Bandit) Romero, veteran San Diego southpaw.

Turkey Thompson won over Teddy Yarosz in their 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium, but Turkey missed more punches in this one conflict that he missed in all his other 19 contests. Thompson dropped Yarosz in the opening round and clouted the former middleweight champion many times in the next two sessions, but for the rest of the distance Turkey might just as well have been hitting at a ghost, the veteran proving that elusive as a target. However, Thompson won going away, as Teddy lacks a punch and fought on the defensive throughout. Thompson weighed 166, Yarosz 170.

Richard (Young) Polite, 137, looked good in scoring a TKO over Gene Mock, 138, in the third round of the semi-final.

At Fresno—Al Smith, 147, Los Angeles, stopped Everett Simmington, 145, Joplin, Mo., in the third round of a scheduled eight-round main event.

Junior Munsell won a slow 10-rounder over Henry Cooper at the Hollywood Stadium, but although he won with something to spare, the Indian southpaw was none too impressive. The Oklahoma heavy hasn't shown the form in his last two fights that he was displaying a short while back. Cooper fought only in spurts and Munsell was too timid when crowded. Munsell weighed 185, Cooper 191.

Lee Orey, 150, defeated Nick Masiello in the six-round semi-final. Carlos Miranda, 140, whipped Billy Gardner, 137, in the special of four rounds.

LEST I FORGET—Most thrilling fight of the month was the Olympic semi-windup between Al Smith and Jimmy McDaniels . . . . Arturo Godoy has been boxing exhibitions at the small nearby clubs and drawing well . . . . George Latka, clever San Jose lightweight, is boxing instructor at the Santa Clara University . . . . This writer has been contacted regarding booking a number of Filipino and Hawaiian boxers for bouts in the States . . . . Red Green is matched with Nick Peters. What a brawl this will be . . . . Vern Bybee, transplanted Utah boxer, being a legitimate 126-pounder, appears to be the best of the California featherweights . . . . Bomber Bob Bonger wants to fight Bob Nestell. It would be a thriller . . . . Shorty Hogue is coming right along. In scoring wins over Archie Moore and Johnny Romero, the bigger of the Twins chalked up two important victories . . . . The East Side Arena has re-opened with amateur boxing, but will probably be closed again for the 'steenth time before this reaches the ink . . . . Toby Vigil injured his right hand in his bout with Garrison and will be on the shelf for a couple of months . . . . Bobby Bonger is one of the most talked of fighters in local circles . . . . Lamar DeLavallade is re-opening Stumme's Newhall training camp and intends to make it a regular fighter's paradise . . . . Wesley Sellers is still on the sidelines with a badly cut eye . . . . To all who have written me and received no answer, kindly be informed that I have been under the weather the past few weeks, but will take care of all correspondence in near future. The address is still 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

RAY LUNNY, a free-wheeling youngster whose left hand went to Yale, promises to be the biggest front-office attraction San Francisco has known since the local mitt business started to suffocate for lack of talent long years ago. A product of the San Francisco amateur wars, Lunny launched his professional career in southern California under the Joey Fox-Dutch Meyers banner, and he was a sensation, no less, ringing up some twenty victories in the Hollywood Legion Stadium and Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium.

Promoter Benny Ford of the Coliseum Bowl brought him back to San Francisco for a meeting with Jose Gallardo, a rough, tough Mexican, who can blaze through ten rounds without drawing a deep breath.

Before a highly critical assemblage of 4000 fans, five hundred of whom paid a buck-ten for the privilege of standing up, Ray put on an exhibition of boxing finesse, sharp punching and ring generalship that would have done credit to a Benny Leonard. He pasted Gallardo with snapping left hands until the Senor was bleeding from cuts over the eyes, from the nose and mouth; he made him miss until Jose was arm-weary from landing on nothing more solid than cigar-smoke; and he was ultimately awarded a technical knockout triumph midway in the tenth and final stanza.

Lunny, in beating Gallardo, proved himself a superb boxer. More, he is fast, remarkably intelligent and can take a punch without losing either balance or poise. The affair with Gallardo marked but the second time that Ray has gone the ten-round route, and if his future work is in line with his San Francisco appearance, Ray may well develop into a contender for the lightweight championship.

Brother Jack Lunny, a welterweight, fared not so well. Six pounds underweight following a recent nose operation, Jack was woefully off form and he was knocked out by Art Gonzales in the third round of the semi-windup. Lunny floored Gonzales in the first inning with a beautiful right to the jaw, but the Mexican kept hammering away at him and in the third Jack went down twice before being counted out by Referee Frankie Carter.

Young Corbett III, the old man of the Fresno Valley, who started fighting when people like Billy Conn and Joe Louis were rambling around on kiddie cars, launched another comeback successfully when he outboxed Dale Sparr, rugged Colorado redhead, in a ten-round wind-up at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium. The portsided patriarch was floored in the last round when he tried to trade Sundays with his younger opponent, but otherwise it was all Corbett and the old boy still manages to get around very nicely inside the ropes. Corbett is signed with Harry Cahill, a bruising San Francisco youngster, for his next appearance, hopes to eventually get in there with Fred Apostoli for one more shot at the Big Bucks.

Joe Ybarra, a nondescript El Cerrito, Calif., Mexican, listed among the also-rans of the lightweight division, almost tossed a Stilson into the machinery when he was hired by the management of the Los Angeles Olympic to play punching bag for red-hot Jackie Wilson, the colored boy, who has flattened everything but the Trocadero during the year past in southern California. Ybarra, not expected to last through the initial round, punched right along with Wilson for ten speedy chapters and dropped the decision by an eyelash.

Sonny Boy Walker, the Arizona Cowboy, was knocked off his horse by Gunnar Barlund in the eighth round of a Finnish Relief Fund Brawl that pulled a disappointingly small crowd of 4500 into the wide open spaces of San Francisco's Civic Auditorium. Riding the crest of a victory wave that had people almost forgetting his delicate chin, Walker grabbed seven straight rounds from the plodding Finn and looked well on his way to a one-sided victory when the Gunnar exploded a short left hook on the jowls and Sonny went down for keeps. It was a tough break for the likeable Irishman, who is really a talented heavyweight and might have reached the heights but for the curse of an unreliable jawbone.

George Latka of San Jose, a comparative unknown two months ago, is currently perhaps the biggest noise in California boxing in general and Los Angeles fisticuffs in particular. Two months ago, Latka played hookey from his job as boxing instructor at Santa Clara University long enough to upset dangerous Georgie Crouch in the Los Angeles Olympic, and during the month past he repeated the win in a return match, taking ten straight rounds from the darky and outsmarting him from gong to gong.

They promptly matched the amazing Professor with seasoned Baby Arizmendi, Mexican hustler, who has fought every good one in the division over the past five years and is still capable of knocking off seventy-five per cent of the 135's. Latka treated Arizmendi to a gorgeous lacing, lifting seven of the ten rounds, and as this is written, the unknown of two months back is the toast of the lower Coast, and in line for some lucrative engagements.

GLOVING BY THE GOLDEN GATE—This city's eight-man delegation to the 1940 National A. A. U. championships in Boston left for the home of the Great Baked Bean three days before we mailed these notes. It's a well-balanced octette, but an all-around lack of experience lessens the possibility of their bringing home a title or two. Richie Shinn, classy Korean featherweight, is probably the best bet on the squad . . . . Free-swinging Lloyd Delucchi, a prime favorite with National Hall traffic, crocked Bobby Murphy in six and Clay Rowan in seven rounds during the month at the tiny Mission Street gore bazaar . . . . Mike Bernal, Athens Club bantamweight, who recently copped the Hearst Diamond Belt championship, started his professional career in a four-rounder underneath the Corbett-Sparr top at Oakland. Bernal, a nifty little boxer, easily outpointed Joey Reyes.

Los Angeleno Manuel Ortiz, hard-socking Mexican bantamweight, decommissioned Jackie Jurich, the fading Rose of San Jose, in eight rounds of a top spot at Hollywood's Legion Stadium . . . . Cecil Hudson, a Negro welterweight growing quite popular with San Jose's fight public, rang the bell twice during the past month at the Garden City. Hudson stopped shopworn Everett Simmington and edged out Joe Peralta over the ten-round route . . . . A cut eye suffered by Chief Evening Thunder, Hopi Indian lightweight, terminated his Coliseum Bowl bout with Jose Gallardo in the fourth round . . . . Al Smith slapped out Everett Simmington in seven heats at Fresno . . . . Mysterious Billy Smith, Milwaukee lightweight, won a National Hall decision over Ray Price that was a travesty of justice but Price, a Portland, Ore., Negro, removed all doubts as to the better man of the two when he ironed out William in the seventh round of a rematch just one week later.

Pat Valentino, ham-fisted Excelsior District knockerouter, pounded the pug out of Angelo Puglisi, Los Angeles light-heavyweight, winning by a technical knockout in the ninth of ten scheduled rounds at National Hall . . . . Little Ernie Sanchez, Norman Smiley's bantamweight sensation, scored his fourth consecutive kayo win when he stopped Mende Mendes of San Diego in three rounds on the Lunny-Gallardo program at the Coliseum Bowl.

Write me at 444 Fair Oaks Street, this city.

NORTHWEST BANTER
By TOMMY WRIGHT

AT Salem, Oregon—Tony Kahut, Woodburn, Oregon, middleweight, broke Charles "Kid" Terry's nose with the first punch thrown in their ten-round fight, and then went on to take every round but the seventh to win a clear cut decision over the Eugene, Oregon, boy.

Despite the terrific battering he took in the early rounds, Terry fought gamely throughout the bout.

A note of interest to boxing fans in and around Portland is the decision of Herb Owens, wrestling promoter, to reopen the fistic game there in the near future. He plans to use the pugilistic portals of the Labor Temple for the bouts, with Tex Salkeld as matchmaker.

At Salem—Leo Turner retained his Oregon middleweight title with a technical knockout in the tenth and final round over Sig Barlund. Turner spent seven rounds wearing Barlund down, and then cut loose in the eight, knocking Barlund down in each of the last three rounds.

Mel O'Day, manager of the Redmond Roof Garden in Redmond, Oregon, has announced that he plans to hold a boxing card every two weeks at the Garden beginning in the near future.

The Portland Boxing Commission has revoked the two-year license granted the Al Morose Club of Spokane in the city of Portland to give local promoters an opportunity to return boxing to the Rose City.

At Baker, Oregon—Indian Doug Wilson of Pendleton, Ore., put on a last round spurt to edge out a decision over Leo Jordan, Spokane colored flash, in eight rounds.

At Salem, Oregon—Buddy Peterson, Independence middleweight, served notice that he was very much in the running for the state title by punching out a ten-round decision over Chuck Terry, slashing Eugene, Oregon, Irishman.

Johnny Woods, Dallas, Oregon, was awarded a fifth-round decision after being hit by a low blow landed by Jimmy Davis, Vancouver, Wash., in a lightweight bout. Young Nationalista, 130, whipped veteran Martin Kivi, 130, from Portland in four rounds. Hugh Ford, Lacomb 154-pounder, punched out a four-round decision over Kid Taylor of Portland. Tommy Danforth, Tillamook, injured a knee in the second round and was forced to give a decision to Pat O'Day, Sacramento middleweight.

At Kellogg, Idaho—Jack Hibbard, 175, Klamath Falls, lost on a technical knockout to Vern Erling, 175, Kellogg, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round fight. The bout was halted after Hibbard hit the canvas the fourth time.

Spider McCallum, 152, Missoula, Montana, kayoed Dickey Thornley, 150, Portland, in six rounds. Mel Reese, 128, from Spokane, decisioned Mark Diaz, 126, Portland, in six rounds.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

CHANCES are that Jacksonville will be ably represented in the field of fisticuffs soon by Jim Bowden, local light-heavyweight ace, who is soon to get his big moment with Tom Walsh, co-partner of Jack Kearns, former manager of Jack Dempsey. While in Jacksonville, Jack Dempsey fell for Bowden and spread the news to Walsh in Detroit. The latter wrote yours truly for further particulars on the local lammer and being impressed, hopes to bring the Jaxonite to the top with the aid of Harold Cowan, local manager of Bowden.

Considerable commotion was caused at Savannah when that city's star bantamweight, Tommy Kiene, was halted by Aurel Toma in the third round of a scheduled 10. A cut eye caused Kiene's manager, Carl Moss, to toss in the sponge rather than take a chance. At the time Toma was coming along at a fast pace after Kiene had rolled up a big lead in the first and second rounds. Toma also suffered a deep head cut. Toma started tearing away at Kiene's body in the third and kept it up throughout. At the end of the round, as Kiene was sitting in his corner, Moss decided to halt proceedings and the bout was awarded to Toma by Referee Joe Magee on a T.K.O.

In the same show, Billy O'Brien was awarded the decision over Jimmy De Witt when Dr. Kendall halted the affair because of a cut mouth suffered by De Witt.

Stealing the spotlight, Leon Foucart, Jacksonville's rising middleweight, avenged a previous setback over Johnny Carotenuto, Paris Island Marine, when the referee stopped the bout in the third canto to save Carotenuto. Foucart is under Harold Cowan's wing. In the six-round prelim, Lightfoot Lew Williams, Jacksonville bantam, made it his ninth straight win by decisioning Bad Boy Vitt in a great bout. Lew had his game opponent down for a half dozen counts. Williams is a fine prospect and is a Billy Conn stylist. In another sixer, Jimmy De Witt, Jacksonville middleweight, was forced to retire due to a badly cut lip and Billy O'Brien took the T.K.O.

Now that the winter fight season is over in Florida, comes the time to pick the leading performer for the season here, and without any hesitation I name Kid Hatcher, featherweight from Lake City, S. C. Hatcher scored 10 wins against one loss that being a close one. Most important win for the Kid was the sensational four-round kayo scored over Kid Williams. Hatcher is to go to Dave Karess able New York fight manager and we are confident this Southerner will travel to the top under Dave's fine leadership.

Joey Dunne (Marvin Cumbie) of Jacksonville gained two more victories in scoring over Vince Tritto, rugged Harlem (New York) battler. The first came by the decision route and when asked to try again, the handsome Jaxon did better and showed up well in producing a four-round kayo. Joe Gould, a spectator, bought a half interest in Dunne.

Jack Larrimore, punching right-hander from Miami, Florida, also made a neat impression in a New York ring by beating Eddie Carroll, tough Canadian.

If any RING reader can give me information of the whereabouts of the heavyweight wrestler, Don Evans, it will be greatly appreciated. An important message from a friend awaits him.

We have been made a member of the World Boxing Club, headquarters in Milwaukee, and find this organization is out to better correspondence among fighters, ex-fighters, fans and parties interested in the boxing field. The founder is John McGill and manager is Ray Heling.

At Orlando, Florida, where Ernie Stephens is trying to stage boxing's comeback, Leon Foucart, Jacksonville middleweight, lost a knife-edge nod to Al Gilbert in 10. Not discrediting Gilbert, for the fight was a honey all the way, I would have called it a draw. It's good for a re-match. Foucart went back the following week and scored a six-round kayo over Jimmy DeWitt in a corker.

Another of Florida's chief performers during the season is Lefty Young of Akron, Ohio. Lefty gave Kid Hatcher a neat run for first place as the outstanding performer, but Hatcher got the nod because his opponents were more formidable. Young, however, did not lose a battle. His record since entering the Sunshine State calls for 14 wins, seven by the sleep route. Other worthwhile performers are Jimmy Shepard, who shows good promise in the light-heavyweight field, and Tony Musto. A Brown (Ben) and Shepard match would easily have been the outstanding match of the season and could have played to a capacity house.

At Asheville, N. C., Fred Bauman inaugurated his shows with a Jack Baggett and Young Allen go and found the former copping a clean cut nod. Jack boxed beautifully and used a left jab to pile up a comfortable margin. In the closing sessions, he opened full steam and there was no doubt of who won after the eighth canto.

George Perry, Baltimore fight manager, and one of the colored folks' chief fight interest, is to handle Tampa Red Barnes, colored 165-pounder from Tampa. Perry's knowledge of the game and his fairness in deals have been mentioned to me from different boxing associates. I believe the Perry and Barnes combine will head places. Perry also manages Tommy Mollis, top colored welter.

Prior to his T.K.O. loss to Aurel Toma, Tommy Kiene won over Bad Boy Vitt twice. The first bout took place in Savannah and found Kiene putting Vitt down on deck for over a half dozen counts and still the game Bostonian kept coming up for more. Vitt took a terrible beating from the start and the bout was stopped when the gathering voiced its attitude. Although Vitt should never have been in there with Kiene, he gave the gamest stand any fighter has in the Savannah ring. He left the ring with crowd's plaudits. Then at Aiken, S. C., Vitt fell a three-round knockout victim at Tommy's hands.

On the same card, Johnny Carotenuto scored a knockout over Jimmy De Witt in round No. 2. De Witt was leading at the time and piled up points galore with his left flicker only to run into the Marine's smashing left hook. Johnny won four previous kayoes in Aiken. Maxie (Bogieman) Coleman, Jacksonville's rough featherweight, engaged Paul Ward in a hectic battle which had the fans in an uproar throughout until Maxie caught Paul with a beauty that put Paul down for keeps. Lew Williams, classy Jacksonville boxer, used all that skill in outpointing Baby De Grasse in a four-rounder which was also good. Williams' ring generalship was the outstanding performance of the night. The crowd really took a liking to his boxing skill.

Justo Jiminez, Miami Beach lightie, scored a decision over Ray Ingram, while the latter took the nod from Richard Hernandez . . . . Hard Rock Harden, Pa Stribling latest, was T.K.O.'d by Abe Simon in a heavyweight duel in a New York ring . . . . Tony Musto, Chicago's pride, easily defeated Hard Rock Harden in a Miami ring. This win was Tony's second straight in the Florida city and Musto is one of her best drawing cards. Bob Capocy directs the Chicago Baby Tank.

Following his kayo victory over Kid Williams, young Kid Hatcher added LeRoy Kid Barry to his knockout list, taking five rounds to do so. On the same program, Maxie Coleman lost a close one to Al Reba. Maxie, a Jacksonville youth, upset betting odds, everyone figuring him to be an easy pushover for the Sarasotan.

Bob Sikes, Dixie heavyweight contender, came from back yonder to score another of his knockouts. After being outsmarted, outboxed and outslugged for two and a half rounds. Bob's victim was Eddie Boyles of Cleveland, the end coming in the third canto and rendering Boyles unconscious. Sam Buxbaum, veteran manager, worked fully two minutes before the Ohioan came to. Sikes had no veritable picnic in Eddie, especially when the latter had the Southerner down for an eight count from a right uppercut that Bob himself never completely shook off. Boyles proved to be a crafty ringman, stepping around like a dancing master, weaving and bobbing inside Sikes' hooks. Sikes still showed his recuperative powers, a result of Issy Kline's able training.

Jack Baggett, Chattanooga challenger in the light-heavyweight division, put a stop to the winning streak of Johnny Carotenuto by stopping the game Marine in the fourth at Aiken. Baggett followed with his most impressive win in overtaking Young Allen in clean cut fashion and vanquished O'Dell Jackson via the sleeping system in five rounds. Baggett and Jim Bowden, Jacksonville youngster, would make an interesting match for the Southeastern supremacy of swat in their division.

Bob Sikes continued merrily on his winning ways with a decision over Young Allen, Macon heavy, who tried for his umpteenth time to gain the Southern heavyweight diadem from the Arkansas contender. Sikes then kayoed portly Jimmy Merritt in the third of a tenner. In the Allen go, Bob hit the Macon mauler with everything but the ring posts and bucket but could not stop the game and courageous Allen.

Pat Crowder, another Arkansas scrapper who seems to be headin' places, had his win streak brought to an abrupt end when he bowed after a hard scramble to Joey Palmo of Louisville in 10 rounds . . . . THE RING Magazine can be bought at all stands in the city of Jacksonville. Increased copies show the popular selling of this world famous edition and any Southern town admirers who cannot buy copies of THE RING can send yours truly a three-cent stamp where it will be sent immediately from Jacksonville. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida . . . . Noble Mullins, who is one of Arkansas' leading fight lovers and picks up a prospect when the occasion comes, has a bright future ahead for Verny Hogue, a featherweight. Incidentally, Mullins, an able RING reader and admirer, pens the following: "I sent twelve fighters to a newsstand where they did not handle THE RING, but they do now."

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT SCRANTON—In a return meeting of ten rounds, Holman Williams, classy colored welterweight from Detroit, won a unanimous decision over Izzy Jannazzo, Italian battler from New York's East Side. The first bout ended in a draw, but in the second affair, Williams was the winner without much doubt. The contest was spectacular throughout, with Jannazzo showing his best in the first three rounds, in which he had an edge, but the sharp-shooting Detroiter took the play away in the fourth round and continued to win the remaining rounds with the exception of the tenth, which could easily be credited an even stanza. Due to one of the heaviest snowstorms hereabouts in recent years, the Jannazzo-Williams gate fell to less than half of expectations.

The first match played to a thirty-five hundred dollar house and the second engagement was expected to attract at least a gate of four thousand dollars. The actual payoff was seventeen hundred dollars, which was the smallest gate Holman Williams played to in his two years of showings before a Scranton fistic audience.

Jack Downey, giant Scranton heavyweight, lost via the kayo route in the fourth round to George Nicholson, chief sparring partner of Joe Louis. This match was scheduled for eight rounds. Downey showed good in the first two rounds, but after getting hit on the chin with a right-hander by Nicholson late in the third heat, it was only a matter of time before Louis' stablemate would put the finishing touch on his opponent.

In the other scheduled eight-rounder, Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre lightweight, who weighed 138 pounds, won the first five rounds of his bout against Angelo Cali of Dunmore, who tipped the scales at 146, only to be the victim of a six-round kayo. Cali let fly a looping left hook which landed on the chin of Gacha, and the Wilkes-Barrean had the fatal ten counted over him.

In the scheduled six-rounder, Charley Sabatella of Dunmore scored a two-round kayo over Joe Bellot of Williamsport, while in the four-round opener, Neil Miller of Wilkes-Barre won the decision over Sheldon Faust of Pittston. Leo Houck refereed the card and Commissioner George J. Jones, Jr., was a ringside spectator.

At the Town Hall A. C. in Scranton, Marty Simmons, rugged Saginaw, Mich., light-heavyweight, pounded out a ten-round victory over Gunboat Davis, colored scrapper from Scranton, in a show that attracted a net gate of twelve hundred dollars.

In the semi-final, Joe Nealon, veteran South Scranton welterweight, decisively defeated Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre over the eight-round distance. In the other eight-rounder, Jimmy Young decisioned Joe Orlosky of Carbondale. Billy Speary, former National A. A. U. amateur champion, chalked up his eighth straight professional win by pounding out a six-round verdict over Paul Jackson of Reading. Tommy Purcell, Scranton's up and coming middleweight, kayoed Roy Karlonis of Swoyersville in the second round. This was Purcell's fourth straight kayo victory in as many pro matches. Pete Susky, one-time leading world's middleweight challenger, was third man and his refereeing was highly praised by close observers of the boxing game.

At Wilkes-Barre—Marty Simmons made his second Coal Region appearance by winning a ten-round decision over Ira Hughes, colored light-heavyweight from Pittsburgh. Simmons won as he pleased and had the situation well in hand from the opening gong. Billy Speary added another win to his list by decisioning Leroy Ponzi of Hazleton in six rounds.

Jimmy Young, Dunmore Italian, decisioned Johnny Snyder of Wilkes-Barre in another sixer. Eddie O'Leary, Pringle's classy featherweight, made his pro debut by stopping Joe Lazur of Wilkes-Barre. The end came for Lazur in the opening round of a scheduled four. The show attracted a net gate of eleven hundred dollars.

At Hazleton—In the first pro show in the past year, Larry Lane, colored Trenton, N. J., light-heavyweight, kayoed Mickey Dugan of Cleveland in the second round of the scheduled ten-round wind-up. In the semi of six rounds, Patsy Gall of Freeland drew with Ike Williams of Philadelphia. Vince Kosack of Hazleton stopped Ted Jackson of Philly in two. Jimmy Sharkey, local heavyweight, beat Fred Ross of New Jersey in four rounds, while in the four-round opener Joe Donofrio of Freeland beat Les Rodgers of Tamaqua. Benny Leonard was guest referee and Harry Balogh of Madison Square Garden handled the announcing. The show paid off on about four hundred dollars.

At Allentown—Joe Downey, Scranton's sensational heavyweight, who thus far as a pro scrapper is unbeaten, headlined a card here by kayoing Joe Bayele of Chester in two rounds. Downey looks very promising and is expected to go far in the heavyweight division. Billy Davis, Minersville lightweight, beat Joe Perry of Philadelphia in six rounds. Bull Santos of Shenandoah knocked out Luther Small of Philadelphia in two heats.

A BIT FOR ALL—Looks like Bill Gore of Florida will be imported to handle the promoting at the Rocky Glen Bowl for the summer season. Gore is a veteran at promoting, and if anyone can make the Glen Bowl pay, he can, as he knows the boxing business from A to Z . . . . Pete Susky is shaping up well as a referee, and it won't be long before he is rated with the best in the business . . . . Joe Lane, former fight pilot, is now dishing out hash at the Valley-House Bar and Grill in Scranton. Lane is well liked by the fistic gentry and doing the establishment some good . . . . Abe Adell, Anthracite A. C. promoter at Scranton, recently joined the bonds of matrimony. Abe operates at the Scranton Armory . . . . Any *white* fighters from lightweight to heavyweight who can step into a wind-up role can do well by contacting the writer at 209 Ad-Lin Bldg., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Johnny Burke and Russel Widmer, deputy boxing commissioners of this sector, are well versed in their duties and are an asset to the game . . . . Chick Feldman, boxing's number one booster in the scribbling sports world hereabouts, is back at his desk after a vacation in sunny Florida . . . . Fritz Deliman is now business agent for the Scranton Waiters' Local. Fritz is an all-around fight guy and well liked by many out-of-town fighters and managers . . . . Jake Outslander, veteran fight manager, plans a return to the boxing game and at present is rounding up a stable of fighters . . . . THE RING can be purchased at most newsstands throughout the Coal Regions.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AFTER displaying his wares throughout the country for two years, Charley Eagle, Waterbury's heavyweight, returned to his home town to win a hard fought battle from Art McAlpine in an eight-round top bout on the professional fistic program at the Buckingham Hall, Waterbury.

Fine boxing displayed by Sam Shumway, middleweight, proved to be a big asset in defeating his opponent, Billy Perrin, fighting warrior, in a six-round brawl.

After punching out a decisive edge in the first two sessions, Sam Craig, welterweight, hit a snag and the best he could get for his troubles was a draw with Armand Renault at the end of a four-round encounter.

Starting out slowly, Babyface Morris, lightweight, turned on the pressure in the third round and beat Joe Genovese in a six-round mill. Maxie Katz, New York middleweight, banged away to a technical knockout in the third round over Romeo Ducharme.

New Haven Arena—Oscar Suggs, welterweight, made a strong bid in the closing rounds of a feature eight-round bout to earn a tie with Doug Marsh. Suggs' double-hand attack to Marsh's midsection proved effective.

The semi-final of eight rounds between Benny Cartegena, fighting welterweight, and Willie Andrews, New Haven scrapper, was a socking melee that ended on even terms. A points verdict was pounded out by Mickey Williams, lightweight, over George Zietz, New York battler, in six. A two-round technical kayo was gained by Frankie Foley, New Haven welterweight, at the expense of Jimmy Carr. Billy Conklin, middleweight, trounced Tony Gillo to win the four-round duke.

Waterbury, Conn., Buckingham Hall—Making his third appearance in the local ring, Irish Eddie Dolan, master ringman, triumphed with his skillful boxing over Jackie Thompson, a willing mixer, in a main eight-round event, proving that it will take a highly touted ringster to give him some real opposition.

Jammed with action was the six-round semi-final fray that stole the spotlight from the feature go in which the principals were Kal Sal, Meriden lightweight, and Johnny Devore. Sal was given the official decision.

Another real scrap found Red Moffett, welterweight, victor over Neil Miller, who carried a stout heart and courage but only to lose the decision in a bristling six-rounder. Miller kept Moffett busy. Dula Kovach, heavyweight, had an easy victim when Johnny Coleman was stopped in the third round to save him from a needless beating.

The fans hissed the referee's verdict when Tony Gillo, New Haven middleweight, was proclaimed the winner over Maxie Katz in a sixer.

New Haven Arena—Julie Kogan, lightweight, found in Ambrose Logan, New Haven mauler, a Tartar in which they lathered each other about in a sizzling eight-round star bout with Kogan earning the points victory. An unpopular victory was rendered to Al Costa, welterweight, in an eight-round semi-final over Tommy Ciarlo, slugging scrapper.

In the other eight-round tussle, Snooks Lacey, featherweight, outscored Joe Genovese with plenty to spare.

Johnny Devore, Bridgeport lightweight, boxed his way to win a four-round decision from Jackie Adams.

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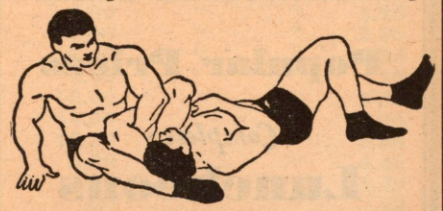

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

THERE are many good amateurs in the so-called "sticks" who are good enough to develop into fine professionals, but are too timid and lack confidence to enter large tournaments. Only a few continue, while the rest pass unnoticed. Sauk Centre is an example, a city of 2,716. Good prospects there are: Johnny (Butch) Egan, a rugged part-Indian heavy, who has met good men; Hilary Egan, younger brother of Butch, a tough light-heavy; Harold and Tubby Scanlon, rugged heavy veterans; Ritchie Hoffman, wild swinging light-heavy; Don Kringen, hard socking middle; Don Venner, K.O. hitting blond light-heavy; Eugene (Red) Cokeley, rugged little welter with plenty of class, speed and punch; Earl Gamradt, stocky, hard socking welter; Charley Smith, formerly of Parkers Prairie and Sauk Centre, now of Alexandria, a game and rugged welter; Dave Vandestug, a tall cautious-boxing welter; Loren Pitter, red-headed boxer; Ray Moore, a classy performer; Ray Walker, a hard hitting red-headed light-heavy; Ronald Rivette, a tough Little Sauk light-heavy; Billy Brown, a tall, speedy clever boy; Johnny Whitson, a clever lightie, unfortunately afflicted with asthma; and Eddie Schley, tough, hard hitting welter.

If his boxer ever initiates a comeback, Fred Peters, Chicago manager of Charley Gomer, contemplates a trip to Mexico, with Charley fighting his way through Kansas City, Omaha, Dallas and Houston.

Faribault, Minn., has a modern ring as fine as that of New York's Madison Square Garden . . . . Lee Savold is the first and only one to floor Arne Anderson, and Jimmie O'Grady is the first and only one to floor Charley Gomer . . . . George Barton, former boxer who once beat the great Terry McGovern by decision in four rounds in Minneapolis, has been sports editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune* for the last 36 years!

Nashwauk is the home of several fine fighters, in Sam Stupar, 175; Johnny Shock, 160, and Don Bryce, 135 . . . . Walt Hobot, former Minneapolis middleweight, is doing okay for himself . . . . Max Winters says he sent Del Koch back to Texas because Koch is married, has a steady job in Texas and the game is too uncertain here . . . . Kelly Ward, six feet one, 19-year-old, 170-pounder, has a steady job at the Sanitary Meat Market in Minneapolis.

Henry Schaft has a youngster, James Schaft, boxing amateur lightweight . . . . Jerome Zarembinski, amateur lightie, is the latest St. Paul Washington High School fighter with promise . . . Harry E. (Spider) Winkler, THE RING California correspondent, was born in 1891 at Chatfield, Minn., of German-Irish descent. He was featherweight champ of Minnesota and fought from 1907 to 1914.

Johnny Kleber is training again, down to 173 . . . . Several local boys are out West . . . . Ran into Jack O'Brien and Leroy Goldsworthy, Virginia Golden Glover, at Potts' Gym . . . . Also had chats with Ray Zozoski, Art Thomas, Chief Wabasha, Carl Kieweit, Mickey Sowada, and several others . . . . Also Johnny Shock . . . . George Chief Wabashaw, Morton, Minn., Indian welter of some 58 fights, intends to turn pro next year in Sioux City . . . . Babe McCoy manages Angelo Puglisi . . . . Vince Salas, Minneapolis amateur Mexican welter, resembles Ceferino Garcia, and Johnny McGrand, Rochester amateur welter, is a dead ringer for Robert Taylor . . . . A strange new A. A. U. ruling: A fighter floored must remain down for at least five counts!

South Dakota has a strange A. A. U. ruling—only South Dakota fighters are eligible for Golden Gloves competition in their state . . . . Larry Gilbert, 188, six feet four inches St. Paul novice, had bad luck in his amateur debut when he was stopped in two heats by big Ronald Bednar of Minneapolis . . . . Bednar went on to win the title . . . . Johnny Kehoe, 24-year-old amateur, is a senior and also boxing coach at St. John's U. . . . . Kehoe has won 32 out of 37 fights, and is active in all sports . . . . Cully Eckstrom is a former national intercollegiate featherweight champion . . . . Ed Haislet, Northwest Golden Gloves director, is a former middleweight champ of the University of Minnesota, where he is now athletic director . . . . Billy Smith named the state's best Golden Glover for the last decade . . . . Karl Ogren and his boys are back from Hollywood . . . . Karl says Lupe Velez and George Raft were Floyd Hagen fans . . . . Ogren and Hagen may have parts in Raft's forthcoming picture, "The Patent Leather Kid" . . . . Gordon Palmer, 160, Howard Bleyhl, 147, and Earl Bergstrom, 118, all 1940 Golden Gloves Minneapolis champs, intend to turn pro. All are promising comers.

Minneapolis Armory—Floored for a no-count in the third, southpaw Dick Demaray, 140½, Bismarck, N. D., came back to win a close decision over Harvey Woods, 139½, St. Paul, in ten heats to put a snag in Woods' comeback plans. In the six-round semi, Paul Hartnek, 192, Omaha, returning to action, state champion, kayoed colored Lou Campbell, 193½, Chicago, in two. In a slugging bee, Solly Stark, 169½, Deadwood, S. D., whipped Earl Peterson, 162, Appleton, in six. Gordon Wallace, 149, returning Vancouver, B. C., speedster, beat the veteran Jerry Hayes, 158, Chicago Negro, in an interesting sixer, while Ray Isaacs, 136, Minneapolis, scored a T.K.O. in the fourth and last round over Jimmy O'Brien, 134, Chicago.

Minneapolis Armory—Flooring his foe for six in the first and two in the tenth, hard-hitting Johnny Hanschen, 193½, Minneapolis, decisively beat Billy Miske, Jr., 181½, St. Paul, in ten. Charley Retzlaff challenged the winner. In the ten-round semi, southpaw Dick Demaray, 146, Bismarck, N. D., kayoed a Chicago prelim boy, Johnny Shaw, 160-pound Negro, in 2:54 of the fifth. Gordon Wallace, 145, Vancouver, B. C., won easily over Petey Alcanter, 144, Kansas City, in eight, while Phil Latona, 146, Denison, Tex., Mex, T.K.O.'ed Harold Jackson, 148, a Negro stranger from Chicago, in five of six.

Eau Claire, Wis.—Jack Dempsey refereed, Buck Dineen promoted, while Louis Bell, 140, St. Paul Negro, upset Don Swenson, 146, St. Paul, in six-round headliner. In the semi-windup, slugging Emmett Weller, 150, St. Paul, outslugged Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, in six. Only one other bout found a Minnesotan performing, that the four-round opener, in which hard-hitting Johnny Stevens, 190, St. Paul amateur champ, made his pro debut by scoring a three-round T.K.O. over a Max Gunther, 175, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Minneapolis Armory—Paul Hartnek, 190, of Omaha outpointed colored Orlando Trotter, 178, Chicago, in ten. In the ten-round semi, southpaw Dick Demaray, 144, Bismarck, N. D., kayoed Mexican Phil Latona, 144½, Denison, Tex., in three heats. Sammy Frazer, 155, Chicago Negro, carried too much weight for Gordon Wallace, 148, Vancouver, B. C., in a six. In fours, Johnny Rhodes, 154½, Chicago, upset hard-hitting Earl Peterson, 160, Appleton, while rugged Ted Morrison, 171¼, Fort Snelling, T.K.O.'ed Len Walbridge, 174, St. Cloud, loser in one.

St. Paul Auditorium—The annual St. Patrick's Day card and Finnish Relief Fund show found rugged Buddy Knox, 190, Dayton, Ohio, Irishman, winning a close ten-round decision over Arne Anderson, 199, Sweden's heavyweight title claimant. In the six-round semi, Floyd Hagen, 131, St. Paul, knocked out the veteran Sammy Sculley, 132, Chicago, in four heats with a short, fast right. In fours, Kelly Ward, 170, Minneapolis, reversed a previous decision by stopping Ted Morrison, 171, Fort Snelling, in the fourth. Warren Corbett, 154½, Minneapolis, outroughed Cliff "Killer" Coons, 156, Superior, Wis., while Bob McQuillan, 135, St. Paul's amateur champ, made his pro debut by whipping Larry Duffy, 132, Menominie, Wis.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

TIGER JACK FOX, who is now campaigning from his old stamping grounds, won an easy 10-round decision from Eddie Wenstob at Vancouver. Wenstob was not in the best of shape for such an important contest. It was a one-sided affair. Wenstob is capable of putting up a much better performance.

Kenny Lindsay, who won the national Golden Gloves flyweight title at San Francisco in January, made his professional debut this month when he scored a clean cut victory over Tommy Olivera, Los Angeles flyweight. Lindsay won the fight handily and was a much improved fighter since his last appearance here as an amateur.

Wild Bill Boyd scored a close 10-round decision over Henry Cooper, New York heavyweight, before a disappointingly small crowd at Seattle. The fight was a nip-and-tuck battle all the way with neither fighter having much edge throughout until the closing rounds when Boyd scored decisively.

The Western Canada Boxing Federation, through Frank Heller, secretary, released its quarterly rating of fighters and named the following champions in their respective divisions: Eddie Wenstob, heavyweight; no light-heavy champion; middleweight champion, Paul Dysandra; welterweight champion, Frenchy Beaudin; lightweight champion, Gordon Thompson; featherweight champion, Jimmy Chapman, bantam champion, Phil Palmer.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Irish Jimmy Chapman has filed a challenge with the Canadian Boxing Federation for the Canadian bantamweight title . . . . this challenge has been endorsed by the Western Canada Federation which is affiliated with the N.B.A. . . . . Lindsay's feat at San Francisco makes him the third Canadian to win amateur flyweight honors in the United States . . . . Spider Armstrong won the national flyweight title in 1935 and Lefty Gwynne won the Olympic title at Los Angeles in 1932 . . . . this writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East Vancouver, B.C.

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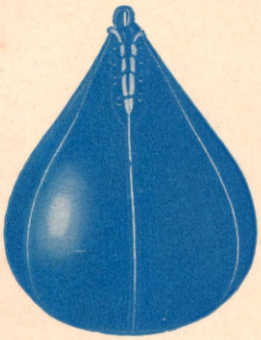

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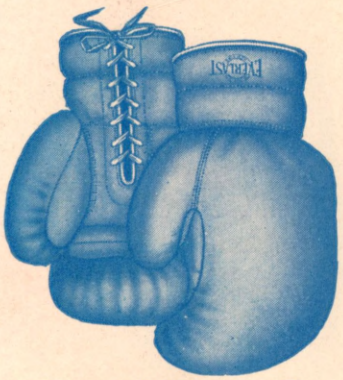

14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly $	.75	SPECIAL PRICE $	.39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	" "	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	" "	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	" "	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	" "	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	" "	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	" "	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	" "	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	" "	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	" "	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	" "	7.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	" "	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	" "	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	" "	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	" "	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	" "	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	" "	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	" "	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	" "	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	" "	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	" "	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	" "	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	" "	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks— Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	" "	.95
	Special colors to order	"		" "	1.25

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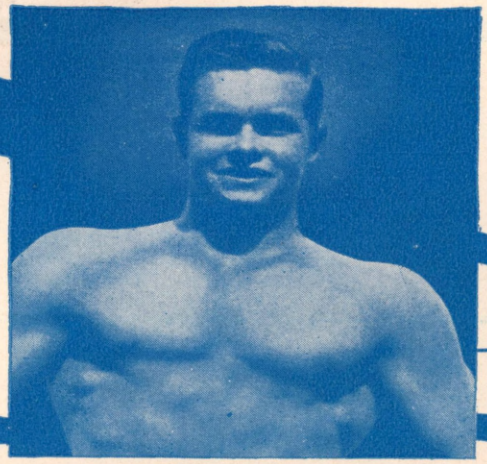

J. G. O'BRIEN
Atlas Champion Cup Winner
This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' Californian pupils.

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An untouched photo of Charles Atlas, twice winner of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Would *you* like to have a handsome build—greater physical development—a strong, muscular body? Then listen to this:

I, myself, was once a skinny weakling of 97 lbs. I didn't know what real health or strength were. I was afraid to fight, ashamed to be seen in a swimming suit.

Then I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," the title I won *twice* and have held *ever since*, against all comers. My secret is *Dynamic Tension*. It is a *natural* method. Its purpose is not only to give you the powerful, rippling muscles you'd like to see in your own mirror, but also—for those whose systems are sluggish from lack of proper exercise—to help them tone up their entire body, inside and out.

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